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Herbert Sawyer.
1829.

THE ALBUM.



VOL. II.

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THE
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VOL. II.

NOVEMBER—FEBRUARY.

" Un Journal est-il autre chose qu'un Album, où l'imprimeur engage ses amis et ses connoissances à déposer le tribut de leur esprit et de leur imagination—s'ils en ont ?"—JOURN.

LONDON :
PRINTED FOR J. ANDREWS,
NEW BOND-STREET.

MDCCCXXIII.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF LONDON

1711

1711

LONDON:
PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES,
Northumberland-Court.

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OF

THE ALBUM.

No. III.,

NOVEMBER, 1822.

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THE ALBUM.

No. III.

“INTELLECTUAL WOMEN.”

“Ce qu’il y a de bizarre dans les jugemens des hommes à l’égard des femmes, c’est qu’ils leur pardonnent plutôt de manquer à leur devoirs que d’attirer l’attention par des talens distingués.”—*Mme. de Staël.*

IT is very common for minds of ordinary calibre to confound social and natural institutions—that is, to regard regulations of society, which have almost immemorially existed, as established laws and principles of nature. In this country, for instance, where inheritance by primogeniture has so long obtained, there are many who look on it as the natural and only mode of succession;—and, though some, who have the misfortune of a later birth, may wistfully think the last Egyptian infliction—which converted universally younger brothers into elder ones—a blessing rather than a plague, yet even these have their minds so imbued with long-standing usage, that the contrary example of many surrounding nations is scarcely sufficient to convince them of the possibility of any other practice. The actual condition of women in society seems to such persons still more naturally fixed,—for it has, more or less, prevailed in all countries, and at all times. But to those who are in the habit of

running things up to their first principles—who judge from reason instead of precedent—from what ought to be, rather than from what is,—to such persons it has sometimes occurred that the softer sex has scarcely had fair play—that we have styled ourselves lords of the creation more by the patent of physical power, than of moral right—that, in a word, if we have not, like Brennus, declared *væ victis* to be the principle of our conduct, it has, in real fact, been the rule by which we have been guided.

There can, we imagine, be no doubt that physical superiority was the original cause of the man being preferred to the woman, in almost every thing ;—and from this it has been argued, that it is evident that such was the intention of nature. If so, then it is equally the intention of nature, that the strong man should despoil the weak at his pleasure—that the many should oppress the few—the powerful lord over the defenceless. This argument clearly involves the principle of might giving right.—The “good old rule,”

“That they should take who have the power,

“And they should keep who can” —

would then indeed prevail ; and would, as it always has done, terminate in universal robbery, and general cutting of throats. The truth is, that one of the very first principles of nature is that which urges men to combine for their respective welfare—for the very purpose of preventing power being considered justice. And, accordingly, the very first laws of the rudest and most incipient society are to defend weak right from strong injustice—to assert, in short, the superiority of moral over physical principles.

The greater bodily power of the man having given him command, he forthwith exerts it to his own advan-

tage, and the woman's detriment. He enacts laws to exclude her totally from most of the privileges he enjoys—to postpone her to him in them all. We have, it is true, in modern times, admitted women to a much greater share of the enjoyments of what, *vulgo*, is called society. They are no longer, except in Turkey, treated as the mere toys of sexual passion—the enslaved and imprisoned victims of the appetites of animal lust. They have more personal freedom—more mental self-government—and if, in some cases, they are still treated as servants, they are no longer regarded as slaves. But in more serious matters they have few more rights than in the ungallant and ante-chivalrous days of Greece and Rome. To go no farther than our own country, where it is boasted that no salique law exists, our law in almost every thing establishes and enforces the greatest inequality. If, for instance, a man kill his wife, he is no more punishable than if it had been an indifferent person, it is murder—if the woman kill her husband, it is treason—a crime visited by the law with much severer penalties. Indeed, it is not many years ago, that the sentence for petit-treason, was for a man, to be hanged,—for a woman to be burned alive ! In matters of property, sexual inferiority has even greater force than the favourite system of primogeniture—for a younger brother inherits intestate real property, to the exclusion of all elder sisters—that is, of all sisters whatever. The personal property of a woman becomes, by the fact of marriage, that of her husband—she acquires no right on his.—Of her lands, also, he has all the profit while she lives, and even after her death, if he have a child—whereas the widow sinks into a dowager, to make room for the male rights of her son. And when, in despite of all these barriers, a woman does become possessed of pro-

perty, it does not confer the same rights on her that it would on a man. It is equally taxed for the exigencies of the state, but it gives her no voice towards guiding its councils. Taxation without representation is to the full exemplified in her case. She cannot even vote for a member of Parliament, while the possession of the same property would qualify a man to be a member of Parliament himself. We have used, above, the expression that women are still sometimes regarded as servants;—this may have been considered exaggerated; but so far from that, it is the chief character in which the law recognises the relation of father and daughter. If a man's daughter be debauched, how does he come forward to seek redress?—Does he say this villain has robbed me of my child—has disgraced her, and dishonoured me—has blasted in a moment the hopes and the care of years—has turned what was my pride into my shame, what was my blessing into a curse?—No—he says this man has decoyed away from me my servant, and thus deprived me of her services—give me compensation for them!

There is yet another inequality to which women are subject, not imposed by law, indeed, but of greater and more general force than almost any law. We mean the obdurate and irrevocable sentence which is passed on a woman who has gone astray, and the light, in fact, the no censure, which falls on the accomplice, if not the creator, of her crime. When a woman falls away from the path of what, in her, is called by pre-eminence, virtue, she is shut out for ever from all the advantages of social intercourse—from all the charities of friendly communion. Every hand is raised to cast a stone against her—and there is no one to say "Go and sin no more." In all things else, peculiarity of circumstance—force of temptation—are taken into account in judging and

punishing the actual transgression. But in this case, all shades of guilt are confounded:—confirmed depravity is not more severely visited than that which one must be mercilessly just to term even error. She who has every palliation in her favour—an ill-assorted, if not a forced, marriage—and that martyrdom of the heart which attends long struggling with irrepressible affection,—who has undergone temptation too great for human heart to bear, and has withstood it almost longer than human heart is capable of withstanding,—such a woman as this, if she fail at last, is classed in the same rank with the lustful and the wanton—with those who yield unsought, or seek the means of yielding. Draco-like, the world thinks the extremity of punishment not too severe for the lightly erring,—and it has no greater infliction for the deeply criminal. We are saying nothing in favour or defence of this latter class:—we do not think that more than deserved justice is meted to them. It is for those immeasurably less guilty, that we are speaking in palliation. We object to the classing and confounding together offenders so different—to all degrees of crime receiving the same, and that the severest, degree of punishment. And from this sentence, when once passed, there is no appeal—to this punishment, when once inflicted, there is no cessation. Repentance—long-suffering—manifest amendment—are no atonement—no extenuation. Even the precious tear of Remorse, which opened the gates of Heaven, fails to remove the more than crystal bar of the world's relentlessness. And how is the man treated who errs in a similar way? Is *he* shut out from society?—No—he is received in it with increased distinction. Is *he* branded for ever with dishonour and disgrace?—No—his conduct becomes to him a trophy and a triumph. The more scrupulous

may, perhaps, look shyly on him—but we appeal to the personal experience of every reader, whether a man be not, *in general society*, the better received for being *à bonnes fortunes*. And yet he can scarcely by possibility have undergone equal temptation with the sharer and the victim of his error or his guilt. He must almost necessarily be the wilful former, not the shrinking instrument, of an unequal marriage—he is the inflicter, not the endurer, of the suffering which such marriages always occasion. If, as is mostly the case, he be unmarried,—he has no thrall upon his affections;—he has no mutual disgusts—no neglects—no unkindnesses—to sting him to madness, or weary him to despair;—he has no wooings—no flatteries—no fondnesses—to win him to his ruin. And yet she who sins the less, and with the greater tempting, is punished pitilessly, and for ever;—he, who sins the more, and under comparatively no temptation, escapes without any punishment, if he do not receive reward.

It will be asked for what purpose we have thus set forth the inferiorities and disqualifications which general society and our own laws have assigned to women. We are not, we can assure our readers, Mary Wollstonecraft in breeches,—and have not cited these things—if we except the last mentioned—for the purpose of wholly recommending their abolition. They may be originally unjust, but their almost uninterrupted continuance from the earliest record has reconciled to them the minds of nine-tenths—of ninety-nine hundredths, of those who are called upon to bear them. We have noticed them as illustrative of a few remarks we are about to make on the actual position and estimation of women in society—and on the causes and consequences of the mental inferiorities under which they are so generally supposed to labour.

We are very well aware that there is a considerable

class of worthy persons who think that the uses of women are, in middling life, to procreate and rear children, to keep keys, make puddings, and scold servants—and, in higher ranks, to provide an heir to the estate—to do the honours of the house and table—and to display the family jewels at court. But it is not to these that our observations are addressed—we know very well the incurable nature of fixed notions in the respectable persons aforesaid—and we were never afflicted with the ambition of making a blackamoor's complexion fair. There are others, however, who ought to be above a paltry jealousy, or narrow prejudice, who, some avowedly, others by implication, carp and sneer at every thing approaching to intellectuality in women. They inculcate a sort of Mahometanism, which would reduce them to something very pretty, very voluptuous, and, if possible, very devoted,—but without an atom of mind or acquirement to leaven the dough of mere animalism. Like the inmates of the Harem, or the houris of the Moslem paradise, they would invest them with an alluring eye and an appetizing form, but with not one of those mental gifts and fascinations which are the salt that preserves affection from foulness and decay.

That a dull being, who is fashioned from the clay, like a schoolboy's man of snow, and possesses scarcely more animation, should dread to be linked to one whose qualities, natural and acquired, would be to him a constant source of humiliating contrast, is quite natural and to be understood. But that a man of mind and heart—of genius and of feeling—should shrink from any woman above the rank of a living automaton, is to us, we confess, matter of surprise as well as of regret. Whence can arise the desire of making a paltry jest or an ill-natured sarcasm at all women above the mental par of their sex,

which is so common in men of undisputed powers of mind? From Pope down to Lord Byron "female wits" and "ladies intellectual" are made the objects of sneers and scorning. Perhaps, indeed, both poets had peculiar cause for their gall. Pope was "bit" and jilted, and no man has very friendly feelings towards the woman who has played him that turn. His general acrimony towards women may also, we think, be in some degree referred to a similar cause. His ill-favour of person rendered him something worse than distasteful to the great majority—and the sort of Platonic pity which he met with from those who were the kindest to him, must have been to the full as annoying to his well-blown vanity as the most decided coldness could have proved. Pope, accordingly, in all his appearances which have reference to women, whether in his poems or his letters, is either waspish or fawning. He has always the air either of suing humbly or of having been disdainfully repulsed,—but in no case the least of that which attends on favour or success. As for Lord Byron, the world is pretty well aware of the causes which have indisposed him towards talented women. He recurs to the subject in a manner, and with a frequency which are far from being consistent with good taste, good feeling, or a regard for his true reputation. The idle may laugh—the ill-natured may smile—at the ludicrous images which he heaps together on topics of this kind—but he may be assured that the latter class enjoy his own degradation as much as the exposure of the object of his ridicule—and that his real admirers and friends deeply regret his permitting spleen and resentment to hurry him into excesses discreditable alike to his heart and mind. We have heard, from authority which we fear we cannot doubt, that he allowed his irritation on this subject to carry him so far as to

induce him to add to the inscription of his name in the chapel of Hougoumont at Waterloo, a lampoon of a similar nature and in the same taste as those which have so much disgraced some of his last works*. How little is this act of vulgar malice in keeping with the lofty and tender feelings which he has thrown into the account of his visit to this memorable spot!

But dispraise of women of talent—or at least admiration of their opposites—is not confined among the poets to these—who may be considered as having peculiar cause for their opinions. There is one, especially, among the most brilliant of the stars now above the poetical horizon—who may be regarded as peculiarly the bard of woman and of love,—who is said very strongly to hold, and very strikingly to have exemplified, the heterodox tenet of which we are speaking. An anecdote is told of him, which places this opinion in a remarkable light. The poet to whom we allude had, on a particular occasion, abandoned his lyre for a season, and had produced a pamphlet on an important question of domestic policy. He was at that time attached to a lady beautiful as a Sultan's bride, and similar to one in mind as well as person. He found her one day reading this production—and immediately cited it to his friends as the greatest possible proof of devoted attachment. "I know," said he, "it is impossible, that she can understand one word of it from beginning to end—her love for me must be the sole cause of her reading it."—And is it such affection, and from such persons, that a man like this can be content with, and rank above all others? Can he be satisfied with the blind incense of a bigotted devotee, when he might command the enlightened homage of a reasoning worshipper?—Can he place the love, which, like

* This has since been erased by some of Lady B.'s family.

that of a dog for his master, arises from awe, from instinct, and from habit, above that deep and holy affection, in which the power to appreciate adds admiration to esteem, and makes love more fervent as more founded—more lasting as more deserved?—Alas! it is saddening to see such men, on account of a squeamish and groundless jealousy, or for the sake of a pitiful jest, discountenance and scoff at all which distinguishes the love of man for woman from the appetite of brute towards brute—which purifies, while it heightens, the enjoyments of sense,—and adds the sanction of reason and of Heaven to the impulses of fleshly and terrestrial passion.

The only cause, it appears to us, which can actuate men of strong mind—and it is of them alone we speak—to undervalue and dislike women with similar gifts, is a miserable jealousy of being outshone—a fear that the absence of great superiority will prevent due respect and homage. Such a feeling is most unworthy of such men—and yet one cannot deny its frequency among them. If they desire approbation and applause, surely that yielded by one capable of appreciating justly is of tenfold value to the blind praise and devotion of a pretty simpleton. Even on the score of vanity, one should think they would wish for mental excellence in the woman of their choice. On the far higher and dearer ground of affection, the difference is even greater. Love, in the fulness of its power, cannot exist in a narrow mind. Strong intellect and strong passion are almost always co-existent. The keen feelings give tenderness, fervency, and fire to the mind—the strong mind gives energy, condensity, and firmness to the feelings. It is for this reason that love never reaches the crowned climax of its state except in the heart of a

gifted woman. The constitution of society with regard to her sex renders the heart her world—the fibres of affection are the threads from which the web of her fate is woven. And when in addition to this sensitive and devoted nature, which is common to almost all women, there is bestowed a mind of lofty powers, expanded by liberal knowledge, her attachment assumes a character superior to that of either sex:—fonder—purer—more engrossing—more lasting—than that of man:—more noble—more ardent—better, and therefore more firmly, grounded—than what is usually felt by woman.—The fires of passion are mingled with those of genius, and both gain added power and brilliancy from being conjoined. Such affection as this, indeed, it is the lot of few men to excite—of fewer to deserve. It is seldom that they can—still more seldom that they do—requite the full lavishing of such qualities and gifts on them. They are sometimes wasted on the undeserving—often on the ungrateful—but they are not the less heavenly in their spirit—entrancing in their effects—sacred in their issues. They seem, in truth, to give to woman the angelic properties and nature with which she is so often invested in the language of silly and vulgar flippancy:—

" Oh! Woman's Love, thou best fruit of the heart,
How little do we merit aught like thee!—
Devoted, self-forgetting, as thou art,
Thou makest human nature seem to be
What sometimes 't has been fabled;—not the smart
Of ill-requital—or, far worse, to see
The object worthless, e'er can make thee less,
Or shake thy noble, godlike faithfulness!"

That it is possible for a woman to unite all the powers of manly intellect with the fascinations and charm of her own sex, the distinguished writer, from whom we

have taken the motto of this paper *, is striking and abundant evidence. She joined strength and expansion of mind—grasp and depth of thought—with the utmost brilliancy of genius and fervency of feeling. The heart, at all seasons, and in all its moods, owns and rejoices in her power. From the dawning hour of doubtful love, to the full fervour of noon-tide passion, and the declining and darkening days of its waning existence, we find in her pages parallel hope—parallel enjoyment—parallel despair. Deprivation by death—dereliction by unkindness—breathe in her words the soul of melancholy. Our sadnesses and our sorrows meet, in her, with fellow-feeling and condolence—our lofty and noble aspirations with the keenest and most vigorous excitement. To her works the philosopher may turn for improvement, as well as the man of feeling for sympathy. Severe thought and sober reflection take their turn with fecund imagination, and passionate or regretful feeling. All that have read—and who has not read?—her meditations and mournings among the ruins of fallen Rome, must have been struck with this extraordinary and beautiful union of feeling and of thought. "*Roma! Roma! Roma! Roma non è più come era prima*"—seems to float in melancholy sound about these traces of grandeur in extinction and decay, as we visit and linger over them with her. This gifted and wonderful woman seems in her lamentations over Rome, to be like Rachel weeping for her children—or, like the protecting angel of the city, mourning over the lost nursling of her long-past guardianship. Such a spirit as hers, indeed, would, alone have been worthy of watching over and guiding the destinies of ancient Rome!

There are not, to be sure, many women—many human

* Madame de Staël.

beings—who are gifted like Madame de Staël. But, without going these lengths, we may safely say, that if intellectual women were more appreciated in society, there would be more intellectual women. What we mean is this. There are many who, educated as they now are, remain mediocre all their lives, who, brought up with more expansion and information of mind, would have become persons of estimable and agreeable, if not distinguished, intellect. Many dull and common-place women would have made clever men. They have gifts sufficient to imbibe and fructify what may be sown in their minds,—but not peremptorily to seek and to acquire knowledge without such advantages. Thus it is, that a clever woman is generally pre-eminently so—for it requires additional energy and grasp of mind to call her powers into action. Women of moderate talent sink into women of no talent at all,—while it must be something not much short of genius to break through the cramps and trammels of established society. Why is it that the conversation of nine women out of ten, whom we meet in the world, is of so low a pitch? Why, because they are trained from the cradle to think, that seeming as if they knew any thing in the world worth knowing would be masculine—would be pedantic—would be—worse than all—unlike other people. But if the world could be persuaded that information may be free from pedantry, and literature from *blue-ism*;—that, as the present mode is, the tenth woman is worth the other nine together;—and, above all, if men were to shew preference for talent and acquirement, even though they met them in a woman;—then, timid mammas and cautious dowagers would find that ignorance, affectation, and frivolity would be the singularity, and to be guarded against accordingly.

It may be said that the education of women is now much improved and heightened—that the days are past when raising paste and mending tuckers were the most esteemed of female accomplishments ;—but, after all, what is a woman's education, even at present ?—She learns French, it is true,—but is she admitted to the stores which the language contains ?—She is taught the words—the nouns, verbs, and participles of the tongue—but are they used as an engine for expanding her mind, or enlarging her stock of ideas ?—She learns Italian, that she may warble an opera song ;—dancing, that she may display her shape ;—music—because every body does so. But are the treasures of thought—the triumphs of intellect—ever opened to her view ?—Is she not kept frittering among words, while her mind should be occupied with things ?—Is she not taught to consider every subject of the least extent, substance, or solidity, as so totally beyond her reach, that “ a woman's reason ” has become proverbial for no reason at all ? One would think that the favourers of this system considered a woman as a parrot, in whom to learn to gabble a few sentences is the utmost stretch of its understanding. We shall be told that to call forth and exercise the intellectual powers of women in the same way as is usual with men, would render them masculine, and take away from that delicacy which is their greatest charm. Let us examine a little what this jargon means. If by delicacy be meant that vapid, mawkish, *cau-sucrée* sort of deportment which generally passes under the name, we should rejoice at its extermination :—but if real delicacy—that is, spotless freedom from grossness in mind and manner—be inferred, it is not only compatible with the utmost power and cultivation of mind, but it may almost be called inseparable from them. In like manner,

it is the fashion to brand every woman with the epithet of masculine who talks about any thing more than her dress—her equipage—or the approaching marriage or divorce of her acquaintances. That is, every silly and uninformed woman is determined to call all possessing talent and knowledge unfeminine, and as the former class are so much the more numerous, they have pretty well succeeded in rendering inanity and womanly deportment synonymous. We agree in the fullest manner in reprobating every thing coarse or boisterous in a woman,—but if possessing and exerting vigour of mind be masculine, we wish from our hearts that all the females of our acquaintance were so.

Many men, we are aware, have a jealous and shrinking fear that giving women the same mental exertitions and advantages as their own sex, would render their principles less pure and firm—in plain language, their moral conduct looser. This opinion has very wide operation, and adds in many to that dread and dislike of intellectual women which fear of personal eclipse or competition has originally caused. For our own part, we know few opinions more unfounded, or more pernicious. If it be true that Knowledge is Power, it is still more true that Knowledge is Virtue. The more the mind is cultivated, the more plainly are the positive inferiorities and disadvantages of Vice brought into view. Setting what ought to be aside, the direct self-interest of correct conduct becomes more indisputably apparent. Besides, a weak and ignorant woman may be led astray by means and temptations which would prove wholly hurtless to one of higher faculties. Not only are her guardings more numerous and stronger, but the weapons of offence against her are fewer in number and weaker in force. In this case, also, so many would not be placed in cir-

cumstances of danger—fewer women would possess that pitch of folly which now induces so many to marry a fool with a title, or a brute with ten thousand a-year. There would be fewer marriages of interest and ambition on the one hand, and of precipitate folly on the other. There would be more unions of reason and affection. More women would love their husbands, and, consequently, fewer would betray them. If it be objected that men are, in point of fact, less moral than women,—it may be answered, at once, that it arises from their being scarcely taught to consider morality a virtue—from that which is regarded as the last crime in the one sex, being almost looked on as an accomplishment in the other.

We consider the real original difference of the intellectual powers of the two sexes to be very small indeed—the ultimate and acquired difference is manifestly extreme. Women are esteemed unfit for this subject, and unfit for the other—they are left totally uninstructed upon them—and then people turn round, and argue conversely that this very want of knowledge proves the unfitness. If you were to educate a man in the same manner, would not the results be the same? If he were to be told that it was absurd and impossible for him to reason and think, and you were to withhold from him all materials for reasoning and thought, would not his deductions be as ridiculous, and his reflections as insignificant as those of the veriest Miss that ever played on a piano?—and yet would it be a fair conclusion to draw from this, that men have not, and cannot have, minds above the very moderate level of that of the young lady aforesaid?

It may be asked *cui bono*?—to what use, for what purpose, give to women this higher mental cultivation? We

answer in one word,—to increase their own happiness, and that of the many whose happiness, in so large a share, depends on them. If a woman be so married that her husband be much from her, how much does she need resources to occupy her solitary time—powers to render grateful that home to which her husband returns from the toils of business and exertion? If, from domestic tastes or unambitious dispositions, he lives much at home, how still more needful are the qualities which give value and charm to daily intercourse—which make us find in the inmates of our homes and hearts a society the most delightful as well as the most constant? And yet, how many do we see who would never choose for their friend one of a mind similar to that of her whom they single out as the woman of their love? They seek in him one who can give them counsel in difficulty—consolation in sorrow—and the support of an energetic mind in seasons of irresolution and despondency. How much more delightful would it be to add to these offices of friendship that nameless and endearing charm which arises from the friend being of the opposite sex; to conjoin to them that softness—that sweetness—that devotedness—which the most powerful-minded woman always retains, and which no man ever possesses. Instead of this, while in their occasional companion, they require sense and information, they are contented that their constant companion should be a fool.

Lastly, and perhaps above all, the first forming of our children's minds is intrusted to women.—Is not this of itself sufficient to render the highest mental powers desirable in them?—How many—how very many have felt in the whole course of their after-life the ill effects of the early training of a foolish mother! It is not every man who can ever entirely shake himself free from

the nonsenses which have been dosed into him in childhood—it is few who can do it at an early period of life.—The fable of the thief who bit off his mother's ear is of much more general application than is usually thought. But if the mother mis-trained the boy, who mis-trained the mother?—That is the jet of our argument.

There are two points, however, on which we wish not to be mistaken. The first is, we would not be thought to undervalue or decry the accomplishments which are usually taught to women. We are not blind to their grace and becomingness. Where a real taste for drawing, or, still more, for music, is evinced, it should be cultivated to the utmost. The delight which nearly all derive from listening to sweet sounds is very materially increased by their being breathed by a beautiful or beloved object. But that a girl with neither eye, ear, nor voice, should be tortured into drawing, playing, and singing,—that hours upon hours, every day for years, should be sacrificed to a disliked or indifferent art,—that, in a word, these things should be considered necessities of education instead of additions to it,—is, we must think, equally pernicious and absurd. And, after all, in a person to whom these tastes are not natural, they speedily pass away. A couple of years' marriage makes many an instrument and voice mute—and many a portfolio thrown neglected by—where money, labour, talents, whole years, had been devoted to the acquisition of the accomplishment.

The other matter concerning which we wish to be clearly understood, is, that we would not for the world have any thing we have said construed into admiration or approbation of “the blues.”—We have an utter abhorrence of the whole race—the more so as they have served to draw into disgrace the system we have been

advocating—to retard the improvement we desire. The abuse of a thing will always bring its use into some doubt or discredit. The fopperies—the affectations—the shallowness—of the blues have caused the power and attainments of really intellectual women to be doubted, or, where that could not be, to be decried and ridiculed. But the very existence of this sect goes to support the advantage of the tenets of our creed. If women were made more generally well-informed, there would be no place for empty and ignorant pretenders. If the sun and moon shone out, these thick-wicked tallow candles would be speedily eclipsed.

It may be objected that all we have said merely goes to prove that talented and well-educated women are preferable to those who are silly and ill-instructed—and it may be thought that it was not necessary to waste several good pages of paper in supporting this position. But strange as it may appear, we do assert, and we challenge contradiction, that scarcely any hypothesis has less practical belief. Will any body deny that a woman who is distinguished for talent or acquirement is always sneered at as "a blue"—a pedant in petticoats—or as some other of the multifarious denominations with which the world has stigmatized the female possessor of sense and information? Is she not shrunk from by the men, and scoffed and carped at by the women? Is there not among many men—and not mere foplings—a dread of a clever woman, somewhat similar to that which is felt towards mad dogs—pent rats—and other dangerous animals?—And, finally, has not a dancing, flirting, frippery woman, if she happen to have a pretty face, more *succès de société* in a week, than "an intellectual woman" in her whole life-time? —If these questions cannot be negatived, we trust we shall not be considered as

having been discussing a truism. We shall conclude with quoting some lines we lately met with, which pretty well embody the different qualities we have been endeavouring to advocate ;—

" Her highly-gifted nature shone
In every look, and word, and tone—
In every feature was expressed
Goodness of heart, which she possessed
Beyond all measure ;—in *her* face,
An eye the most unskilled could trace
The brilliant talent—lofty mind—
The strong sound sense, we seldom find
Even in man—while woman's soul
Softened and feminized the whole."

SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S POEMS.

WE have always thought Sir Walter Raleigh too little known. He is often spoken of, it is true, and quoted as a hero and a martyr, but it is seldom we meet with one really conversant with his character and fortunes. His name is in the mouths of many, but his deeds, dispositions, and powers, are fully known but to few. His life presents a series of actions and an union of qualities, for any one of which the favourites of fame would be cited and eulogized as most deservedly illustrious. The very assemblage of talents that he possessed seems to have caused their individual excellency to be overlooked. There are few characters more thoroughly interesting than his; to the young and the old, to the statesman, the poet, the moralist, and the man of the world, his story presents a most attractive subject; and while we kindle with admiration for his talents and pity for his misfortunes, our indignation and contempt are proportionately raised against him

whose littleness of mind allowed him not to appreciate, and whose meanness led him to sacrifice, this great man. With these feelings, who can dwell with strict attention upon the blemishes and defects, which, alas! upon closer inspection, are too often found to mar those brilliant characters whom our early enthusiasm has worshipped as heroes—whom we sigh to have personally known—and whose shining deeds have awakened all the ardour and noble emulation of our nature.

The age in which Raleigh lived is one conspicuous for genius and originality, and he is one of the most striking of the great spirits so peculiarly English, who have stamped that bold and remarkable impress upon the insular character, which subsequent times, with all their improvement and increased enlightenment on nearly all subjects, produce in no similar degree.

The Reformation and the discovery of the New World were then recent, and never were events more calculated to rouse the reasoning powers, and excite and heighten the imagination. The invention of printing, too, so miraculously coincident in time, afforded every facility to the progress and diffusion of knowledge; all circumstances the most favourable that can perhaps be conceived for the developement of vigorous and independent character. Men of the most active lives engaged in the study of philosophy, with a zeal which now belongs only to professed authors, and with an industry which in this luxurious age none but book-worms can comprehend. The result of their investigations may not always have been useful to society; their time may appear to have been devoted to subtleties unworthy of dispute or regard; but the effects upon their own minds were excellent; they produced that firmness of temper, that solidity of character, so peculiarly distinguishable in the Englishman. The

habit of inquiry taught them to adopt their opinions upon reasoning instead of upon prejudice ; to cultivate, and consequently to rely upon, their own powers. Men learned to think for themselves, and the prerogative was too newly acquired, and, therefore, too fully and frequently exercised, to allow of that superficial adoption of systems which now often passes for the result and deductions of comprehensiveness of mind,—the fruit and the proof of deep reflection and exalted genius.

From our present knowledge of America, the wonders of its discovery are comparatively little striking, and we are apt to treat with ridicule the notions at first entertained of its riches, and of the magnificence and extent of its cities. But if we pause, and consider what the impression in all its freshness was calculated to make, and reflect upon the great riches that did pour into Spain,—we shall cease to look upon our ancestors as weakly credulous in their hopes and expectations of the fame and emolument which were to arise to their country and themselves from their discoveries and settlements in America.

Hume, with the coldness which belonged both to his character and habits of thought, affirms that Raleigh's account of his first voyage to Guiana proves him to have been extremely deficient either in solid understanding, or morals, or both. This is one of the many misrepresentations which that historian has, through negligence or design, given to his relation of Sir Walter Raleigh's unhappy fate. Hume's partiality for the Stuarts led him to describe all the actions of that family with a softening of their faults, and a heightening of their merits, which throws a false light upon many of the most remarkable transactions of their reigns ; and upon none more strongly than

upon James's treatment of Raleigh. He gives the whole story upon the authority of the declaration which the king drew up and published, to try to do away the contempt and hatred excited in the nation by the sacrifice of one of its ablest defenders to the resentment of Spain. But James was bent upon an alliance with that country, then almost more truly and naturally the enemy of England than France has ever since been. He had a strong dislike towards Raleigh—that instinctive sort of hatred which a narrow mind, and a subtle and cowardly disposition always bear to enterprising spirit and greatness of intellect—and he hesitated not to propitiate the Spanish court, by granting his life to the demands of Gondomar. James then drew up his declaration with all the ingenuity and colouring which the circumstances unfortunately permitted; but the very necessity of justifying his conduct, and the more glaring fact of taking away Sir Walter's life upon his old sentence, prove that he was aware no jury would have found him guilty of the treason of which he was accused; and he therefore took his life upon the unjust condemnation he had so long kept in reserve, with all the spite and shuffling of mean and timid despotism.

Raleigh, indeed, had his mind deeply impressed with the treasures of Guiana, and the account of his voyage contains much extravagant matter; but Hume still heightens it, by adding what is not found in the relation, that the city of El Dorado was said to be two days' journey in length. The description of this city, of the prophecies in favour of the English, and of the republic of Amazons, are not given by Raleigh upon his own testimony but upon that of other writers, and various oral reporters—the multitude of Spanish relations of their adventures, and their wonderful discoveries of riches and magnificence. The numbers of

English travellers who recounted marvels, which our real acquaintance with the country and its inhabitants, together with our increased knowledge of the laws and productions of nature, now teach us at once to despise, would have induced a less sanguine person to have credited the great wealth which was said to belong to the Incas of Guiana, and to have desired to verify the wonders which all who travelled seemed to vie in relating.

The spirit of adventure was the epidemic of the times; Raleigh but shared in the general thirst for discovery. While we see the first men in the kingdom fitting out ships year after year, and lavishing money in defiance of repeated disasters, it is not surprising that Raleigh's mind should be captivated by a scheme so well suited to a bold and enterprising temper. The eventual success of the Virginian colony entitles him to applause, for discernment and perseverance, and his interest in the still agitated question of a North-West passage, is evinced by his association with the firm who sent out Captain Davis, and by his name given to land discovered by that celebrated navigator.

It is indeed captivating to read the voyages undertaken at this period by the gentlemen of England; and cold and phlegmatic must be the man who does not admire the spirit and valour displayed in these romantic expeditions. The patient endurance of sickness and want of provisions, which frequently attended their small and crowded vessels; the courage, both active and enduring, and the inflexible perseverance which they displayed, excite our keenest interest and highest admiration. Gentlemen of birth and fortune exposed themselves to privations, hardships, and sufferings which now rarely attend the most disastrous voyages, and exhibited a gallantry that almost makes

us long to have partaken in their dangers. There are few shipwrecks, which leave so deep an impression upon our minds as that of Raleigh's half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who, after a voyage attended with great perils and sufferings, succeeded in his object of taking possession of Newfoundland, in queen Elizabeth's name, and was lost on his return home. He is described, in the violence of the storm, as calm and cheerful, encouraging his men with these words, "Courage, my lads, we are as near heaven at sea as on land*." These striking words display a greatness of mind, and an exalted courage, that yield us a gratification which would more than repay those most impatient to the log journals of all voyages, for wading through the whole of Hakluyt.

The author of *Waverley* has brought Raleigh's early success at court into increased notice, but his talents as a statesman are not in general equally considered. The brilliancy of his courage and the two-fold renown he acquired at sea and on land eclipse, in ordinary history, the merits he possessed in the council. But Elizabeth, who, although she was subject to all the weakness of excessive vanity, was most clear-sighted with regard to the true interests of her kingdom, so frequently sought his advice, and adopted his views of policy, as to excite the jealousy of her other counsellors. His political tracts (some of which had the honour of being published by

* The following is the curious and interesting manner in which the circumstance is related :—

"In the afternoone the frigate was neere cast away, oppressed by waves, yet at that time recovered, and giving forth signs of joy. The Generall, sitting abaft with a booke in his hand, cried unto us in the hinde so oft as wee did approach within hearing, 'Wee are as neere to heaven by sea as by land,' reiterating the same speech well beseeeming a souldier resolute in Jesus Christ, as I can testify he was."—*Report of Sir Humphrey Gilbert's Voyage, by Edward Haies.*—*Hakluyt*, vol. iii. p. 143.

Milton,) are marked by sound judgment and comprehensiveness of thought ; and to his opinions upon the conduct to be pursued towards Spain, as much as to the mischief he did her, may be attributed the fear and hatred which dictated the unrelenting persecution of that court, for whose satisfaction he was at last devoted to an ignominious death.

As a soldier, a seaman, a statesman, or a scholar, few can surpass Sir Walter Raleigh, while scarcely any example can be brought of a man uniting this assemblage of characters in similar perfection. His life presents equal varieties. Raised from a private station to the highest favour at the court of an arbitrary queen, we see him fluctuating in her regard, at one period a favourite courtier, skilfully flattering the vanity of his mistress, a successful commander with honours and rewards liberally bestowed,—at another, driven from court by the successful efforts of his rivals, and a prisoner in the Tower from his own indiscretions. We see him displaying the most striking valour in every scene where danger may be met ; in France, in the Netherlands, in Ireland, in Spain, in Portugal.—He is the discoverer of new regions—the planter of colonies—the scourge of all the enemies of his country. From this height of glory we behold him the victim of a king, whose favourite he was too great a man ever to become ;—unjustly condemned, he passes twelve years in confinement,—and the ornament of a court, the commander of fleets and armies, the man whose life from its commencement had been one scene of constant activity, shines forth a philosopher and a scholar, employing energies of mind and labour of compilation in a history of the world, which would have been sufficient to have gained fame for one whose whole time had been passed in the ease and with

the advantages of academic retirement—were indeed such institutions calculated to produce the grasp of mind which is displayed in Raleigh's composition.

In the midst of his most active youth he had limited his portion of sleep to five hours, in order constantly to have some time to apply to study : and he now brought a mind rich with the stores of previous acquisition, to the pursuits which cheered his prison, and have added to his well-earned fame the additional reputation of a profound scholar and an original thinker.

The peaceful occupations of chemistry and of composition were enlivened by continual recurrence to his favourite schemes of discovery, and of working the mines of Guiana. He constantly attempted intercourse with America, and on recovering his liberty he received a commission from James to prosecute the favourite object of his life. His failure is well known :—the loss of his eldest son—the calamities of his voyage, and his lamentable end—the courage and resolution with which he endured all these misfortunes, and the tranquil heroism of his death—exhibit varieties of circumstance, and energy of character, which render his story one of the most instructive and romantic which history presents.

We have been led into these remarks by lately meeting with the poems of this extraordinary man. The reprint was, we believe, limited to a small number of copies, and is edited by Sir Egerton Brydges, with an enthusiasm for their author which is, we confess, very congenial with our own feelings. Raleigh's fame as a poet does not stand so high as perhaps our partiality persuades us it ought to do—indeed he is not much known as a poet at all. But when we reflect on the number and variety of his writings—that poetry was but the recreation of an idle hour—the hasty productions of one, to look on whose actions we are surprised he should have found

leisure to write at all, and to consider whose works, we should conclude to have passed his whole life in meditative retirement and deep study,—we are surprised at the real poetical merit which appears through the whole of these compositions. Raleigh's mind was alive to all the charms of fancy :—his patronage of Spenser arose from congeniality of temper, and had his life been passed in other circumstances, he might, perhaps, have rivalled that most gifted of our poets. As it is, these poems, though possessing much actual beauty, may be chiefly valuable from the insight they afford us into his mind and feelings. The deep impression of the passions, the powerful energy, and the worldly experience, of their author give them an interest which does not often attend more finished compositions. The quaintness of the age, and the conceits so much in favour with Queen Elizabeth, disfigure many of his conceptions,—but it is curious to follow the author of philosophical treatises in the light sportings of fancy, and to witness his skilful flattery of the tastes of his mistress—whom he never scrupled to incense in the grossest manner, although he would not condescend to use any of the arts so frequently practised to gain favour with the people.

The mind of Raleigh was stored with riches of moral wisdom—perhaps acquired from his various disappointments, as his conduct shews him to have been bold and little scrupulous, his passions strong, and his temper warm and aspiring—and these poems are full of the plaintive moral cast which we may suppose to have belonged to his moments of reflection. “The Farewell,” the best known of Raleigh's poems, beginning “Go, soul, the body's guest,” is full of the strongest expressions of the vanity and deceit of all advantages of situation—of the emptiness of the greatest professions ;—and is written in the noblest strain of indignant morality. A less known

poem, descriptive of the country's recreations, is equally filled with deep reflection, but expressed in a more gentle strain ; the first stanzas are exquisite :—

Quivering fears, heart-tearing cares,
Anxious sighs, untimely tears,
Fly, fly to courts ;
Fly to fond worldlings' sports,
Where strain'd Sardonic smiles are glozing still,
And grief is forced to laugh against her will ;
Where mirth's but mummery !
And sorrows only real be !

Fly from our country pastimes ! fly,
Sad troop of human misery ;
Come, serene looks,
Clear as the crystal brooks,
Or the pure azured heaven, that smiles to see
The rich attendance of our poverty.
Peace and a secure mind,
Which all men seek, we only find.

Abused mortals ! did ye know
Where joy, heart's-ease, and comforts grow,
You'd scorn proud towers,
And seek them in these bowers,
Where winds sometimes our woods perhaps may shake,
But blustering care could never tempest make ;
Nor murmurings e'er come nigh us,
Saving of fountains that glide by us.

We must quote another stanza for the sake of one of the most natural of images, which poets have for ever—used, but none more beautifully and simply than Raleigh :

Go ! let the diving negro seek
For gems hid in some forlorn creek ;
We all pearls scorn
Save what the dewy morn
Congeals upon each little spire of grass,
Which careless shepherds beat down as they pass !
And gold ne'er here appears,
Save what the yellow Ceres bears.

“ The shepherd's description of love ” is full of sentiment, reflection, and point. It is in dialogue and commences thus :—

Malibeu. Shepherd, what's love, I pray thee tell ?

Faustus. It is that fountain and that well,
Where pleasure and repentance dwell ;
It is, perhaps, that sauncing * bell,
That tolls all into heaven or hell :
And this is love, as I heard tell.

His answer to Marlow's celebrated song, "Come live with me and be my love," is, in our opinion, the more poetical and elegant of the two. There is a deep tone, like the swelling of solemn music, contained in these images of the decay of youthful passion :—

If all the world and love were young,
And truth on every shepherd's tongue,
These pleasures might my passion move
To live with thee and be thy love.

But fading flowers in every field,
To winter floods their treasures yield ;
A honey'd tongue, a heart of gall,
Is Fancy's spring, but Sorrow's fall.

Thy gown, thy shoes, thy bed of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Are all soon wither'd, broke, forgotten,
In Folly ripe, in Reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasp, and amber studs,
Can me with no enticements move
To live with thee and be thy love.

But could youth last, could love still breed ;
Had joys no date, had age no need ;
Then those delights my mind might move,
To live with thee and be thy love.

Raleigh's estate of Sherborne had belonged to the church, and there was still a species of discredit attached to such possessions. He had written against the old school divinity, and had been active against the jesuits, as the zealous supporter of the party whose aim was civil and religious liberty. These were sufficient reasons for the imputation which was cast upon him of

impiety and atheism. But his *History of the World* breathes a genuine spirit of piety, and independently of the moral vein of reflection throughout his poems in general, there are several distinctly religious :—one, perhaps the most singular and striking, we are tempted partly to extract. The mixture of sublime ideas with quaint and familiar images, is strongly characteristic of the age. The poem is entitled “*His Pilgrimage*,” and is said to have been written the night previous to his execution ; and, however extraordinary it may seem, the allusion, towards the close, to the manner and immediate approach of his death seems to confirm this belief :

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
 My staff of faith to walk upon,
 My scrip of joy, immortal diet ;
 My bottle of salvation ;
 My gown of glory, (Hope's true gage,)
 And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.
 Blood must be my body's only balmer,
 Whilst my soul, like a quiet palmer,
 Travelleth towards the land of heaven :
 No other balm will there be given.
 Over the silver mountains,
 Where spring the nectar fountains,
 There will I kiss
 The bowl of bliss,
 And drink mine everlasting fill
 Upon every milken hill.
 My soul will be a-dry before,
 But after it will thirst no more.
 I'll take them first,
 To quench my thirst,
 And taste of nectar's suckets,
 At those clear wells
 Where sweetness dwells
 Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.

* * * * *

From thence to Heaven's bribeless hall,
 Where no corrupted voices brawl,
 No conscience molten into gold
 No forged accuser bought or sold,

No cause deferr'd, no vain-spent journey ;
 For there Christ is the King's attorney,
 Who pleads for all without degrees,
 And he hath angels, but no fees.
 And when the twelve grand million jury
 Of our sins, with direful fury,
 'Gainst our souls black verdicts give,
 Christ pleads his death, and then we live.
 Be thou my speaker, (taintless Pleader,
 Unblotted Lawyer, true Proceeder,)

Thou would'st salvation even for alms,
 Not with a bribed lawyer's palms,
 And this is mine eternal plea,
 To Him that made Heaven, Earth, and Sea,
 That since my flesh must die so soon,
 And want a head to dine next noon,
 Just at that stroke, when my veins start and spread,
 Set on my soul an everlasting head.
 Then am I ready, like a palmer fit,
 To tread those bless'd paths which before I writ !
 Of death and judgment, Heaven and Hell,
 Who oft doth think must needs die well !

To die firmly, is often the test only of pride and resolution. The power which sympathy holds over man, his regard for the opinion of his fellows, are most strongly demonstrated in the examples which are to be found of bad men dying with resolution equal to that displayed by the good. But daring and bold as may be their courage, it is always deficient in the humility which is inseparable from the death of the virtuous. And this may reconcile us to the fact, which, otherwise, must weigh heavily upon the mind, that courage in death, as in life, does not belong exclusively to the worthy.

At this distance of time, it may be difficult exactly to appreciate the private character of Raleigh. That he was tenderly attached, however, to his wife and sons, may be gathered from his few domestic letters which remain, and his death bespeaks piety and great-

ness of soul, in a most striking degree. He was so fearless of death, so resolute and confident, that Dr. Tounson, the divine who attended him in his last hours, to use his own expression "wondered at him," and thought it necessary to admonish him that the dear servants of God, in better causes, had shrunk back and trembled a little, while heathen men, through the humour of vain glory, or selfishness, had set as little by their lives as he would do, and seemed to die as bravely; to which Raleigh replied, he denied it not, but gave God thanks he had never feared death, and much less then, for it was but an opinion and an imagination, and the manner of death, although to others it might seem grievous, yet he had rather die so than of a burning fever; and he was persuaded, that no man that knew God, and feared him, could die with cheerfulness and courage, except he was assured of the love and favour of God unto him; "with much more to that effect, very christianly," as adds Dr. Tounson. His behaviour at the scaffold was consistent with these expressions; his speech shews his desire to exculpate his character from the aspersions which had been cast on his last voyage; his trust in the mercy of Heaven, and the firmness and equanimity of his courage. Shall we then say Sir Walter Raleigh was a hero without a blemish? a model, both in his life and in his death? Alas! where does history present us with such perfect beings? No; there is a blot upon the character of Raleigh, which his greatest admirers can never overlook. His rivalry with Essex, was the natural consequence of ambition, seeking pre-eminence and favour in the court of a queen liable to fits of caprice and favouritism; and the various occasions of offence were but the discords which must always

occur between candidates for power, when party feelings heat the temper, and intrigues influence success. But there can be no excuse for the vile letter written to Sir Robert Cecil to goad his relenting enmity; for, although the ambiguity of its expressions may afford some grounds for believing that his dying words concerning Essex may have been no more than the self-deceit which we are apt to exercise with regard to our actions—the glossing which we so frequently put upon our conduct when a variety of motives have combined to influence,—yet it will ever be a monument of the modes by which success in public life was often secured, and a most foul stain upon the character of Raleigh. His dying speech remains to show, either how totally men may deceive themselves, or—which is more terrible—to convince us that to ensure the regard and sympathy of their fellow creatures, men—even such men as Raleigh—will quit this world with a lie in their mouths, while they die with the resolution which ought to belong only to truth. The letter and the speech, are too curious not to be recalled to our recollection:

“ Sir,—I am not wise enough to give you advice; but if you relent towards this tyrant, you will repent it when it shall be too late; his malice is fixed, and will not evaporate by any of your mild courses, for he will ascribe the alteration to her Majesty’s pusillanimity, and not to your good nature, knowing that you work but upon her humour, and not out of any love toward him: the less you make him, the less he shall be able to harm you and yours; and if her Majesty’s favour fail him, he will again decline to a common person. For after revenges, fear them not; for your father was esteemed to be the contriver of Norfolk’s ruin, yet his

son followeth your father's son, and loveth him. Humours of men succeed not, but grow by occasions, and accidents of time and power. Somerset made no revenge on the duke of Northumberland's heirs*. Northumberland, that now is, thinks not of Hatton's† issue; Holloway lives, that murdered the brother of Horsey, and Horsey let him go by all his life time. I could name you a thousand of those, and, therefore, after-fears are but prophecies, or rather conjectures from causes remote: look to the present and you do wisely. His son shall be the youngest earl of England but one; and if his father be now kept down, Will. Cecil‡ shall be able to keep as many men at his heels as he, and more too: he may also match in a better house than his, and so that fear is not worth the fearing. But if the father continue, he will be able to break the branches, and pull up the root and all. Lose not your advantage; if you do I read your destiny. Let the Q. hold Bothwell§ while she hath him; he will ever be the canker of her estate and safety. Princes are lost by security, and preserved by prevention: I have seen the last of her good days, and all ours, after his liberty.

Yours, &c.—W. R."

After justifying his last voyage, Raleigh concludes his speech with these words, :—"I shall entreat a little more time to speak of the imputation cast upon me,

* The duke having influenced Edward VI. to deprive him of his lands and title.

† Sir Christopher Hatton being suspected of the murder of the late earl of Northumberland in the Tower.

‡ Sir Robert's only son:

§ Francis Stuart, grandson of James V. was created Earl of Bothwell by James VI. His restless and unruly spirit, his ambitious and factious conduct, occasioned repeated forfeitures, and the constant pardons he received occasions this application of his name to Essex.

that I should be a persecutor of my lord Essex, that I rejoiced in his death, and stood in a window over against him when he suffered, and puffed out tobacco in disdain of him. Whereas, God I take to witness, I shed tears for him when he died! and as I hope to look God in the face hereafter, my lord of Essex did not see my face at the time of his death, for I was afar off in the armory where I saw him, but he saw not me. I confess, indeed, I was of a contrary faction, but I knew my lord of Essex was a noble gentleman, and that it would be worse with me when he was gone; for I got the hate of those who wished me well before, and those that set me against him afterwards set themselves against me, and were my greatest enemies; and my soul hath many times been grieved that I was not nearer to him when he died, because, as I understood afterwards, he asked for me at his death, to be reconciled to me. And now I entreat you all to join with me in prayer to the great God of Heaven, whom I have grievously offended, being a man full of all vanity, and have lived a sinful life in all sinful callings; for I have been a soldier, a captain, a sea-captain, and a courtier, which are courses of wickedness and vice; that God would forgive me, and cast away my sins from me, and that he would receive me into everlasting life: so I take my leave of you all, making my peace with God."

How are these to be reconciled?—The blot upon the moral conduct of Raleigh cannot be obliterated by any efforts of ingenuity, and we must add him to the list of those illustrious men whose brilliant disk is fatally disfigured by the dark spots which there strike us as even doubly hateful.

Still we must admire his behaviour on the scaffold as

the most sedately bold of the many examples of philosophic bravery which English history furnishes. We do not speak of those who, dying for religious opinions, had in the strength of virtuous conscience, or the warm passion of fanatical enthusiasm, the most powerful support which can be given to mortality,—but, even in comparison with these, Sir Walter Raleigh's heroism does not fade. The night before his execution he wrote these lines in his Bible :

Even such is time, that takes on trust,
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust ;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wander'd all our ways
Shuts up the story of our days !
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust !

He prepared himself for the last stroke with unaltered voice and mien,—he calmly examined the axe, calling it “ a sharp medicine, but a cure for all diseases,” and, when desired to turn his head towards the east, he replied, “ so the heart be right, it is no matter which way the head is.”—He desired to give the signal, and, after lying for a few minutes in silent prayer, he stretched out his hand, which the executioner not observing, he exclaimed, as if he were giving the word of command for an indifferent occasion, “ Strike man !” Like the multitude that surrounded him, our warmest pity and admiration are excited by such conduct, and our detestation is raised against James, for sacrificing to the hatred of Spain this extraordinary man, whose unjust condemnation had been pronounced upon supposed treason *in favour* of the Spanish court !

With ordinary readers the character of Raleigh is so blighted by the dark shade which Hume casts over his

expedition to Guiana, that the iniquity of his suffering on his former sentence fails to produce the effect it is naturally calculated to do. But all Hume's facts and arguments are taken from the king's declaration, which no impartial historian would have blindly adopted. He lays much stress upon the fact of no such mine as Raleigh promised having been to this day found. Dr. Campbell, however, on the contrary, tells us that Coreat, one of the best Spanish travellers, confirms Raleigh's account of the riches of Guiana ; and the circumstance of the Spaniards having built St. Thomas tends to prove their belief in the existence of mines in its vicinity. That the town was plundered, and no mine discovered, is to be imputed entirely to the misconduct of Keymis.—Raleigh was unable, by violent illness, to accompany those who went up the Oroonoko, and indeed as it was requisite that one whom the whole squadron relied upon should remain with the large ships (which could not navigate the river,) to protect them from the Spaniards, Raleigh could not have done better than give the command of the expedition to Keymis, who was acquainted with the situation of the mine. The king's commission, it is true, empowered him only to settle on a coast "possessed and inhabited by heathen and savage people." But the coast was not *possessed* by the Spaniards although they had settlements in the country. The title of the English to it, was as good as theirs ; indeed better, as the chiefs had in former voyages submitted the sovereignty of their country to Elizabeth, on condition that Raleigh would help them to drive away the Spaniards, whose cruelties and oppressions made them universally detested.

In the treaty of peace between England and Spain, the question of Indian trade was entirely omitted, from the

impossibility of adjusting the conflicting interests and assumed rights of each nation. In fact, war between the Spaniards and English was so much understood to be allowed in the Indies, that it was supposed to be the reason why the king did not attempt to try Raleigh anew, as no sentence could have been pronounced upon him on that head. The conduct of the Spaniards confirms this opinion, for besides murdering all the English that fell into their hands, they even put to death their own countrymen as well as the Indians who ventured to trade "*con los Ingleses enemigos*." Owing to the treachery of James, or his ministers, who insisted upon being informed of the exact spot where Raleigh intended to land, together with the number and strength of his ships, the Spanish ambassador was able to give early intimation to his court, who transmitted a copy of Raleigh's declaration to America, with instructions for the equipment of an armada to overwhelm his fleet, had they succeeded in opening the mine, where an increased military force was collected to prevent his landing. These papers were found in the governor's cabinet at St. Thomas's, and after the royal word of honour had passed that Raleigh's communication should be kept secret, this might have warned him what to expect upon his return. This unfortunate man had sunk his whole fortune, and even persuaded his wife to sell her house to provide for the expedition, venturing his all upon the prospect of enriching his family and serving his country, in the expectation of returning with fame, and purchasing by his success the tardy favour of his sovereign. What then must have been his anguish upon the failure of his scheme—what must have been his misery when Keymis returned without opening the mine, and brought the tidings of the death of his valiant and beloved son! His fortune lost,

his reputation tarnished, his companions factious and unruly, deserted by part of his squadron, and by the very man whom he had served, even to selling his plate to supply his necessities, and with nothing to look to on his return but enemies too happy to take advantage of his misfortunes—from whom no spark of generosity or mercy could be hoped! His reproaches to Keymis were poignant; and their justice is confirmed by the terrible resolution of putting himself to death, which Keymis executed with so much determination,—for having only broken a rib by his pistol, the report of which made Raleigh send to inquire the cause of the shot, Keymis answered calmly lying on his bed, he had done it to clean the pistol which had been long charged, and a few hours afterwards he was found dead, a long knife thrust into him up to the handle!

The desertion of part of his fleet, and the strength of the Spaniards, prevented Raleigh's attempting himself to open the mine, and after in vain proposing to winter in Virginia in order to return to Guiana in spring, he came back to England and surrendered himself, upon learning the proclamation of the king declaring his detestation of the conduct of the expedition, and requiring all who could give information on the subject to repair to the privy council. On his way to London, he met Sir Lewis Stukely, his relation, with authority to arrest him. He then meditated an escape to France, but, relying on the goodness of his cause, the project was laid aside. When he became better aware, however, of the politics of the court, he regretted he had not availed himself of the opportunity of flight which Plymouth afforded, and again turned his thoughts to the means of escape. Captain King, an old officer of Raleigh's, thus mentions the subject in his narrative:—"He once more employed

me, who was always ready to do any thing that might procure his safety ; being well assured in my own conscience, though he sought to absent himself till the Spanish fury was over, yet, as he always said that no misery should make him disloyal to his king or country, and although Mannourie," (a French quack through whose means Raleigh feigned sickness in order to gain time to write his apology,) " in his declaration, sets down, that Sir W. Raleigh should to him in private speak ill of his majesty, yet I must protest to my last hour that in all the years I followed him, I never heard him name his majesty but with reverence."

The king's declaration accuses Raleigh of treasonable intercourse with a French agent, which he denied at his death in the most solemn and earnest manner ; but both Captain King and Raleigh were unfortunate in the persons they employed to further his escape, for Stukely after receiving a bribe and even lending a hand in the design, betrayed his kinsman, who, in the act of escaping, was apprehended and again committed to the tower—to leave it but for execution. The misfortunes that so rapidly succeeded each other in the latter years of Raleigh's life, make the strongest appeal to our compassion ; and when we consider the energy of mind he displayed in bearing them, and the fortitude and heroism of his death, we cannot nicely weigh his offences against his merits, and we are compelled to admire him more than perhaps in justice we ought to do. With the death of Elizabeth his prosperity, which had been so great, also died, and we may unite it in our imagination, with the death of his rival Essex—thus making a poetical moral for the action which leaves an indelible stain upon the character of Sir Walter Raleigh. His life has been written by several hands, and yet we think it has never been done justice to ;

there are circumstances to excite every species of enthusiasm, and to give occasion for the dissertations of those least susceptible of keen sensibility. His prowess in the field, where, as Bacon expresses it, "being more sensible of a little heat of the sun, than any cold fears of death" he once cast off all his armour and fought in his shirt, contrasts singularly with the philosopher writing a treatise on the soul, or so successfully exerting his knowledge of chemistry as to invent a medicine, which was still in high esteem in the reign of Charles II. He certainly possessed the rarest union of qualities, and was one of the most extraordinary men of any age; his tale, though a thousand times told, must always interest, and is calculated to stimulate to reflection and exertion, while it excites all the wild interest that belongs to romance, and leaves the impression which arises only from a true story.

A MURDERER'S DEATH-BED.

"O, gentle Lady,
 "'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak;
 "The repetition, in a woman's ear,
 "Would murder as it fell." MACBETH.

It was a beautiful summer evening, when Susan Lee left her father's vicarage to visit a sick girl, who resided at some distance from the wood behind the church at Linthorn. The sun was low in the sky, and its red and slanting rays streamed brightly through the rich foliage, lighting up many a long and winding glade of the now dark and silent wood: the shadows of twi-

light were deepening over the scene, but the gentle Susan was a fearless girl. The stillness and the gloom of night were not dreaded by her. For the last week, her walk had been through Linthorn wood, and, although she had left home at a later hour than usual, this evening, James Allen accompanied her, and James Allen was her father's old and trusty servant; one whom she had seen daily since her childhood.—Susan had passed the wood, and the waving corn-fields beyond; she was walking quietly down a long and narrow lane, shadowed by the interlacing branches of the tall elms which extended along its sides, and gazing upon the distant horizon, where the rich hues of sun-set had faded into one pale hue of clear cold amber, while every green tree and hedge-row had acquired a prevailing and blackened colour. Susan Lee loosened the string of her large straw hat; for the day had been sultry, and the fanning air felt delightful, as it met her face and stirred the soft rings of hair that hung round her neck. She walked on; musing, as she walked, in a mood of pensive and dreamy pleasure. Suddenly a man leapt down from the hedge, and stood still, at a few yards before her. Susan stopped too; she could not help doing so; she turned her head half-terrified, but James Allen appeared very near. Susan walked on, but trembled a little, as she passed the man, and yet she stole a glance at his countenance; the little light, which still remained, shewed nothing peculiar in that countenance. When Susan was leaving the cottage of the sick girl, she recollected another cottage, where her presence was hoped for by an afflicted family. "We will return home" said she to her servant "by the road. The distance is but little farther: I wish to visit poor widow Martin." Although it was as dark as summer nights generally are, when she reached home, Susan

did not regret her long dark walk, for she had made "the widow's heart to sing for joy."

Susan's father had been vicar of Linthorn but a few months when she took the walk I have just mentioned. The character which their conduct has since established among the parishoners was then scarcely known. Susan Lee had resided at Linthorn about five years, when, as she sat alone one cold autumn evening, James Allen entered the room, and told her that a dying man had sent to entreat that she would come to him. Her father was in London ; Susan went down to speak herself to the person who had brought the message ; he was an old white-headed man ; his only son was dying, and, while he spoke of his child's danger, he wept. "There were years in that child's life," he said "which might have been, he feared, years of wickedness. He had left home, a strong hearty man, he had come back changed indeed, and he cannot die, Madam," said the old man, "he cannot die, till he has seen you." Susan hesitated and looked at James Allen ; the old servant had taken down the lanthorn. "I will go instantly," said Susan—Susan went forth in the dark cold night, to visit the hut of the dying man. One deep dull mass of clouds skirted the horizon, and shrouded the whole sky ; their path lay through the wood, and, although the trees were nearly leafless, the gloom of the wood seemed quite impenetrable. The narrow path was scarcely visible by the partial gleam of the lanthorn, and the cutting wind swept through the forest, while the very stems of the trees seemed to bend beneath its force. All around her was dreary and dismal, yet Susan walked calmly, but not cheerfully, for she was visiting a dying man. The path now turned away by the banks of a rushing stream ; they passed over a narrow foot bridge, and then walked about a quarter of a mile, over an open heath,

and arrived at a lone hovel. A dim light twinkled at the upper casement, and, as Susan entered, she heard a faltering step descending the shattered stairs. A very infirm old woman appeared: the light which she carried threw a fitful gleam on her thin and wrinkled face wet with tears.

Susan waited a few minutes, and then, at the old man's request, she followed him to the chamber of his son; she approached the low bed on which the dying man lay. "Lift me up, father!" said he—The old man placed the candle on a table near the bed, and with difficulty raised his son, propping up his head with the tattered clothes which lay beside him. "Now, father," said the man "will you leave me alone with the lady?" A faint feeling of horror crept through the gentle girl's heart, as she saw the old man quit the room, and listened to his feet, till they sounded on the last stair. The dying man looked round the room, and, in a low voice, requested Susan to close the door. She trembled, as she did so, and, half unwillingly, returned to his bedside. The man fixed his eyes earnestly on her face: Susan drew back, but looked upon the countenance before her. There was no particular expression on the features; they were thick and heavy, and their expression was a dull blank. "You wished to see me" said Susan, and knew not what more to say; "I did, I did," said he. "Promise me, Lady, not to leave me, till I have told you what lies so heavy on my heart. Promise, do promise me." "I promise;" said Susan, and, putting down the Bible, which she held, on the table, she opened the sacred volume, and sat bending over it. She lifted up her eyes as the man began to speak, "I cannot die in peace" said he, "till you forgive me; till you pray for me. Your forgiveness, and your prayers, may gain me

some favour with God. No, no! nothing can save me now." "While life remains," replied Susan "there is hope, through our Saviour, with the worst sinner; and as for me, you are mistaken, you never injured me." The man, with an exertion of strength, that astonished Susan, raised himself up in the bed, and wiping away the cold sweat, that hung on his forehead, stared again at her, and said, "I can't be mistaken; your name is——" "Susan Lee," she answered. The man tried to speak, but his mouth opened, and for some moments he continued speechless. At length he said, with difficulty, "you are in the same room with the man who once tried to murder you:" the terrified Susan felt unable to stir, and sat in breathless horror. "It was a summer night" he said, "about five years ago, I jumped down from the hedge, in the Elms Lane." "I remember now," said she feebly. "Ah!" replied the man, "I have not told you yet! I had watched you pass that way for many evenings; it was too early then, but I waited till midnight for your return. Thank God, thank God, you did not come back that way! I, and another stood in that hedge, cursing you, and raising our guns, whenever we thought a footstep sounded near. Many a time did I lift that gun; and, when the clock of the village struck twelve, we turned away, cursing you and swearing revenge." "Revenge!" inquired Susan, timidly but eagerly, "what had I done? How had I offended you?" "There was a house, where they sold spirits secretly," answered the man, "the people who kept it were devils: I first became one there. A woman of the village, a broken-hearted wife, told you of that house: you spoke to your father, and the trade was put down: my companion heard this from your servants. I was always like a madman when enraged.

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I swore to be revenged ; thank God—thank God, I did not do it !” he added, clasping his hands closely together, while his whole body shook. He stopped speaking, and Susan could not withdraw her eyes from gazing on him. Again his mouth opened, and his eyes glared vacantly. There was something more horrible about his countenance, infinitely more horrible, than the most expressive villany. Wickedness seemed to have worn away, to have blotted out, every expression but that of dull vacancy ; and, though his words were so expressive of his feelings, his face seemed to have lost the powers of expression. There was a dead silence. The man slowly recovered himself, and said to her, “ Can you forgive me now ?” Susan could scarcely articulate the word, “ yes,” in a low voice. “ Oh,” said he wildly, “ now you are afraid of me ! and no wonder ; alone with such a devil. You cannot forgive, you cannot even speak to me.” “ I do forgive you,” said Susan instantly, “ may God forgive you as freely as I forgive you with my whole heart : may God bless you.” “ Bless me ! can you say so ? Yes, I know you can ; for it was but the next day after that cursed evening, that I entered the cottage of the woman who betrayed us. She was the wife of my companion, and I heard your voice in the upper chamber, where the woman was lying. I could not hear her speak, but you said to her, we should even pray for our murderers, and you knelt down, and prayed with that poor creature ; your words went to my very heart, I could not have hurt a hair of your head from that moment. I have often thought of you. That woman died, and I went away with her husband, for I was still hardened, and he had been long a villain : we left the corpse unburied in the house, and went away together across the country. Some months afterwards we settled

ourselves in London, and there, in that sink of guilt, I sank deeper and deeper in infamy. But why should I go on with such a horrid tale? It can only shock your pure ears. Young lady I have gone through—Oh God of Heaven! what have I not gone through of wickedness. I, a man, with a soul, which Jesus Christ died upon the cross to save, a creature meant for heaven! Lady, I'm not an ignorant man; I've had learning; I sinned against God with my eyes as open as they are now. Tears of blood could not weep away my crimes." Susan rose up, and, forgetting for awhile, her former timidity, exclaimed, "There is one whose blood cleanseth from all sin. *Who* is the God, in whom the worst sinner may hope, but our God? *Who* shall cry unto Him in vain?" "Tell me," said the man wildly; he stopt, and leaned his head out from the bed, as he looked round on every side, seeming to fear the presence of any other person;—"Come nearer, lady, if I may ask you; do not yet go away; my heart is lighter, while I speak to you, and see your gentle looks. I never meant to speak of what I now am going to confess to you; you will hear, and you will then tell me if I may hope: I am known by God just as I am, why should I be so fearful to let you know my heart? This I now feel, that man, and all the shame which I should have to meet among men, is nothing to the thought of God, as I now think of him at last. Blessed be God! I feel this." The poor wretch drew down both his hands on each side, and clenched them in the bed clothes, and, stretching forth his head, said, in a whisper, "There was a young girl, I knew her once as meek and innocent as you are; I made her as vile, as wicked, as myself; we were never married; she provoked me; and with these horrid hands," he said hiding them still more under the clothes, as he looked

down, "I cut her throat." Susan could hardly drag one foot after the other, as she moved towards the door; she clasped the latch, and clung to it for support. She leaned against the wall, and was about to yield to her womanly fears, and rush from the room, when she heard a long heart-broken groan. She turned one look on the murderer. There *was* now some slight expression in his countenance, as he sat in the same motionless position, the large heavy tears dropping from his vacant eyes; the heart seemed to have wrung up some of its convulsed agonies into the face, as he clasped his hands together, and cried out, "Thy will be done! It is but just that I should find pity with no one but God. And can I look to thee, O God Almighty, without dreadful fear? Oh for one little light of sweet, heavenly hope!" Susan let go the latch of the door. She forgot all her weakness, and walked steadily to the bed; she stood still, and smiled upon the heart-broken wretch; at least he thought, (for he had for the moment forgotten Susan,) that an angel stood before him, and smiled upon him. She stood there without moving, with her shining white garments, and her fair hair flowing to her shoulders, her eyes beaming with the tenderest pity. She knelt down there, and raising her pure hands towards heaven, prayed aloud as for the life of her own soul: "O blessed Lord, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort,"—she remembered parts of that beautiful prayer, but language now flowed freely from her heart,—"thy wrath lieth heavy upon him, and his soul is full of trouble; teach him by thy Holy Spirit to have a right understanding of himself, and of thy threats and promises; that he may neither give up his only comfort, his confidence in Thee, his *hope* in Thee, nor seek it any where but in Thee. Thou knowest the

secrets of our hearts," she continued, "shut not thy merciful ears to our prayers, O holy and most merciful Saviour. Thou canst abundantly pardon, for thy thoughts are not as our thoughts, nor are thy ways as our ways." The repentant murderer fell back upon his pillow, and the very flood-gates of his grief were burst open, the voice of his companion was not heard, its sound was lost in his loud weeping; Susan wept too, but prayed silently in her weeping. When the man had become in some manner composed, Susan said to him, "I will never mention to any person, what you have now confessed to me. Tell *me* nothing more, but go down into the very depths of your heart and tell out every least crime to your Father, for he is your heavenly Father, as if nothing there were known to him but from your own confession; the more you accuse yourself *now* before God, the less will be brought against you on the last and most awful day of God's judgment."—

"This I have done, this I will never cease to do," he replied. "I have gone over in my thought, I have looked back to the beginning of crimes, which are enough to freeze even *my* blood to think upon. Wait—wait a little longer, I took you for an angel just now, and you are still like one to me. I have strength to tell you how my heart of stone was first touched: I am better, so much better now, do not go away." Susan sat down by the table, and leaned her head on her hand, while her eyes rested on the book of God. "I had been imprisoned, not for that murder," said he, "but for another crime; I was let out from Horsemonger Lane Prison, and I slept that night at an alehouse; when I went out the next morning, I observed crowds of persons thronging towards Newgate; I went along with them eagerly, and pushed my way up to the scaffold, for six men were to be

hung that morning. One by one they came out upon the scaffold. I looked at every face and I knew them all. The first man was obliged to be supported as he walked on, and notwithstanding his deadly paleness, and his sunken cheeks, which shewed that he *had* felt and felt most bitterly, he now seemed quite stupified, his whole body shook violently, and they were obliged to hold him and do every thing for him, as he stood like a senseless creature. The clergyman came up to him and spoke in the kindest manner ; but the poor creature only stared at him, and then seemed again to forget every thing, and to sink back into a sort of waking dream. That man was my first companion in guilt."

I was horror-struck all over, but I think I was more affected by the sight of another man whom I had also known ; he was an infamous wretch ; but he came running up the steps till they shook beneath his feet, he stood on the scaffold at his full height, and looked round boldly, and spoke to the mob boldly and loudly. Oh, God ! it was all forced ; I could see his lips and his temples moving, and his hand twitching, all the time. The last who came out was a young lad, a beautiful lad of seventeen or eighteen, one whom I had known a dear, innocent child ; one who had sate upon my knee, and hung with his little arms round my neck, and gone to sleep on my bosom. I can't speak of that boy without weeping," said the man, and his voice was choked with sobs, "he was born in this part of the country," he continued "poor dear boy ; but his own father encouraged him to steal, and there he stood at last looking so young, so very young, to die. His heart was touched, and he prayed aloud with the good clergyman ; he came forward and spoke a few words to the mob, he seemed to look at me, and I pulled down my hat over my eyes. I turned, and tried

to get out of the crowd, but it was impossible ; I saw their last struggles, then I did escape. I never stopped as I rushed away. I never stopped walking, or running, till I was many miles from London. I left the high road, and crossed over the fields till I was far away from any house ; I threw myself down in a ditch at the end of a lone field, and there I lay, I know not how long ; I felt as if I could not rise up, I wished to die in that ditch. Oh how I wished myself at the bottom of a deep, deep grave, and the cold heavy earth pressed hard down upon me for ever, where no one might find out even that grave. Once I made up my mind to kill myself, and I clutched hold of my throat, and tried, devil that I was ! to strangle myself ; then all at once the last words of that poor lad seemed to ring in my ears, and I dropped my hands, and prayed ; yes, for the first time I prayed to God to look upon me, and break my hard heart so that it might but be changed. And then I thought I would give myself up to justice for that murder which had not yet been found out ; but I hated to think that I should be led forth to be stared at by all the careless mob. I feared man, and the love of life came rushing back with fresh force, as if to mock me by making my own feelings contradict themselves, and I shook all over with cowardly fears, and crept farther in among the bushes and hemlock that grew over the ditch, for I listened till I fancied every little noise the voice of some one in pursuit of me ; then I held in my breath and buried my hot face in the damp earth, my head seemed bursting asunder with scorching heat. At last those fears went away, and I turned round, for it had begun to rain, and the sweet cool drops fell upon my head and soaked through my hair. I opened my shirt collar, and spread open my hands, for every drop seemed to give me fresh life. I went to sleep, with the

rain streaming over my eyelids; but my sleep was heavy and I started up out of a horrid dream. The rain was over, the stars were shining above my head, but I was cold and stiff; and so giddy, that I could hardly get up." Here the poor wretch stopped; Susan reproached herself that she had allowed her interest in his story to make her forget his illness. He gasped for breath: his eyes rolled, and he seemed overtaken by death. Susan called hastily to those below, and he again slowly revived, although he did not appear to notice any one. Susan stole from the room, and immediately returned home; she was now too occupied by all that she had just heard to think of the dreary gloom of the way, or indeed of any external objects. The next day Susan's father returned from London, and he visited the dying man, who survived for a few days longer. Susan Lee blessed God that the murderer was spared even for so short a time, that her father could be with him and pray with him.—

One day when Mr. Lee had gone up to the chamber of the dying man, two strangers stopped at the door of the hovel, and inquired if J—— N—— were at home. His mother went out to them, and said, "I am his mother; he is very, very bad. The old woman only was at home at that time: they begged immediately to see her son; they were well dressed, civil-spoken men, and the poor mother tottered up the stairs to inform the clergyman of their arrival. Mr. Lee came out on the stairs when he heard her approaching; and she was about to speak, when the men who were close behind her, bowed respectfully to the clergyman, and pitying the age of the poor woman, gently entreated her to return for a short time to the room below. Mr. Lee, who suspected the truth, joined in the request, and she, rather unwillingly, obeyed. When

the men had reached the chamber, the clergyman closed the door ; they said nothing, but put into his hand a paper ; he looked a moment at it, and beheld a warrant for the body of J—— N—— on a charge of murder. Thank God, said he, as he pointed to the bed. The men approached the bed ; but they found there only a pallid corpse, with eyes yet unclosed. They were humane men ; five minutes had scarcely elapsed when they returned to the room below, and one of them said kindly to the old woman, “ We *had* business with your son, but it is too late to settle it now.” He put some money into her trembling hand, and they both departed.

The aged parents have not yet heard that their son was a murderer.

MEN OF GENIUS.

A FRAGMENT.

“ ——— Poets in their youth begin in gladness,
 “ But thereof comes in the end despondency and madness.”

WORDSWORTH.

THERE is no wreck which is more a sight for pity than that human ruin, an unfortunate man ; and no human ruin more pitiable than genius wrecked and ruined by the winds and waves of adversity. I have looked on the ivied remains of some ancient and decayed castle, once a young bulwark and strong hold for war, and have lamented its pride made humble, its strength laid prostrate, or tottering ere it fall, like an aged man's—its halls, where thronged the mailed man of war and chivalry, the maidens of peace and daughters of beauty, now the dull home of the

nightly bat, and toad, and thing obscene, where, for the music and roundelay of the hoary minstrel,

“ The moping owl doth to the moon complain
Of such as wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.”

I have looked, with such eyes as sorrow sometimes looks through, at that no less noble wreck, that floating castle of the sea, a dismantled and broken-up vessel of war; lying with bare ribs, and battered hulk, and broken timbers, on the ignoble bank of a narrow tributary river to its proud parent the sea,—who bore it on her bosom as a mother bears her child,—where it was now left by the forsaking tides like a leviathan of the waters, deserted on a shore too shallow for its mighty bulk to float over;—and have thought of its century of pride, when it was a thing of motion, and almost a creature of life,—when its corpulent sails made the proud waves break before its course, as a plough breaks up the stubborn earth with its forceful share;—and have heard with my imagination the surly thunders of its guns, and seen the deadly destructiveness of its thunder-bolts, crushing its enemies as with the hand of death. I have looked with mental seriousness at these mighty things no longer mighty, but none of them can inspire man with that awe and regret which the sight of human intellect in its decay, or worse, in its neglect, strikes on the heart, and draws from the eyes. That a mind which might have enlightened its country, and, perhaps, the world, should have been hidden by the dark clouds of obscurity, till its own inward light, “ self-fed and self-consumed,” has grown dim, and “ pales its ineffectual fire,” throwing out only those faint, flickering, intermittent flashes which a dying taper flings momentarily from its socket;—that a voice, which might, but for these neglects, have been heard

singing to our ravished ears from "the third heaven of invention," should be tremulous, and choked, and broken, by weak and vain strugglings to speak those feelings which lie too deep for words to utter them, and to communicate the sorrows of a desolated heart to ears which were ever patient to hear the "short and simple annals of the poor" and the ill-fortuned;—that a heart which might have glowed with the very "life of life," and been filled with friendliness for all, with pity for the poor and the unhappy, love for the good and the beautiful, human kindness for all who are human, and tenderness for the brute,—and have lived like a beautiful, fertile, and sunny spot in that little world the body of man,—should by neglect alone become a gloomy and dreary desert, an unsited and unweeded garden, choked with the tares, weeds, and briars of self-abandonment and hopeless indolence,—without a flower (or with but here and there one, where might have been nothing but one paradise of sweets) to bloom in a barren space, and throw out the perfume of the soul,—is indeed a cause for pity, that we should painfully see these things, and for regret, that we cannot remedy them.

It is a fault that only "experience, which makes fools wise," and wise men wiser, can correct in a young and ardent mind, that when it first wakes to a consciousness of talent, and feels the sudden stirrings of genius in the inner man, it is too rash and ungovernable to use its discovery to the wisest advantage. It no sooner discovers the spring of mind within, than it at once bares it to the broad eye of day; and you must stop, and, prostrating yourself like a thankful pilgrim at some sacred fountain, drink with reverence of its new waters, and bless it with a fervent benison, or you are no true worshipper of the Muses. Thus your young geniuses no

sooner find that they have feet for the long and difficult race of fame than they commence running, and that so fast and breathlessly, that, before half the course is strained over, their powers, too fiercely tried, or too little encouraged to the trial, fail them as suddenly as they found them; they halt in their headlong speed, and the race is lost, because of their eagerness to win it; and then come present disappointment, and backward-looking regret, and hope that looks not forward, but "with leaden eyes loves the ground," and pining despondency, and regardless self-neglect, and reckless self-abandonment, and, finally, helpless and motionless despair.

The first fault of a young author's life is the key to the rest of it; and usually opens the wicket-door to a long winding walk through that maze of error, which too certainly leads in the end to the blighted and blank bower of disappointment. Inexperience in him is so far a fault, that it is the parent of a large family of young errors. Ignorant of the world, he presumes to teach it, when he should still sit as a scholar in its wisdom-giving school; but he is too erratic; he forsakes the lyceums of learning like a truant, and will have no place but the fields for his study, and no book but the book of nature to pore upon. He is diligent, and acquires something for himself; and he teaches what he learns as fast as he learns it, instead of nourishing and storing it like "a seed which, after many days, should bring forth" the fruit of knowledge, "a hundred-fold;" reminding one of those shallow artificial basins for water that we sometimes see in palace-gardens, which pour out as fast as they receive those waters not their own, and are full to-day, and empty to-morrow,—instead of resembling a natural spring, and being an inexhaustible well-head of waters undefiled, and of a constant flow and fullness. Or if

he is not so daringly ignorant as to aim at teaching mankind, but only at amusing them, and tunes a romantic harp to tales of love and chivalry, or touches the trembling lyre to tragic story, or indulges only in the *capriccios* of fancy and high imagination,—the world has too many stunning realities, too much of natural horror, and too much of unnatural hatred, and unchivalrous warring of brother-nation against brother-nation, of child-land against father-land, to listen to the love, or horror, or beautiful imaginations of the muse. The world, therefore, looks coldly on him, and he in turn looks coldly on the world : this is the first chill his ardent heart receives. He has expected great deference, and honour, and public applause ; and only two or three followers of his own hurl up their caps in the corner of the hall. He has thought that genius and success are one ; he has genius still, but where is success ? He at last learns that great talents may be obscured under unfavourable clouds ;—that even genius may be born too early or too late for the age. His shining talents are therefore to him like talents of gold to one who perishes in a desert of drought. His spirit of independency breaks, and now he looks round for that success at the hand of one which he has failed in obtaining from the hands of all : he seeks a patron, finds one, and proudly bends his head, and is crowned, as he thinks, with the laurels of patronage, but he finds in the end that he has been crowned with thorns.

* * * * *

VERSES TO A LOVED ONE.

“ A youthful poet's verses, read by the lips which are dearest to him.”
ROB ROY.

I.

BETRAY thee!—nay, thou need'st not fear
 Falsehood from passion so sincere ;—
 Who love like me will ne'er reveal
 One word—one thought—of what they feel !

Never was woman loved by man
 As thou art loved—adored by me—
 Affection never did—nor can—
 Equal the love I bear to thee ;—
 In every place—at every hour—
 My heart avows thy ceaseless power,—
 Near thee or from thee, every sense
 Retains thy maddening influence !—
 And when my eyes have met with thine—
 Thy soft warm hand been pressed to mine—
 And when I've been so blessed to move you
 To speak those thrilling words—“ I love you !”—
 Oh ! scarce could Reason's strength control
 The wild, fierce storm which shook my soul !
 —And think'st thou love like this could find
 Reception in so mean a mind,
 So base a heart, as to make known
 Kindness thy confidence has shewn ?
 No !—never, never, thought so base
 Within my mind has found a place—
 Trust me, my breast does not enfold
 A heart that's cast in such a mould.

Believe me, without cause thou fearest—
 Think'st thou I e'er could injure thee?—
 Thee!—who art first—best—fairest—dearest—
 Thee!—who art all in all to me?—
 No!—rather would a heart like mine
 Its last life-drop of blood resign—
 See its last pulses pass away—
 Than prove so base as to betray.
 If but one word—one look—one thought—
 Should ever be with falsehood fraught—
 If ever, ever, you should find
 Feelings so mean defile my mind—
 Then spurn me as a wretch, whose vain,
 Whose grovelling soul deserves disdain;—
 But if I always, always, be
 Faithful to love—to truth—to thee,
 Spare me the bitter pain, I pray thee,
 To see thee doubt and disbelieve—
 To think that I should e'er betray thee—
 To fear that I should e'er deceive.

II.

ON PARTING,—WHEN WE DID NOT PART.

Forget me not! though now we part,—
 And part, alas! to meet no more;
 Remember that there beats a heart,
 Which loves thee to its inmost core.

 Thine idolled image—voice, and air,—
 Each kind glance looked, each fond word spoken,
 All, all are garnered—treasured—there,
 And *will be*, till that heart is broken.

We part—and had we never met,
 Happy had it been for thee:—
 My love has been thy bane—but yet
 Oh ! cease not to remember me !
 My passion served but to encrease
 The sorrows of a suffering lot—
 To mar still more thy bosom's peace ;—
 But still, oh ! still—forget me not !

III.

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF LALLA ROOKH.

1.

DEAREST, I doubly taste with thee
 The charms of this sweet minstrelsy !—
 O'er these wild numbers I have felt
 My very soul within me melt,
 To sit by thy side and hang with thee
 On the beauties of each entrancing line ;
 Then gaze on thy speaking eye, and see
 How thy thoughts and thy feelings mingle with mine.
 Oh ! I have seen that full eye flash
 Beneath its long and silken lash,
 Its living glance at once revealing
 Each secret thought—each inmost feeling.

2.

And oh ! when the bard has chanced to strike
 That chord which is felt by both alike ;—
 When we have come to those moving parts
 Which strike so home to both our hearts ;—
 Those lays—alas ! too real—which weep
 The misery of a lot like ours—
 We have known a feeling far too deep,
 To be raised alone by Poetry's powers :

They serve but to goad within our breast
Thoughts which can never wholly rest ;
We feel—but what I need not tell—
Alas ! you only know too well !

IV.

HER NAME.

“ The magic of a name.”—CAMPBELL.

BEATS there the heart which does not bound,
With a trembling thrill, at the holy sound
Of a name beloved—which does not swell
As it drinks a note which it loves so well ?

Tho' years may have past since we last have heard
From stranger lips the well-known word,
Yet, pronounced by chance, it awakens the ear,
And the soul delightedly turns to hear.

That word is breathed in a softer tone,
And possesses a music not its own ;
And the letters which speak that name to the eye,
Appear to combine more gracefully !

When we utter their name, the absent are near ;
The beloved themselves become more dear—
And the dead, at that heart-dwelling sound, will be
In more vivid and instant memory.

Oh ! a name beloved becomes a part
Of the dearest feelings of every heart—
And until the heart itself shall decay,
That feeling will never pass away !

V.

TO HER CHILD.

1.

SWEET infant, smile again—although
 I may not claim that look of thine—
 My soul, alas ! can never know
 The touching joy to call thee mine.
 Yet, when I've seen that sinless smile,
 I've felt my heart grow light the while—
 The evil passions of my breast
 Have then been almost charmed to rest.

2.

Oh ! may the beams of that full blue eye,
 Which now repose so placidly,
 Never flash forth the unhallowed fire
 Of wrath—of hatred—envy—ire :
 And may that calm unsullied brow,
 So clear, so pure, so stainless now,
 Be always thus—nor ever bear
 One trace of sorrow furrowed there !

3.

Oh ! how I covet that soft thrill
 Of hallowed pleasure, which will fill
 Thy mother's soul, when she shall trace
 Nascent expression in thy face—
 When first thy kindling eye shall shew
 Thy little heart hath learned to know
 Thy mother ; and thy smile, revealing
 The earliest touch of tender feeling,

Shall add the power of dawning sense
To the charm of infant innocence !
And, more than all, when thy tongue shall try
To lisp its first words falteringly,
And syllable the sound most dear,
Most hallowed, to a mother's ear—
Sweeter to her than the dying notes
Of music, which over the water floats,
Or the heavenly strain when the winds give tone
To the harp that speaks by them alone.
Is there on earth an equal bliss ?—
No ! there's none so perfect—so pure as this !

4.

Yes ! dearest infant, smile again,
And stretch thy little arms towards me,—
And fondly look on me, for then
I almost dream that thou must be
His, who thus loves thee doatingly !—
Whose very heart of hearts caresses thee—
Whose soul's most fervent feeling blesses thee—
Who'd give that soul itself, if aught
Could make thee really his—but, no—
I must control that maddening thought—
Alas ! it never can be so !

GHOST STORIES.—No. III.

OF the three relations, which follow, the two first are derived from sources so authentic, that I communicate them with as much confidence as if they had been actually received from the parties to whom the events seve-

rally occurred : of the third, the author can only say, with Sir Walter Scott,

“ I know not how the truth may be ;
But tell the tale as told to me.”

It is not many years ago, since Mr. —*, accompanied some friends on a visit to York cathedral. The party was numerous ; and amongst them were a gentleman and his two daughters. Mr. — was with the eldest of these ladies, exploring the curiosities of the building, rather at a distance from the rest of their companions. On turning from the monument to which their attention had been directed, an officer in a naval uniform was observed advancing towards them. It was rather an unusual circumstance to encounter a person thus accoutred, in a place so far distant from the sea, and of so unmilitary a character. Mr. — was on the point of making a trivial observation on the subject to his companion ; when, on his turning his eyes towards her, and pointing out the approaching stranger to her notice, he saw an immediate paleness spread itself over her face, and her countenance become agitated by the force of the powerful and contending emotions which were suddenly excited by his presence. As the stranger drew more near, and his figure and his features gradually became more distinctly visible, through the evening gloom and the dim religious light of the cathedral, the lady's distress was evidently increased. She leant on the arm of Mr. — with the weight of one who was painfully afflicted, and felt the necessity of support.

* In the manuscript of the writer of these stories, the name was, as in the former ones, given at length ; but while the sheet was passing through the press, a friend of the party stated to the publisher that making public the names would distress the feelings of more than one individual :—they are therefore withheld. ED.

Shocked at the oppression which he witnessed; but wholly ignorant of the cause—alarmed—hurried—supposing her to be suffering from the paroxysm of some violent and sudden indisposition,—Mr. — called to entreat the assistance of her sister. The figure in the naval uniform was now immediately before them. The eyes of the lady were fixed upon him, with a gaze of silent and motionless surprise, and a painful intensity of feeling: her lips were colourless and apart; and her breath passed heavily from the full and over-burthened heart. The form was close upon them. It approached her side—it paused but for an instant—as quick as thought, a low, and scarcely audible, voice whispered in her ear “There is a future state;” and the figure moved onward through the retiring aisle of the minster. The father of the lady arrived to the assistance of his daughter; and Mr. —, consigning her to his protection, hastened in pursuit of the mysterious visitor. He searched on every side: no such form was to be seen in the long perspective of the path by which the ill-omened stranger had departed. He listened with the most earnest attentiveness; no sound of retreating footsteps was to be heard on the echoing pavement of the cathedral. Baffled in his attempt to discover the object whose presence had thus disturbed the tranquillity of the time, Mr. — re-sought his friends. The lady was weeping on the shoulder of her father. She avoided every inquiry respecting the cause, the seat, and the nature of her illness:—“It was slight: it was transient: it would immediately be over.” She entreated the party to continue their examination of the building, and to leave her again to the protection of her former companion. The request was granted. And no sooner had she thus possessed herself of an opportunity of con-

fidential communication, than she implored him, with a quick and agitated voice, to conceal for a little while, the occurrence of which he had been a witness. "We shall never be believed: besides, it were right that my poor dear father should be gradually prepared for the misery that he is destined to undergo. I have seen the spirit, and I have heard the voice, of a brother, who exists no longer—he has died at sea. We had agreed that the one who died the first, should re-appear to the survivor, if it were possible—to clear up, or to confirm, doubts which existed in both our minds."

In due time, the account of the event occurred in completion of the spiritual intimation.—The brother was indeed no more—his death had happened on the very day and hour, in which his form was seen by Mr. — and his sister, in the north aisle of York cathedral.

The second tale is again one of that very ordinary kind, which refers to the spiritual appearance of the dying to some distant friend, at the moment of the soul's departure from the body.

The Rev. Mr. Hunt, the author of the late admirable translation of the *Jerusalem Delivered*, was in his childhood, the particular favourite of his mother's brother. The fondness of the uncle won upon the gentle nature of the boy: and they were mutually attached with a tenderness of affection, which is not often witnessed between the aged and the young. The child was sent to school; but absence did not impair the recollection of his friend, or of his kindness: his uncle was the theme of all his boyish anecdotes; his opinion was alleged as the decisive and infallible authority in every argument; and his practice was the example by which he cast his line, and manufactured his fishing tackle. Such was

the mutual attachment in this unequal friendship:—but it was destined to suffer an early separation.—Young Hunt was one day playing in the school-room, with several of his companions—it was a game in which the boys were holding each other by the hand, and running round in an extended circle. They had not been long engaged in this amusement, when it was observed that Hunt's countenance became suddenly agitated. His school-fellows immediately relaxed their sports, and collected themselves about him. They eagerly inquired the cause of his disorder: “Was he giddy? Was he ill?”—were sounds rapidly reiterated from many voices. Young Hunt, as soon as the power of speech returned to him, stretched out his hand, and, pointing to one of the school-room windows, said:—“I see my uncle, looking pale and ill, standing at that window.” This happened, as nearly as could be calculated, by the account of his companions, at the precise moment in which his uncle had breathed his last: many miles distant from the place at which his spectre had appeared.

The third relation which I shall offer, has been received from an anonymous correspondent, in whose words I shall transcribe it. The tale is very generally circulated in society; and though evidently corrupted by the many variations and additions, which it has derived from the imaginations of successive narrators, was founded on an event of a very mysterious character; and which, the publication of the present account may possibly become the means of drawing forth in a less adulterated form.

At the commencement of the French Revolution, Lady Pennyman, and her two daughters, retired to Lisle; where they hired a very handsome large house, at a very

trifling rent. During their residence in this abode, the lady received from her husband, Sir John Pennyman, a draft for a very considerable sum, which she carried to the banker of the town, and requested to have it cashed. The man, as is much the custom on the Continent, gave her a large portion of silver in exchange. As Lady Pennyman was proceeding to pay some visits, she requested that the banker would send the money to her house ; of which she described the situation. The parcel was instantly committed to the care of a porter : and, on the lady's inquiring of him, whether he understood, from her directions, the place to which his charge was to be conveyed, the man replied, that he was perfectly aware of the place designated ; and that it was called the " Haunted House." The latter part of this answer was addressed to the banker, in a low tone of voice ; but was overheard by Lady Pennyman. She paid, however, no attention to the words ; and naturally supposed, that the report connected with her habitation was one of those which are raised by the imagination of the ignorant, respecting every dwelling which is long untenanted, or remarkable for its antiquity.

A few weeks afterwards, the words were recalled to her recollection, in a manner that surprised her. The housekeeper, with many apologies for being obliged to mention any thing that might appear so idle and absurd, came to the apartment in which her mistress was sitting, and said that two of the servants, who had accompanied her ladyship from England, had that morning given warning : and expressed a determination of quitting her ladyship's service, on account of the mysterious noises, by which they had been, night after night, disturbed and terrified. " I trust, Carter," replied Lady Pennyman, " that you have too much good sense, to be alarmed on

your own account, by any of these superstitious and visionary fears ; and pray exert yourself, in endeavouring to tranquillize the apprehensions of others, and persuading them to continue in their places." The persuasions of Carter were ineffectual. The servants insisted that the noises which had alarmed them were not the operations of any earthly beings ; and persevered in their resolution of returning to their native country.

The room from which the sounds were supposed to have proceeded, was at a distance from Lady Pennyman's apartments, and immediately over those which were occupied by the two female servants, who had themselves been terrified by them, and whose report had spread a general panic through the rest of the family. To quiet the alarm Lady Pennyman resolved on leaving her own chamber for a time, and establishing herself in the one which had been lately quitted by the domestics. The room above was a long, spacious apartment, which appeared to have been for a very considerable time deserted. In the centre of the chamber was a large iron cage. It was an extraordinary piece of furniture to find in any mansion ; but the legend which the servants had collected respecting it appeared to be still more extraordinary. It was said that a late proprietor of the house, a young man of enormous property, had in his minority been confined in that apartment by his uncle and guardian ; and there hastened to a premature death by the privations and the cruelties to which he was exposed. Those cruelties had been practised under the pretence of necessary corrections. It was alleged, that : " He was idle, stubborn, inattentive, of an untoward disposition, which nothing but severity could improve." In his boyhood, frequent chastisement, continued application, and the refusal of every interval of

relaxation, were in vain essayed to urge and goad him to the grave, and to place his uncle in possession of the inheritance. His constitution struggled with the tyranny of his unnatural relation, and wasted as it was by the unmitigated oppression, still resisted with an admirable vitality the efforts which were ingeniously aimed against his existence. As he drew nearer to the age in which he would have been legally delivered from the dangers and impositions of his uncle, his life was subjected to more violent and repeated severities. Every, even the slightest offence was succeeded by the most rigorous inflictions. The iron cage was threatened was ordered, was set up in the upper chamber. At first, for a few weeks, it remained as an object of terror only. It was menaced that the next transgression of his guardian's wishes would be punished by a day's imprisonment in that narrow circle, without the possibility of rest, or the permission of refreshment. Twice the cage was threatened, and remitted from an affected shew of mercy, and the better to cover and to palliate the premeditated enormities. The youth, who was about sixteen, from the dread of this terrible infliction applied himself with sleepless diligence to labours difficult to be accomplished; and extended—purposely extended—beyond the capacity of the student. His lessons were exacted not in proportion to his ability, but his endeavours and his performance. The taskmaster eventually conquered. Then followed the imprisonment, and the day without food. Again the imposition was set, again executed with painful exaction, again lengthened, again discovered to be impracticable, and again visited with the iron cage, and the denial of necessary subsistence. The savage purpose of thus murdering the boy under the pretence of a strict attention to his interest or

his improvement, was at last successful. The lad was declared to be incorrigible. There was a feigned necessity of more severe correction. He was sentenced to two days of captivity and privation. So long an abstinence from food and rest were more than his enfeebled frame and his broken spirit could endure ; and, on his uncle's arriving with the shew of an hypocritical leniency, an hour previous to the appointed time, to deliver him from the residue of his punishment, it was found that death had anticipated the false mercy, and had for ever emancipated the innocent sufferer from the tyranny of his oppressor. The wealth was won ; but it was an unprofitable acquisition to him who had so dearly purchased it. " What profit is it," demands the voice of Revelation, " if a man should gain the whole world, and lose his own soul." His conscience haunted him. The form of the dead and inoffensive boy was constantly before him. His dreams represented to his view the playful and beautiful looks that won all eyes towards him, while his parents were yet alive to cheer and to delight him ; and then the vision of his sleep would change, and he would see his calm suffering, and his silent tears, and his patient endurance, and his indefatigable exertions in attempting the accomplishment of desperate exactions, and his pale cheek, and his wasted limbs, and his spiritless countenance ; and then at last there was the rigid, bony, and distorted form, the glazed open eye, the mouth violently compressed, and the clenched hands, on which his view had rested for a moment, when all his wicked hopes had attained their most sanguine consummation, as he surveyed the corpse of his murdered relative. These recollections banished him from his home. The mansion was left tenantless ; and, till Lady Pennyman had ignorantly engaged it, all

had dreaded to become the inmate of a dwelling which had been fatal to one possessor, and shunned as destructive to the tranquillity of his heir.

On the first night or two of Lady Pennyman's being established in her new apartment, she met with no interruption, nor was her sleep in the least disturbed by any of those mysterious noises in the Cage-chamber, for so it was commonly called by the family, which she had been induced to expect by the representations of the departed servants. This quiet, however, was of very short duration. One night she was awakened from her sleep, by the sound of a slow and measured step, that appeared to be pacing the chamber overhead. It continued to move backwards and forwards with nearly the same constant and regular motion for rather more than an hour: perhaps Lady Pennyman's agitation may have deceived her, and induced her to think the time longer than it really was. It at length ceased: morning dawned upon her: the lady naturally felt distressed by the occurrence of the night; it was in every point of view alarming: if she doubted its being the effect of any preternatural communication, there was only another alternative, which was almost equally distressing, to suppose that there were means of entering the house, which were known to strangers, though concealed from the inhabitants. She went down to breakfast, after framing a resolution not to mention the event. Lady Pennyman and her daughters had nearly completed their breakfast, before her son, a young man who had lately returned from sea, descended from his apartment. "My dear Charles," said his mother, "I wonder you are not ashamed of your indolence and your want of gallantry, to suffer your sisters and myself to finish our breakfast before you are ready to join us." "Indeed,

madam," he replied, " it is not my fault if I am late. I have not had any sleep the whole night. There have been people knocking at my door, and peeping into my room every half hour since I went up stairs to bed. I presume they wanted to see if my light was extinguished : if this be the case it is really very distressing, as I certainly never gave you any cause to suspect that I should be careless in taking so necessary a precaution ; and, it is not pleasant to be represented in such a character to the domestics." " Indeed, my dear, the interruption has taken place entirely without my knowledge. I assure you it is not by any order of mine that your room has been looked into. I cannot think what could possibly induce any servant of mine to be guilty of such a liberty. Are you certain that you have not mistaken the nature and the origin of the sounds by which your sleep has been disturbed ?" " Oh, no. There could have been no mistake. I was perfectly awake when the interruption first took place ; and, afterwards it was so frequently repeated as to prevent the possibility of my sleeping."

More complaints from the housekeeper : no servant would remain ; every individual of the family had his tale of terror to increase the apprehensions of the rest. Lady Pennyman began to be herself alarmed. Mrs. Atkins, a very dear and approved friend, came on a visit to her. She communicated the subject which had so recently disturbed the family, and requested her advice. Mrs. Atkins, a woman devoid of every kind of superstitious fear, and of tried courage, understanding and resolution, determined at once to silence all the stories that had been fabricated respecting the Cage-room, and to allay their terrors by adopting that apartment for her own bed-chamber during the remainder of her

residence at Lisle. It was in vain to oppose her purpose. She declared that no half-measure could be equally effectual : that if any of the family were to sleep there, though their rest should be perfectly undisturbed, it would have no efficacy in tranquillizing the agitation of the family, since the servants would naturally accuse either Lady Pennyman or her son of being interested witnesses, and doubt the fact of their having reposed in the centre of the ghost's dominions, without undergoing any punishment for the temerity of their invading them. A bed was accordingly placed in the apartment. The Cage-room was rendered as comfortable as possible on so short a notice ; and Mrs. Atkins retired to rest attended by her favourite spaniel, saying as she bade them all good-night, " I and my dog, I flatter myself, are equal to compete with a myriad of ghosts ; so let me entreat you to be under no apprehension for the safety of Ponto and myself."

Mrs. Atkins examined her chamber in every imaginable direction : she sounded every pannel of the wainscoat to prove that there was no hollowness which might argue a concealed passage ; and having bolted the door of the Cage-room, retired to rest, confident that she was secure against every material visitor, and totally incredulous of the airy encroachments of all spiritual things. Her assurance was doomed to be short-lived : she had only been a few minutes asleep, when her dog which lay by the bed-side, leaped howling and terrified upon the bed ; the door of her chamber slowly opened, and a pale, thin, sickly youth came in, cast his eyes mildly towards her, walked up to the iron cage in the middle of the room, and then leaned in the melancholy attitude of one revolving in his mind the sorrows of a cheerless and unblest existence. After a while, he again withdrew, and re-

tired by the way he entered. Mrs. Atkins, on witnessing his departure, felt the return of her resolution. She was re-assured in her original belief in the impossibility of all spiritual visitations ; she persuaded herself to believe the figure the work of some skilful impostor, and she determined on following its footsteps. She took up her chamber lamp, and hastened to put her design into execution. On reaching the door, to her infinite surprise, she discovered it to be fastened as she had herself left it on retiring to her bed. On withdrawing the bolt, and opening the door, she saw the back of the youth descending the staircase : she followed, till on reaching the foot of the stairs, the form appeared to sink into the earth.—It was in vain to attempt concealing the occurrences of the night ; her voice, her manner, the impossibility of sleeping another night in the ill-omened chamber would necessarily betray that something of a painful and mysterious nature had occurred. The event was related to Lady Pennyman. She determined to remain no longer in her present habitation. The man, of whom the house had been engaged, was spoken to upon the subject. He became extremely violent, said that it was no time for the English to indulge their imaginations ; insinuated something of the guillotine, and bade her, at her peril, to drop a single expression to the injury of his house. While she remained in France ;—no word was uttered upon the subject : she framed an excuse for her abrupt departure : another residence was offered in the vicinity of Lisle, which she engaged on the pretext of its being better calculated to the size of her family, and at once relinquished her habitation, and with it every preternatural occasion of anxiety.

A LETTER ON MUSICAL TASTES.

MY DEAR ———,

I fear you and I shall always remain at feud on the subject of music. I cannot be brought to like the highly-wrought combinations of mechanical art in at all the same degree as the simple, natural, and touching strains of feeling and expression. I cannot put that which is only skilful, wonderful, and to be admired, into competition with what is to be loved and felt. In a word, I prefer, like Frank Osbaldistone, one simple song which I have loved in childhood "to all the opera airs which were ever minted in the capricious brain of an Italian Musical Doctor."

You have told me more than once that as I have no knowledge of music as a science, I have no right to talk of the relative merits of its different kinds. To this objection I never can subscribe. Music is meant for general delight, physical and mental. "All with ears and souls" have, in my view of the matter, a perfect right to hear, enjoy, discuss, condemn, and praise music and musicians all and sundry, from Mozart and Rossini at the Opera House, to the whistling of the pot-boy, as he goes along the street. Music being pleasing to none but a scientific listener, is, in my idea, strong argument, if not proof positive, that the music is bad. To say that none other are capable of judging it, I consider on a par with the celebrated declaration of the shoemaker, that the wearer of a boot could not know whether or not it pinched him, as he had not been brought up to the craft of Crispin.

It may at first sight appear paradoxical, but I hold it nevertheless to be true, that the greatest musical profi-

cients are not those who derive the greatest gratification from music. They understand it very much, but they feel it very little. They are thoroughly versed in all the theories of bars, minims, quavers and crotchets, and they judge accurately whether the composer and the performer have shewn science and skill, but they seldom or never experience that full, floating, voluptuous delight which pervades the senses and the soul of a true lover of music. They admire a piece of music as I should a piece of clock-work or of lace-making, as a complex and difficult specimen of mechanical art—not as a natural object of natural gratification. To them may be truly applied the French term “*faire de la musique.*”—They do indeed “make” it—laboriously and as workmen make it.—but when do we hear from them those natural and spontaneous gushings of sound which rise, as it were, irrepressibly from the well-head of music within? They attend so much to its means that they overlook its end. They admire its body, but neglect its soul.

My first objection to a long, intricate, and difficult composition—to what, in short, is usually called “a piece of music,”—is that it is almost always totally unmeaning. It expresses and it excites no passion—it is neither pensive nor enlivening—neither spirited nor sad. It is equally fit for a reveillé or a retreat—for a dirge or an epithalamium. Its sole object appears to be to display the composer’s skill and the performer’s execution. As it is inexpressive, so is it powerless. There may be much fine fingering, and many brilliant combinations—but there is nothing to soothe sadness, or excite mirth—to touch, in short, any sentiment or sensation whatsoever. It does not call forth that mysterious and indefinable connection between physical sense and inward feeling, which has caused Music to be called the Poetry of Sound. Thé

ear may sometimes be gratified, but the heart remains wholly untouched. "A piece of music" is accordingly disrelished by all but conosciuti. It is only those who judge by the difficulties overcome, and not by the effect produced, that take pleasure in this kind of composition. One may remark a listless and uninterested air in nine tenths of the auditors during a performance of this sort, which is instantly changed into brightened eyes and lighted-up countenances, at the striking up of a simple and well-known air. There is even a kind of buzz of delight perfectly distinguishable in a crowded audience, during the first bars of a popular tune. It comes home to the feelings of all with a suddenness and a strength which are quite apparent and delightful. It has, I believe, been observed before, and, at all events, it is strikingly true, that no music is very powerfully pleasing till it becomes familiar. Even that which is most beautiful never gives its full measure of gratification till we come to know it well. And where was ever the "piece of music" which was well known and strongly loved? Could the Swiss have wandered over the world with the score of a long divertimento burnt in upon their hearts like that of the Ranz des Vaches?—Would a Highland regiment march to battle to any thing but a Highland pibroch?—or would all the sonatas of all Italy, dead and alive, give rise to the least touch of that thrill which pervades the whole frame at the sound of an air which we have heard from loved lips, in long-past times and long-left places? I shall never forget what I felt at hearing a song sung by an indifferent and disagreeable person which I had last heard from one who was most dear, and who was lost to me for ever. It was a song which had been a pre-eminent favourite of both of us, and which I had been used to call, *par excellence*, *hers*. It

had always lived in the inmost fold of my heart. It had ever been present to my ear, though I had held it too sacred to be breathed even by my own voice. You may conceive, then, my feelings at hearing it bleated forth, lightly and carelessly, like any mere boarding-school tune. I felt almost as if a personal injury had been inflicted on me. By degrees, however, my anger passed away, and sorrow followed. My heart rose in my throat, and I would have given any thing to have been alone that I might have wept unrestrainedly. When I went home, I wrote the following verses—I took care that their metre should not be suited to the air the casual hearing of which had given me so much pain :—

'Tis that dear, dear song
I've loved so long,
Which you used to sing for me, love—
My heart is wrung
To hear it sung
By any one but thee, love.

My soul's self drank
The sounds which sank
From your lips in tones so sweet, love—
And that eye of light
Grew still more bright,
As the lay caused our looks to meet, love.

Those eyes are shut—
Those lips are mute—
That voice for ever is down, love—
Oh ! never again
Let me hear the strain
Which I used to call your own, love !

I do not send these verses to you for the purpose of dosing you with my own poetry, but to ask you whether you think that the feelings which gave rise to them could

have been excited by any scientific combination of quavers and crotchets ?

You will say that these are the associations of music, and not music itself ; but what I maintain is, that nothing but simple airs ever possess associations at all. Without them, music is nothing but noise ; it is truly *vox et praterca nihil*. It is the recollections which it excites, the associations to which it gives rise, that make music the food of the soul. Music sets before you a dear one who performed it, a spot you have loved in which it was performed ;—the earliest remembrances of infancy are recalled by the sounds which lulled our cradle ;—the distant are drawn near—the dead are made alive, by the music with which their image is inseparably entwined. The ear of the banished man, as in the case of the Swiss, is enthralled by the notes of his country's song, and his heart bursts away to the green hills of childhood,—or breaks with the too powerful mingling of luxury and pain. When music can do this, it is every thing,—when it cannot, it is worse than nothing at all :—and when did we ever hear of scientific music having effects like these ? That music which requires piano-fortes, and orchestras, and leaders, and conductors to give it effect, must ever be confined to the artificial atmosphere, and the artificial peopling, of concert-rooms and theatres. It is the music which lives in men's hearts,—which is remembered without note or book,—and needs but a simple instrument or a single voice to give it breath and life ;—it is such music as this, that melts the will, and sways the soul under its dominion,—and lives and is loved in all countries, and beyond all time.

We read, and we have known, of the most powerful

results being produced by music ;—results which render the magical stories told of it of old scarcely very violent fictions. But these have all arisen from national and simple melodies,—which have dwelled immemorially in the valley and on the hill-side, and almost seem to the inhabitants as their native echoes. We never hear of the intricate and skilful combinations of harmony having any such effects. They are too plainly the work of calculation and science to speak to any spontaneous and natural feeling. There is one curious fact with regard to scientific and simple music, which places the manner in which they are viewed and cared for in a very strong light. There are few subjects which, both in poetry and poetry-like prose, have given rise to so many bursts of unrestrained, and, perhaps, extravagant enthusiasm as music. There is scarcely a poet, who, at some time or other, has not taken one of his wildest and loftiest flights on this theme. There is scarcely a writer who has not introduced music in some manner into some of his compositions,—and spoken of it in a way, which, on any other subject, would be reckoned inflated. But notwithstanding this, these bursts have always escaped ridicule. The sneer which so readily awaits every other species of enthusiasm has always spared this, as if it were sacred. Music was too closely dear to most to give rise to scoffing, and the few who cared for it but slightly, feared to make the avowal of their disregard. But, on the other hand, the jargon and affectations of the advocates of scientific composition have never ceased to be ridiculed and laughed at. Those who strive to reduce what should speak to the passions and the heart to a mere matter of figures and fingers, have always been

food for mockery and jeering. While Satire has always been busy with the one class, it has never ventured a single shaft against the other.

There are few feelings with which music has not some connection; there are few causes that it is not in some way brought to assist,—but it is nearly always simple music. In the aid of devotion, it has joined in almost all ages, countries, and religions. But it is rare that devotional music is not of a simple character. Nothing is solemn and sublime that has not a large share of simplicity. The full swell of the organ, and of the voices joined in religious out-pouring and excitement, must have been often felt as touching, awful, and imposing, even by the most reckless and irreverent:—and these tones are nearly always breathed to simple measures. In this particular branch of music, I perhaps go so far as to think that the efforts of a well-trained choir fall short in effect of that produced in those places of worship where the whole congregation joins in one flood of enthusiastic song. They are necessarily for the most part untrained, and singly, or in small numbers, their singing might have feeble or ludicrous effect. But the condensity of numerous voices conceals individual harshnesses and irregularities; and the tones of gushing and fervent devotion have a solemnity, majesty, and truth, which can never be reached by any paid performance, however talented or skilful. As a proof and illustration of this, I may cite the extreme and extraordinary effect of the singing of the charity children at St. Paul's. These children, amounting to six or seven thousand, meet only once a year, and are collected from all the schools of the metropolis. Their previous training, therefore, though it certainly exists to some degree, must be very slight; both

from the tender age of a large proportion of them, and from the total want of prepared combination and concert. And yet, the first burst of this world of youthful voices, to a simple measure of our ancient psalmody, pealing through the space of the stupendous dome, has an effect on the hearer which is allowed to be beyond any other ever produced by sound.

Martial music, also, has great and general power. Though it excludes every thing vocal, in which I delight so much, yet I am very fond of martial music:—not exactly drums and fifes, but the full band of a regiment, a cavalry regiment in particular. And how seldom does a band play “pieces of music,”—and when it does, how much less is their effect than that of their own enlivening and exciting tunes? I am sure the drum and fife enlist as many recruits as the serjeant. “The British grenadiers” has more eloquence than ever even Kite possessed. It is very politic, I think, as well as very delightful, to give each regiment its band. It serves more than all else to throw the veil of gaiety and spirit over the sad realities of a soldier’s life. It has the principal share in putting out of view the privations of all kinds which he endures;—the exposure to excruciating heat or insupportable cold—the marchings even unto dropping dead with fatigue—the famishing hunger—the fearful thirst—the perishing from pestilent disease or agonizing wounds, untended and unloved—with no dear or fond one to soothe that dreadful moment, the passing of the spirit into Eternity. All these are the real and every-day occurrences which a soldier has to meet and suffer;—but who thinks of them when the band is playing on the parade, on a Sunday evening?—when every thing is life and gaiety and brightness—and when *Music* stirs the soul with

all the warmth and excitation of joyousness, glory, and ambition ?

I have said that music—simple music—speaks to the passions. You yourself, and every one else who ever was in love, can testify to its power over that union of all the passions. I have seen you hang over the chair in which E—— sat as she was singing,—drinking every tone which was breathed from her lips,—vibrating with every chord which she struck from her instrument. You never would have loved that woman as you did if it had not been for music. Your whole soul was drunk with delight:—it floated and revelled with deliciousness in every sound of her voice, and note of her music. The airs which she was most used to play were added points of delightful union ; they were additional bonds of enthrallment to both your hearts. Do not wonder at my describing so much *con amore* what *you* felt ;—I have felt every jot of it,—and it is as much from my recollections of my own feelings as from my observations of yours, that I am speaking. The favourite airs of one beloved are indeed all-powerful. They add sweet and holy fascinations to her as she breathes them ; they set her almost with reality before you when she is away ; they recall distant days, and circumstance which can never return, in a manner quite magical and startling. But I have said enough on this subject already. It is one of extreme delight, and of infinite pain:—alas, the pain predominates !

There is another strong and charming advantage which simple possesses over elaborate music. It is that natural and delightful union of poetry and song, which is quite incompatible with intricate composition. Moore has said that poetry—lyrical poetry—and music are wedded, and should never be divorced. Alas ! how often do we see the foppery of scientific composers and singers

operate this disunion, quite *à vinculo*, without any intervention of Doctors' Commons or the House of Lords? Moore himself has furnished the best exemplification of his own doctrine. His melodies are a gift to the music and the poetry of his country for which it never can be sufficiently grateful. He has shewn that the most exquisite musical enjoyment is to be joined with the highest gratifications of poetry. Is there any thing more vigorous and stirring than his songs of scorn and indignation—more gay than those of merriment and archness? Is there any thing more passionate than his love, more mournful than his sorrowing?—Is there any thing one half so touching as his exquisite and matchless tenderness? Moore is a musician in the best sense—he cares for its spirit more than its mechanism; and he has thence suited the words to the airs in a manner which gives a doubled and enchanting power to both. I delight also in Moore's own music. It has a tender and voluptuous swell—a floating wildness, with occasional lively snatches, such as I do not know that I have ever heard equalled. You have told me, and I believe he has confessed himself, that he often sins against the rules of composition; but, as in many other cases, he is charming for his very faults. There are some particular irregularities, which I cannot technically describe—something about thirds and sevenths—which you have pointed out to me as incorrect; but they always appeared to my ear to produce that peculiar and inexpressible charm which belongs to his compositions. In direct terms, also, as well as in practice, Moore has told us what he thinks music ought to be. He has put these words into the mouth of the Spirit of Music:—

“ For mine is the lay that lightly floats,
And mine are the murmuring-dying notes
That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
And melt in the heart as instantly!”

It is in this possession, as in Samson's hair, that she boasts all her strength to lie. This is the talisman which she gives to reconcile and make fond ; to soften the asperities which anger had occasioned ; to recover the affections which petulance had lost.

Moore, also sings himself ; and his style, is in my mind, almost the *beau idéal* of singing. He employs the music to give effect and beauty to the words—not, as is usually the case, the words to convey the music ; which takes exactly half the power and pleasure from both. I would much rather hear the air played on an instrument at once, than sung by one who makes the words merely fal, la, la. But Moore goes much further than merely giving the poetry distinctly, as well as the music. He embodies and gives breath to the soul and spirit of the song :—he expresses its feeling as well as its sound. Though not gifted with much power of voice, yet his perfect taste and exquisite expression make one of his own songs, sung by himself, seem the most beautiful way of expressing the most beautiful things. The listener is far too utterly rapt in delight to think of analyzing the mechanical means by which it is conveyed to him.

Perhaps, however, the most perfect song according to this model is one which Moore did not write or compose—"Auld Robin Gray." It seems as if melancholy spoke her own words in her own music. The poetry of this simple ballad is of the highest order. "Daring simplicity" was never carried to so great or so successful a pitch as in the line,

"My father brake his arm, and our cow was stole away."

The most homely misfortunes of the most homely life are set forth in the plainest and fewest words which can convey the information ; and yet they possess—with me at

least—a truer pathos ;—they give a more real and forceful picture of utter misery and helplessness,—than any highly-wrought, strongly-worded description I ever read. The couplet, too,

“My father pressed me sair—my mither didna speak,
“But she looked in my face, till my heart was like to break.”

shews the truest knowledge of the human heart, and of womanly feeling. And the music in which this tale of utter and helpless sorrow is told is the very intonation of the poetry's spirit. There is a swelling sadness in its cadence which is such as one might expect to arise from an Æolian harp, on a night when the wind blows in long and sweeping gusts and sinkings. There is only one drawback from my pleasure in listening to this exquisite song ;—it is always sung by Miss Stephens.—You know—and, indeed, my musical tenets pretty clearly evince—that Miss Stephens is my most favourite, perhaps, of all singers—but she ought not to sing “Auld Robin Gray.” She is in too good case—too plump, too good-humoured, too contented—to resemble Rob's miserable wife, either in appearance or in feeling. *Her* heart, evidently, has not that task of wretchedness—“to hide from one another there.” The beautiful and mournful expression “I wish I were dead, but I amna like to die,” comes from her with an effect almost ludicrous.—“I gang like a ghaist,” is not much in consonance with a *physique* so evidently of flesh and blood. Even shutting one's eyes will not do, for Miss Stephens never gives full effect to a melancholy song. In what is mirthful, arch, or simple, she is the most exquisite of all singers,—and you have often witnessed the unalloyed delight, with which I listen to her in such songs—but she cannot give its own expression to sadness. No song needs this so much as Robin Gray.—Its power when so sung is extreme. No

woman, I am sure, who is cursed with that bitterest of all ill-assorted marriages—the being united to one whom she must esteem, but cannot love—ever hears this song sung by one who feels it, without sensations stronger and more deep than any which it is at all usual for Poetry and Music to occasion. It is said that this song is not ancient, as it professes to be—but the production of a lady still living,—Lady Anne Barnard. The only reason I have for doubting this is that it can scarcely be possible that one who could write such poetry should never have written any more.

You cite my admiration of Catalani as an admission against my own doctrines; but I cannot allow that it is any such thing. Catalani's voice is so almost superhuman a gift, that in most of her admirers and hearers expressions of astonishment are far more common than those of delight. Now, this is by no means my feeling; if it were, I should not rate Catalani any thing like so highly as I do. If surprise at her powers of voice were all I felt in hearing her, I should look on her only in the light of a person possessing some extraordinary natural peculiarity—some mere physical wonder—like Daniel Lambert's paunch, or the nether extremity of the Hottentot Venus. But Catalani's voice is far more than a *lusus nature*; its powers of giving pleasure are still greater than those of exciting surprise. Such persons, it is true, as delight in hearing her sing Rode's variations must do so only for the sake of the curiosity; they must prefer wonder to actual gratification. This certainly most astonishing feat is not in the least to my taste. I like the human voice—far more such a human voice as Catalani's—better than all the fiddles that ever came from Cremona; and the sole object of this performance is to make the voice as like as possible to a fiddle—catgut,

horsehair, walnut-wood, resin, and all. To listen to Catalani thus imitating Mr. Kieselwetter is at most matter of mechanical surprise; to hear her sing "Oh! Lord God Almighty," is the loftiest pleasure, both moral and of sense. Even the slight imperfection of her pronunciation of our language, which an English ear can scarcely ever pardon, is quite unnoticed in the solemn and superb swell of her magnificent tones. The breath is almost held—the pulses almost stop—as we hang on the bursts and sinkings of her matchless voice; and when she ceases, the heart almost feels relieved from pleasure which has nearly become oppressive. Rode's variations are difficult and scientific to the last degree,—they cause me wonder;—the other effort is simple and sublime,—and it yields me exquisite delight.

You tell me you have sent your ten guineas to the subscription for the new Academy of Music. You, and those like you, who desire to keep music involved in the trammels of art, are quite right to encourage the proposed undertaking; but those who love the style which I have been advocating in this letter, must view its prosperous opening with great regret. Academies have ever been, and must always be, the supporters of every thing artificial—the enemies and the crushers of all that is natural, enthusiastic and free. They are, perhaps, beneficial in matters of exact and severe science; but, from their very constitution, they are opposed to every thing like the bursts of ardent and irrepressible genius. Like monopolies in commerce, their effect is to give security and profit to the select few, to the detriment and oppression of the enterprising many. Look at the French academy—the immortal forty, as they styled themselves—what have they ever done, further than making a dictionary—mere drudgery and labour, which, in these days,

would be done by steam ! They have had brilliant names among them, it is true ; but these have flourished in despite of academical restraints, not in consequence of academical encouragement. And even these seem to have felt the torpedo touch of the *fautail d'Académicien*—to have been affected by the mephitic air which pervaded their hall of audience. Can any thing be more dull than nine tenths of the *éloges* which every academicien was obliged to compose on his predecessor ?—even many of those pronounced by men of real genius are cramped, tawdry, and artificial. The subject, to be sure, was often such that to praise was very difficult ; but this serves only to shew of what sort of men the academy must have been composed, when their funeral oration exercised the invention more than any other faculty of their successor. In this country, surely the Royal Academy cannot, by its effects on Painting and Sculpture, lead to very encouraging hopes of the probable results of a similar establishment in the sister art. Painting has not advanced one jot in England since its institution. The Academy then gave it swaddling-clothes and leading-strings, and it has never got free from either. The greatest painter which England—perhaps Europe—at present possesses, is excluded from the pale of the Academy, for having freely expressed his opinion of its proceedings and merits. But thus it always is ; jealousy of real and brilliant deserving leads academicians to prefer servile mediocrity to independent and eclipsing genius. Voltaire was not a member of the French academy (for literature) till he was fifty :—Haydon is not a member of the English academy (for painting) at all. And thus it will be with regard to music. Drudging and mechanical art will meet with all praise and assistance ; simple, powerful, natural genius will be discouraged or neglected. —I wish you had kept your ten guineas in your pocket.

But you must not, from what I have said, think that I am blind to the necessity of tuition in music. I am quite well aware that teaching is absolutely necessary even for the simplest style. Without good tutoring and considerable practice, no singer could reach real grace and simplicity—

“As those move easiest who have learned to dance,” so are the most perfect performers most able to sing in the simplest way—if they choose it. What I object to is not scientific teaching—but scientific composition. Instruction is necessary for any thing approaching excellence in any style*, but that does not involve that elaborate and scientific music should alone be practised and praised. I cannot well blame the composers themselves; for, when a man devotes himself to any art, he naturally seeks the utmost distinction which it can yield:—and the dispensers of musical reputation will give no jot of it to one whose productions are not long, difficult, and complex. If any one ever does venture on a simple melody, let his success be in truth what it may, how slightly is the effort spoken of! It is “a pretty little thing”—“an air with some sweetness, but no knowledge of music”—or at most “it gives token of talents which we would wish to see employed on more important compositions,”—as if difficulty and not beauty were the object sought for. Composers, therefore, very naturally devote their talents to works of complexity and science,

* Since this letter was written, I have met with an extraordinary exception to this in the instance of a person—a young man—who plays on the piano-forte not only with a taste, feeling, and expression delightful to all, but with a brilliancy and skill of execution which professors themselves have pronounced to be wonderful and extreme—and this, not merely without tuition, but without even at this moment knowing one note of music! This is a practical example of the superiority of natural genius over science, to the extent of which I had not dared to go in my theory.

and thence it is that all our favourite and heart-dwelling airs are ancient. Since the improvement, as it is called, in the science of music, the rage for harmony has been so continued and overpowering that all our beautiful melodies are, from very age, acquiring the title of "national." They are sought out for the few who really love them from distant valleys where they have passed in tradition from mouth to mouth for ages—but no one dreams of composing any at this time of day. The prevalence, such as it is, which some of these airs have acquired, I consider to be chiefly owing to the beautiful poetry annexed to them; and now that the verses are printed in a separate volume, you will see that that prevalence will decline. As it is, the taste is much sneered at; conosciuti, and those who would be thought so, always hint that it is held by none but barbarians, "who know nothing of music;"—and this last accusation has, as you may suppose, extreme weight with young ladies just let loose from their Italian master, and eight hours a-day practice.

But, after all, it is no use arguing on such subjects. If people, like a quadruped which shall be nameless, are all ears and no soul, all the preachments in the world will never shorten the one or confer the other. For you, I have sometimes hopes of your reformation—for I have seen you feel music as well as listen to it. Shall I ever, in truth, see the day when you will leave science, mechanism, Academies and the dilettanti, for the sake of nature, feeling, simplicity, Miss Stephens and Tom Moore?

Your's, as ever,

B—— S——.

FLOWERS.

There's not a tree,
A flower, a leaf, a blossom, but contains
A folio volume. We may read, and read,
And read again, and still find something new,
Something to please, and something to instruct.

MAY'S *Old Couple*.

I.

WATER LILIES.

THE yellow gem that earth reluctant yields
To Taio's stream or Andes' torrent-force,
Shines not like this small bark: the lucid pearl
That lies in cavern dark, deep moor'd beneath.
The ocean-tides, is not so purely white
As you, her consort.

Beauteous flowers, in times
Of ancient Greece, when Fancy sway'd the land,
Her virgins, as they drew the clear cool lymph,
Sooth'd the young Naiad cradled on your leaves,
With lullabies that ruled the rocking stream.
Anon her shepherds eyed yon golden boat,
And mann'd it straight with some invisible Love,
That fled from earth-corrupt and sultry air,
To rest on the blue river.

Beauteous flowers,
Your Maker's hand is on you. He in all
His works is inexhaustible. He crowns
The green and many-flowering sward, and flings
His chaplet on the dark and flowing wave.

II.

THE WILD STRAWBERRY.

THE steep is won. Here o'er the cold grey stone
The summer streamlet struggles plaintively ;
And the low shrubby oaks that fringe the chasm
Scarce nod their heads before the drowsy breeze.
See ! peeping forth from every open cleft,
As bright and blithesome as in garden ground,
The Arbutus unfolds her tendrils wild,
And clothes the rock with unexpected fruit.
Does this surprise and please ? Oh, Nature oft
Bears in her rudest mould most precious seed.
Then turn not thou from any human heart
In scorn or anger : rough and woe-begone,
And scath'd with Passion's tempests, it may still
In gentler hour put forth some kindly germ ;
And blest be he who comes in charity
To seek and culture the neglected flower.

III.

THE PIMPERNEL.

THE least and loveliest of the sensitive tribe,
Whose hearts and lives are fix'd upon the sun,
Soon as her God, in garb of gold array'd,
Mounts in the eastern heaven, the Pimpernel
Unveils her scarlet cheek and glistening eye.
Glowing with humble joy, there all the day
Her blossoms shine like rubies on the bank,
And put to shame the proud Geranium.
But when the Hawthorn's lengthening shadow tells
The sun's declining course, his faithful flower
Gathers her tremulous leaves, and waits in sad
But pious patience for reviving morn.
The Poet in her life and lustre reads
A silent praise, a secret benison ;
And grieves to think how many a human flower,
Bedeck'd with beauty's richest garniture,
Fed with the choicest dews, and redolent
Of health and joy, can darkly turn away
From Man's bright God, the Sun of Righteousness,
Whose hand produc'd—whose bounty gave them all !

IV.

WILD THYME.

FAR from the cultur'd vanities of man,
Thou dwell'st with Freedom on the lonely wold,
And, from thy delicate and dewy lips,
Breathest delight. Yet lack'st thou not thy friends
And lovers. See ! the early shepherd stops
To bless thy healthful fragrance : Ere he spring
To greet the rosy dawn, th' awaken'd lark
Presses thee lightly to his breast : The bee
Comes sailing on the breeze with restless hum ;
In vain our ladies'-finger spreads her store
Of golden ingots, and the heath-flower shakes
Her waxen bells ; his curious sense hath caught
The honey-bearing Thyme, and, passing all,
He drops into her bosom, and is still.

V.

THE HAREBELL.

HIGH on the sparkling summit, among dews
And balm, the Harebell bows her taper neck,
To meet the kisses of the morning breeze ;
Then back retiring to the sunny sky,
Lifts her blue eyes in patience.

Graceful flower !

The mountain maiden, as her daring foot
Ascends o'er heath and granite, spies thee out,
And wreathes thee in her dark and clustering hair,
With dewy finger. She hath judged thee well.
The costly hyacinth, or queenly rose,
Would less befit a meek and humble spirit,
Contented with the rude tempestuous soil
From which she cheerly earns her daily bread,
And, unobstructed by the glare of wealth,
Or incense-cloud of flattery, looks to Heaven.

VI.

THE ROSE.

FAVOURITE of man! Ne'er pleased where thou art not,
 He seeks thee in his mental wanderings,
 And pauses in his daily toil to glean
 Refreshment from thy sweetness. Thine the hue
 He loves in beauty's cheek; and thine the pure
 And lasting fragrance that his fancy gives
 To virtue. Not a bower, a place of rest,
 A mimic Eden, can arrest his foot
 If thou be wanting; and his wistful eye
 Ne'er looks on Heaven with such intent delight,
 As when the glorious Eve her roses strews
 O'er every cloud that paves the western steep.

Delicious flower! dear type of vanity!
 How passing fair! yet, ah! how passing frail!—
 But what, of all that boast thy attributes,
 May claim a longer date? The rosy cheek?
 Oh! name it not: deep in her narrow grave
 Let Beauty rot unseen? The rose-like mind?
 Trace not the human mind past infancy;
 But turn again to the bright Heavens, for there
 Are roses still. Lo! in our very gaze,
 Each after each, they fade and pass away,
 And universal darkness covers all!

Yes, short the life of this world's loveliness,
 But thou, dear Rose, art still Earth's loveliest child,
 And we will bless thy looks, and crop thy sweets,
 That cheat our way-worn hearts of half their woe,
 But onward press to more enduring climes,
 Where all that's rare, and sweet, and beautiful,
 In glorious union, meet to fade no more.

E. W. B.

AN OWER TRUE TALE.

[Being a further extract from an unpublished Life.*]

THERE are few things which strike with a more painful chill on the heart—at least on *my* heart—than the unchangedness of physical objects, while Time has dealt destruction and decay upon all else. The scene which we contemplate with dimmed eye and saddened mind, was offered in self-sameness to our view when we were rife with all the nerve of bodily, and all the joyousness of mental, youth. The eternal river glides on, murmuring to the air, and glistening to the sun, as it murmured and glistened in our youth—in the youth of our fathers. The tree which flourished in majesty in our childhood flourishes in majesty still,—for the days of a man's life work no visible change on the grandeur of vegetable age. Even the works of human hands mock those who reared them—they remain in beauty and in strength, when the builder has crumbled into dust:—the tenement of his own body is the only one which he cannot repair. Human frames shoot, ripen, and decay,—human hearts bud, bloom, and wither,—but Nature and natural things remain unchanged—at least, during the time which suffices to work in us rise, maturity, and final fall. And this does not apply solely to long lapse of time. There are none, I am sure, who have suffered any great and sudden calamity without feeling with force the unchanged state of external objects. There is even a sort of sensation of surprise at seeing physical things as they were—indifferent business proceeding as it did—when all within us has been shattered, uprooted, and reversed. Every thing

* This paper is taken from the same manuscript as that entitled "Meeting," which appeared in our last number.

with us is so altered—every thing with them is so painfully the same.

The latter of these causes of suffering it is now, I thank God, many years since I experienced ; the former I never felt to the very full till now. The house, the grounds, the village, are, except in some trifling particulars, unchanged since I left them—the people, with some few exceptions also, are all swept away. And those exceptions !—alas ! they shew more plainly the tokens of Time and of decay even than the general change of peopling. On the Sunday after my return, I went with my sister to the village church—that church where my mother had taught my little knees to bend in devotion, my almost infant lips to syllable a prayer. As we passed along the aisle to our pew, from outward things I might have thought that only the week had elapsed since I had last been there ; the faces on which I looked shewed that a generation had passed away. There was however *some* change. Over our seat was my brother's monument—opposite to it my mother's !—I also saw that of the revered and excellent old man who had been the clergyman when I left home. He used almost to seem to us part of the venerable building in which he prayed. His long white hair, thinned on the forehead and temples—his meagre, but fine and thoughtful, face—and his voice which, though touched with age, still retained both silvery and solemn tones when earnest in prayer, or impassioned in exhortation—all his attributes and appearances fitted him for that simple and sublime office,—the pastor of a country church. His place was now supplied by a young gentleman, who, as he passed to the desk, displayed a Hobby boot from beneath his surplice,—and whose Brutus head and starched neckcloth were a contrast as opposite as might be to the unstudied and patriarchal

aspect of him to whom he had succeeded. This young man performed the service with decorum : he read sonorously and well ; and preached a sensible sermon with propriety :—but the tone of heart-gushing devotion—the austerity of stern reproof—the fervency of glowing exhortation—the soft solemnity of consolation and encouragement—all these were wanting in him,—all these his predecessor to the full possessed.

When we left the church, we extended our walk to some distance ;—and here I was doomed to witness change indeed—that change which is worked by Time, misery, evil deeds, and guilty passions. As we advanced along the road, we saw, at some distance and approaching towards us, a figure of which I had at first difficulty in distinguishing the sex. All its covering—it cannot be called clothes—consisted in a tattered horseman's coat, from beneath which, on nearer approach, were visible the remains of a petticoat. The head was uncovered ; and the grey hair, which was thick, tangled and loathsome, had acquired that tinge of rusty red which is occasioned by exposure to the weather. Her legs—for this wretched being was a woman—were puffed, glazy, and in places cracked,—as is usual in the limbs and flesh of those who suffer from bad and scanty food. Her feet were also bare, and trod callously along the stones of the highway, seemingly grown insensible from long endurance. Her face—oh, God ! who can bear to look on the human countenance when uninformed by the human spirit ?—her face spoke of idiocy and madness, conjoined in frightful union—all the gloomy sullenness of the one, all the wild fierce misery of the other.—Her lip drivelled, and she was muttering to herself as she advanced ; the expression of her mouth was that of “the moping idiot :”—her look was a savage and suspicious scowl ; the expression of her

eye was that of the mad woman, alas ! not "gay"—but irretrievably and unutterably wretched. Before we came quite to her, we passed what my sister told me was her dwelling. It was a miserable mud—not hovel,—no, there is no name for human habitation, however squalid, which can figure it to the eye. It was built, like a swallow's nest, against the bank by the road-side ; and, like it, had but one aperture to admit air and light, and to give egress to its wretched inhabitant. I looked in :—in one corner was a little rotting straw—in the other, three bricks, which served to enclose the smouldering remains of a fire. These, and a broken earthen vessel, which had apparently held food, were all that the place contained. As we passed the miserable woman, she looked angrily at us, as if offended at our intrusion into her abode ; she did not, however, speak, and we proceeded. " Who do you think that unhappy creature is ?" said my sister ;— " who do you think is that object, which it almost makes the blood curdle to look upon ?—That is Margaret Clifford." I cannot describe the surprise, horror, and disgust with which I heard this name. When I left home, Margaret Clifford was the reigning beauty of the town near us ; and she had loveliness sufficient not only to be the beauty of a small market-town, but which would have made her noted and admired any where. She was, at that time, though only the daughter of a tradesman, talked of by high and low, gentle and simple, the whole country round. All praised—all admired—I may say all loved—Margaret Clifford. I myself had not been quite free from the general feeling concerning her. With her I had fleshed my maiden arrow of flirtation ;—she first caused my heart to feel the gentle flutter of light gallantry. I used to throw my horse upon his haunches, to check him and give the spur, as I rode past her father's windows—and

I always danced with her at those balls to which our servants were allowed to ask their friends among the tenants and shopkeepers around—balls which my poor mother used often to permit and patronise, and in which the young people always joined. I recollected, too, when I went to India, as I drove through N——, seeing her seated as usual, in her bow-window at work, and her beautiful face smiling farewell, and her white hand being waved and kissed to me, as my chaise whirled past. I remember this being a severe additional pang, and occasioning an encrease of depression of which I was afterwards almost ashamed. It was thus that I had left her at my departure—and, now, how did I find her at my return?—A being almost sunken below the scale of humanity—one who could excite no feeling but a compassion far from unmingled with disgust.

The causes of this miserable contrast rose but too readily in my mind. There is, indeed, seldom much need to ask from whence the misfortunes of a woman have arisen. They all flow from one spring. From Love, the happiness or misery, the goodness or the guilt, of a woman alike arise—to Love they alike revert. It is as the heart in the human system—from which all the gushings of our blood originally spring, to which they all return at last. Love is the spirit of a woman's destiny; alas! why is it so much more often an evil genius than a guardian angel? When we see a woman reduced to degradation and despair, to misery or to madness, the main feature of her story is already known to us. It is varied, indeed, in circumstance—distinguished by different shades of ill-usage and misfortune. Affection may have been misplaced or ill-requited, or it may have been but too naturally given, and too lavishly repaid; but still that affection is the burden of the song, the nucleus of

the story :—we can trace the original tone more or less strongly through every variation.

But the tale of poor Margaret's sufferings and errors was not, I found, a common one of seduction, as I had anticipated it to be : it was marked by much peculiarity of circumstance, and, alas ! by none more than its excess of unhappiness and horror. Shortly after my departure, she became the wife of a respectable and opulent tradesman at N——. He was not, as I have heard, a man such as she would have chosen, or such as a father ought in prudence to have wedded to one like her. He was of middle age, and in person such as might be expected from one of his temper ; which was severe, strict, and it would be added cold, were it not for the warmth, even impetuosity, of attachment, which he had displayed towards Margaret Clifford. A young and courted beauty, vain, giddy, and capricious, as beauties are apt to be, was not likely to be much taken with the staid manners and severe ideas of her suitor—nor was she. But her father, who had with pain seen her refuse many eligible offers in her own rank of life, feared the consequence of her much longer remaining exposed to the wooings and flatteries of those of higher station ; and he pressed her union with Price with an earnestness which at last prevailed. He urged, that his real good sense, and extreme attachment to her, would soften the severity of his disposition towards one who had so many claims, both personal and from circumstance, that allowance should be made for her occasional out-breaks of temper, and capriciousness of conduct. Above all, he profited to the utmost by her excessive affection for himself—for poor Margaret's love for her father, had always been remarkable—and, after a time, he prevailed on her to do that, rather than which a woman should prefer to die a thou-

sand deaths—to form a reluctant marriage. I have seen many such in my time ; but never did I witness one that was not, in one way or another, productive of utter and, of course, irremediable unhappiness. Some end as poor Margaret's did ; and there is no need to dwell on the guilt, shame, and wretchedness, which in such a case are showered on all. Others have not such fatal and violent consequence, but are passed in daily, hourly endurance of that dull, ceaseless, gnawing, agony of heart, which is perhaps more exquisite misery than even its dreadful alternative. All begin in compulsion or deceit ; all end in pain which cannot be relieved,—in repentance which is unavailing.

So Margaret married Price ;—and for some time all went on well if not happily. She seemed cheerful if not gay—resigned if not contented. Her husband was kind, if not, perhaps, fond ; and, though strict, could not be considered harsh. With all this, his affection for her was excessive :—but he was one of those who consider strong exhibitions of feeling weak if not culpable ; and who are censured and disliked as cold, while they have within all that is calculated to excite and repay affection, were it not kept sternly and rigidly concealed. Poor Margaret's attachment towards him could not be said to encrease.—It was a chilling change to one who had been courted and made much of all her life—whose every smile had been an obligation conferred—whose every caprice had been implicitly obeyed—it was a chilling change, I say, to such a one, to have to submit to the strictness of a disciplinarian husband, who had high ideas of the prompt and perfect obedience of a wife, and no idea at all of the deference which the whims of a beauty are accustomed to exact and to receive. Margaret felt all this ; and, though she did not openly re-

pine, yet her eye lost its expression of lustrous gaiety; her smiles grew fewer, and her sighs more frequent; and those who observed her closely, could plainly discern that she found that all the bright-built castles of her youthful visions had crumbled away, and that the harsh and distasteful realities of life had fairly begun. But, at length, she became a mother; and the full and engrossing pleasure which the first maternal feelings give to a youthful heart, had all, and more than all, its accustomed force on her. All the fondness of "une ame aimante" clung to her child, and seemed to seek and to find compensation for being blighted and thwarted in all other directions. If this state had lasted much longer—if these feelings had had time to ripen themselves into confirmed and joyful duty—it is very possible that they would have reconciled Margaret to her lot, and that I should have been spared the pain of telling a melancholy and guilty story. But just at this time she began to be exposed to the temptations under which she ultimately sank:—voluptuous and violent passion overpowered the pure, gentle, healthful feelings of motherly affection. Alas! why is it, that while our evil desires are so forceful, our good ones should be so peacefully weak? Why is it that the volcanic fire of our turbulent passions should shed more powerful light than the calm regulated stars of virtuous and permitted affections?

There was, at this time, a regiment quartered at N——, one of the officers of which lodged in Price's house. If he had been a mere country-quarter beau—the commonplace Lothario of a marching regiment—I am very sure that he never would have caused the fall of Margaret Clifford. But he was a man far more dangerous:—he had, joined to an agreeable person, talent, accomplish-

ment, and—though it is so often said that libertines never possess it—feeling. Above all, he had the reputation and the consciousness of success among women; which gave him not only that skill in these pursuits which such men always possess, but also “the conscious pride of art,” which urges them to exert that skill, and to take interest and pleasure in its progress and successful effect;—and, as in other cases, this “conscious pride of art,” renders its possessor blind or indifferent to the sufferings of its object and its victim. Many and many a man has been at the first almost wholly influenced by this feeling, weak as it may primarily seem. That “woman’s captive heart,” is “the first and fairest trophy” in the eyes of our sex is so true, that the lines to which I refer have almost become a proverb*. To exert and put into proof the power of obtaining it, has often been a strong, sometimes the sole, motive of action; Margaret’s lover was, I have reason to believe, at first swayed by feelings of no higher stamp than these. It must be confessed that the situation in which she was placed, rendered her peculiarly likely to attract the attention of such a man. Married to a husband who appeared at least, if he were not really, morose—cherishing the remembrance of former sway and homage—and just arrived at that period when the heart is most sick with fast-extinguishing hope—such circumstances were, indeed, enough for “un homme à principes” to build upon†. But with all his loosenesses and errors, this young man still had a heart;

* Douglas—Act IV.

† This expression, as many of my readers need not be told, means any thing but “a man of principle.” In the profligacy of the old régime in France, it was applied to those men, then very numerous, who made their approaches and attacks on a woman on as regular and scientific *principles*, as Vauban would have used in his approaches and attacks on a fortified town.

and he soon found his affections entangled far beyond what he had originally expected or purposed. Such, indeed, is always the result where the woman has deservings, and the man feeling. He begins, perhaps, merely to gratify his vanity;—from desire of excitement—from curiosity to see what resistance will be made to him; but that which was at first feigned ends in becoming true—by flattering qualities and gifts, he discovers their real existence, and feels their real force—by continuing to pretend to love, he comes to love really at last. Such was the case here. Margaret Clifford, though lowly born, had not been humbly bred: her father had lavished on her all the tuition, that could tend to cultivate and adorn her mind. Extreme beauty of person had been evident to her lover from the first; but he had not expected to find a delicacy of feeling, a cultivation of intellect, equal to what he had supposed to be confined to his own condition of life. On the other hand, poor Margaret was, alas! but too capable of appreciating and feeling the powers and fascinations, which were all strained to the utmost to effect her undoing. On the one side, she met with coldness, sternness, and, of late, jealous suspicious and reproof;—on the other, youth, beauty, talent, sentiment—all the skilful flattery and insidious eloquence of an experienced wooer—all the fondnesses and fervours of one who passionately loved. Which way is it to be thought she turned?—Alas! poor Human Nature!

When Price was informed that his wife had left him, he received the blow with unshrinking firmness. After secluding himself for a few days, he re-appeared conducting his business as usual, and, by an indifferent observer, he might have been deemed an unchanged man. But to those who see more narrowly, it was evi-

dent that the arrow had stricken deep—and that it was a poisoned one. There was a vacant, unseeing look about his eye—his manner had a vagueness—his voice an unconscious tone, which were strikingly different from the firm, energetic, uncompromising deportment, for which he had formerly been remarkable. To his child, of which he had always been fond, he now evinced an overflowing tenderness equally in dissonance from his former character. He would pass hours in nursing and fondling it—he would even insist on helping to dress and feed it—and would scarcely ever permit it to be taken from his sight. By degrees, too, he began to neglect his business, to which he had used to be scrupulously attentive; and he evinced pettish resentment towards those of his friends who hinted the necessity of greater exertion, on every account, both personal and pecuniary. Matters went on in this way for some time; his affairs becoming more and more deranged, and his health and mind sinking together. At length, his embarrassments became such that no help or hope remained;—and the wealthy, the active, the industrious, the proud, high-minded Price was lodged in gaol!

The remainder of his story is so dreadful that I cannot bring myself to dwell on it. In despite of the entreaties of his friends, he insisted on taking his child to prison along with him. There was at that time, as there often is in those abodes of utter wretchedness and horror, that dreadful distemper, named, but too justly, the gaol fever:—the child caught the infection, and died; and Price, now reduced to almost idiotic despair—destroyed himself.

And where was she who had caused these scenes of misery and guilt? Alas! guilty and miserable herself, she returned in time to witness their completion.

Her days of sinful pleasure had flown with more than their usual swiftness, and less than their usual enjoyment. Retribution came with its accustomed sureness, and more than its accustomed speed. While she lived with her lover, the bitterness of conscious degradation, and the sting of remorse, "*quod in ipsis floribus angat*," preyed on her with their ceaseless and corroding pain. Her father, it is true, had died in time to escape witnessing the shame of his child; but her husband—her upright, virtuous, affectionate husband—and, still more, her child—her child whom she had deserted, but still whom she adored—these haunted her thoughts and dreams—these came between her and all enjoyment—almost and all rest. And soon, to all this, was added another grief, more violent and heart-crushing still. Her lover did not, indeed, abandon her; he behaved as well towards her as a man can behave towards a woman against whom he has so irreparably sinned. But he was ordered with his regiment abroad, and the news of the very first engagement were those of his death. He for whom she had sacrificed all—her husband, her offspring, friends, fame, innocence, peace of mind;—he around whom all her remaining loves, and hopes, and interests, were vitally entwined;—he, at one blow, was reft from her for ever. She had wilfully broken from all ties but *one*; that one, was now severed by Death—and she was alone in the world!

If I were telling a fictitious story, instead of one that is, alas! "ower true," I should be accused of dealing death too unsparingly around me;—for in the tale of a small and humble family, four of the five persons I have named thus died in the short space of two years. Alas! there are often events in real life too utterly sad, too truly horrible, ever to be ventured on by writers

of fiction. There are few who have not witnessed—well if they have not suffered—that which would in a novel be reckoned extravagant, if not absurd.

Poor Margaret was thus, as I have said, left alone, the victim of past sin, of present sorrow. Poverty—cold, pitiless, biting Poverty—soon added its miseries to those which already oppressed her. And now Margaret took that step which, more than all else, has served to rank her nobleness of soul high in my esteem:—she determined to return to her husband. Sickness, debility, want of all directly useful tuition, prevented her from working for her bread—there was but one other mode of gaining it open to her—one into which nearly all unfortunates in her situation would have fallen, do actually fall—but from this she turned at once with scorn and loathing. Margaret was a proud woman; and none of her misfortunes had been of a nature to lessen her pride—perhaps, they had served to render it greater, certainly more sensitive, than ever. But she felt that true pride now urged her to humility—that what by many would be considered meanness, was, in fact, the highest mode of conduct. But, in despite of this, I am not sure whether this feeling would have been sufficient to decide her on the course which she pursued—I am not sure, whether she would not, in despair, have laid herself down to die, had it not been for another sentiment of greater force than pride—aye, even than despair itself:—this was affection for her child. She was a proud woman; but she was a mother. She was crushed down by guilt, by misfortune, by utterly helpless, hopeless, sorrow; but, oh! she was a mother still. And when was there ever a mother, in whose heart a mother's feeling did not throb as long as that heart continued to throb itself?

She set off, therefore, for N——; and she arrived there—oh, God! she arrived there on the day of the funeral of her husband and her child!—I shall not endeavour to describe this scene;—it were vain, quite vain, to attempt it. How is it possible to represent in words agony beyond the power of all words to convey? Those who have witnessed such scenes, know, alas! but too painfully well what they are;—to those who have not, all that I could say would be but the shadow of the shade of the terrible reality.

Her anguish of despair at the grave was too horrible to tell:—she was at last removed from it in a state of utter exhaustion and lifelessness. There were many, indeed, who, with the merciless justice of the world, would have left her to her fate—who said that she ought not to be rescued from the consequences of her own transgression. But the town was not without its “one just man” to redeem the cruel, aye the guilty, heartlessness of the rest. One good Samaritan took her to his home, and tried to pour oil into her wounds; but oh! there is no leech who can cure those of a bruised spirit. Her illness was long and terrible—her delirium constant and shocking;—but with bodily health mental health did not return:—her reason was gone for ever. Her madness soon displayed itself in her constant visits to the grave which held her husband and her child. When kept from that, she was furious and untameable; when allowed to remain there, she was gentle and resigned. After many fruitless efforts, therefore, to restrain her, which always produced paroxysms of phrenzy, she was allowed to have her will; and the friend who sheltered her at her need, placed her with the inhabitants of a cottage near the church-yard of our village, in which Price is buried. But even here she would not remain. She seemed, as some broken and

flighty expressions evinced, to deem herself unworthy to live under the roof of man; and with her own hands she built for herself that wretched structure which it had shocked me so much to find was the dwelling of a human creature. Here she has ever since remained, for here alone does she enjoy comparative quiet—but a quiet such as I pray that the utmost agonies of me or mine may never resemble! Her rejection of all human habitations has extended itself almost to human clothing also. She will never put covering on her feet or head, and wears nothing but the wretched garment I have described. She always passes the hours from nightfall to midnight at the grave, let the weather be what it may; and has resisted so fearfully all attempts which were at first made to restrain her in severe seasons, that she is now wholly left to herself. The same friendly hand which was before stretched to her protection has continued to supply her wants, as far as she can be induced to receive any thing;—and thus she has lived for upwards of twenty years! It has been often wondered that she has lived so long,—but, except during the hours that she is at the grave, and the few she gives to sleep, she is almost constantly in exercise; an unceasing restlessness being one accompaniment of her dreadful malady. This continued motion and exposure to the air have operated rather to the strengthening than to the detriment of an originally strong constitution, and, like many in her unhappy situation, there is no near probability of death putting a period to her sufferings.

Such is the story which at various times, and from different persons, I have since gathered. My sister told me the heads of it as we continued our walk; and we returned by the same way that I might once more look on this miserable, but still to me most interesting, object.

As we approached, we saw poor Margaret in the front of her hut, surrounded; and as it appeared tormented, by a troop of the children of the village. The concluding line of Mr. Crabbe's beautiful and most poetical and natural tale of Edward Shore rose in my mind—

“ And heedless children call him ‘silly Shore!’ ”

Heedless children, indeed; for it is not from cruelty that children are cruel, but from want of thought, or rather of knowledge. The insect, the animal, or the unfortunate maniac whom children so invariably torment, are attacked for the amusement to which they give rise, not for the sake—generally without the knowledge,—of the pain which that amusement produces. Margaret's case in many other points, also, resembled that of poor Shore. Similar gifts had led to similar crime, similar crime had occasioned similar insanity. As we drew near I had a full view of Margaret's person, who stood with her back rested against the wall of her hut. I could trace in her no vestige of her former beautiful self. “ Good God ! ” I thought—I believe I exclaimed, “ is it possible that that creature could ever have been the object of admiration—of desire !—Is it possible that excess of loveliness could be the cause of all her errors and misfortunes—of her present state ! Oh ! fearful indeed is the work of passion on the human body—on the human soul ! ”

When we came to within a short distance of the group, it seemed that some taunt of the children had at last stung the maniac beyond endurance,—for she rushed with violence into the midst of them, and they fled in all directions. One girl, who was among the nearest to Margaret, had a child in her arms, and in her fright, and hurry to escape, she let it fall. The mad woman instantly seized on it, and I sprang forward to prevent her

doing it harm. But in a moment I saw that she had no such intent. The sight of the child seemed to call up a crowd of feelings and recollections ;

“ — in that instant, o’er her soul
Winters of Memory seemed to roll—”

—she gazed on its face with a look utterly indescribable, but in which the purpose of violence was wholly unmixed. At length, a convulsive shadow passed across her face ; she uttered a short, deep cry—the dreadful intonation of which, mingling that of a howl and a shriek, still rings in my ears—flung the infant furiously from her—and rushed into the hut.

THE PIC-NIC PARTY.

“WHAT on earth,” I exclaimed, on the hottest of the dog days, “can move mortal men and women to thrust their noses into the noon-day flames of such a Phoenix-frying sun as this? The Indian widow who cooks herself as a delicious morsel for the soul of her husband, and the martyr who approaches the stake for the encouragement of young beginners in his creed, are urged on by the impulse of love and glory ; but for sober, well-behaved people who are not oppressed by any very outrageous burthen of either of these calamities, it really exhibits pretty tolerable symptoms of incipient hydrophobia when they talk of foregoing their lemonade and ices behind their cool viranda-blinds to toil through pigeon pies on the top of a hill.—For my own part, I have a delicate skin and only three hairs in each whisker, and I am equally unwilling to lament the cracking of the one or the singing of the other.”

It is wonderful to observe with what various conceptions of pleasure human nature is diversified, and how many seemly arguments can be produced by the weakest of them to beat down the strongest barricadoes which philosophy can oppose.—When I look back upon my past life, I can perceive no species of imprudence, torment, and wickedness (short of murder and theft) which I have not been seduced into by this mysterious eloquence. My first opposition and failure are dated from the fifth anniversary of my birth, when, by way of a particular treat, I was compelled by my indulgent mother to the absorption of a roast pig and a cranberry tart—my last from a pic-nic party, when, if I may be allowed to judge by the blisters on my body, the thermometer stood at about four or five hundred. I would not have it supposed, however, that the reasoning of *man* could have brought me to this impious defiance of Apollo's wrath—No; the tempter was in petticoats—and such a one!—I was sitting in the draft between two windows—

With out-stretch'd legs, loose neck-cloth, fluttering frill,
Fanning my bosom with my tailor's bill—

I beg pardon for the poetry, but when I think of that dark-eyed maid my pen always runs riot—I was sitting with two tumblers before me, the one containing lemonade, the other camomile tea, which I sipped alternately for the more complete enjoyment of their sweets and bitters, when she overwhelmed me with an “Is it true you are not going with us?” There is something to me so bewitching in the graceful bend of maiden symmetry, something so persuasive in the blush and the smile of a naturally pale and pensive countenance, something so totally irresistible in the soft tone which is struggling with reluctant bashful-

ness——— I see how it will be—I shall be at my rhymes again presently—"Go with you!" cried I—"aye, to the world's end!—how shall we travel?" "There are three jaunting cars," replied my beauty, "and there are only eighteen of us, and there are only five gentlemen, twelve others having excused themselves in consideration of their complexions, and we have only fifteen miles to go, and we shall only be out nine or ten hours." I could not help gasping for breath as I rejoined, on hearing the place of our destination, that it was *only* up hill all the way, and a car had *only* one horse, which would *only* be a hack, and would *only* knock up before we could reach the second mile-stone. Nevertheless, I was bound to

"do as was my duty ;

Honour the shadow of her shoe tie,"

and follow her to the world's end, as aforesaid."

The party being arranged, the remainder of the day was devoted to squeezing lemons, corking bottles, and writing bills of fare—mirth, bustle and expectation danced in our ladies' eyes like cupids on a holiday, and I thought the toils of preparation could scarcely be inferior to those of the undertaking itself—"Hillo," cries a dashing captain from the assembled group of the F——'s and the B——'s and the P——'s, "Bring here that carouser on camomile tea." "My dear sir, the thing is impossible! for every drop that I squeezed out of those hard-hearted lemons I should indubitably break a blood-vessel—you see I am relaxed to perfect imbecility." My expostulations were all in vain; and in spite of my decided opinion that there was no more mercy in the monster than "milk in a male tiger," I was dragged off and condemned to something worse than the galleys in the housekeeper's room, for I was

given to understand that one of the chief pleasures on occasions like the present is to play the part of your servants and do your duty in that station of life in which it has pleased not God but your friends to call you.—My duty (I blush to name it) was (in kind consideration of the intense heat, and my consequent inability for corporeal exertion) to make sundry little delicacies by a fire three feet long and about two feet in height; and the duty of the personage I was expected to rival was to stand by and poke it—I saved my character but I ruined my constitution.

At length the day—"the great, the important day, big with the fate" of three hack steeds and eighteen goodly personages, burst through my window-curtains. I had coaxed myself to sleep on the preceding night with the *possibility that it was not impossible* that it might rain, seeing that all sublunary things are subject to change, and that the earth had now been baked for upwards of six weeks—but I was disappointed. Phœbus was in finer feather than ever, and the little girls were dancing over my head with the most heart-rending gaiety—nevertheless, I was a philosopher, and resolved to stand by my promise with magnanimity. I broke my fast with a glass of camomile tea, which gave me vigour to dispose of a bowl of strawberries and cream, and tilted at the most accomplished jokers of the party.

The breakfast was scarce over when we were attracted to the window by a strange, outlandish noise, resembling the gambols of sweeps on May-day, or the more musical clink of marrow-bones and cleavers. I had scarce time to exclaim "What the deuce is that?" when I beheld three vehicles approaching the house at the instigation of certain animals which I should, without doubt, have taken for crocodiles, had I not been assured

by the captain that they were very excellent horses. All our souls and bodies were in instant commotion—the ladies donned their bonnets, and seized their parasols, while the gentlemen rushed out to the stowing of the cargo:—hampers and baskets and bundles passed to and fro with a rapidity that was truly fearful, and threatened to flatten some of the handsomest noses of the party. I am well assured that I was considered a very helpless sort of a person, for, in truth, I was more occupied in getting out of the way than in contributing my exertions to the general weal. I suspect, likewise, that my skill in the commissariat department was but lightly esteemed, for, when I hinted at taking a shower-bath with us, the proposal was absolutely considered as a joke.

At last there was a general cry for the passengers. The captain mounted the dicky of the best equipage, and was soon accommodated with five of the lightest insides;—his friend the cornet made ready with equal alacrity. and, to my dismay, I was informed that I, even I, was to be the charioteer of the third. At the same time (I confess it with gratitude) I received a confidential communication that it would not be incumbent upon me to show any uncommon degree of Olympic spirit, as I had been appointed *conducteur* to the married ladies and the crockery ware, purposely that I might not want an excuse for arriving two hours after the others.—Five married ladies and all the crockery ware! And what to draw them? Oh, ye Gods! my blood curdled at the sight! I could have picked a better horse out of the maws of the ravens! Such a ewe-necked, raw-boned, rat-tailed, broken-kneed, mallendered, sallendered, spavined and string-halted skeleton never entered the precincts of a dog-kennel.—The owner, however, assured me, upon the

honour of a gentleman, that it could see very tolerably with one eye and had the best wind of any horse in the country.

I had applied four or five thwacks with the whip, and had begun to expect that my quadruped would shortly agree to follow his companions, who were now almost out of sight, when the operation was suspended by a shout in the distance, and the appearance of a corpulent gentleman in leathern breeches and boots, with a bundle at his back.—“Oh, here’s Mr. D!” cried the ladies, all at once, “I knew he would come,” said one; “How kind!” cried another. “How he runs!” exclaimed a third—and I must, in justice, declare that, for a gentleman whose legs diverged like a pair of compasses, and who lacked some of the wind for which my horse was so celebrated, he wagged along with very praiseworthy rapidity.—“How d’ye do, Mr. D.?” cried all at once.—Mr. D. wiped his red face and powdered head, and panted sorely.—“Servant, ladies—pooff—oh dear!—pooff—how hot it is—only just got your note—pooff—came off at a moment’s warning—pooff—ran like a lamp lighter—dear me, dear me—brought my share of the pic-nic though—round of beef—fat as I am—all melted, I’m afraid, and—beg pardon, young gentleman—permit me to put it between your legs.”

“Ye Gods, ye Gods! must I endure all this?”

The reeking bundle was placed under my nose, and Mr. D. ascended the after-part of the car. The shafts rose, and the belly-band tightened, and I was very near leaping from my station under the idea that Mr. D. and the horse intended playing at *see-saw*, or rather that the latter was to be hoisted over my head and seated in the laps of the ladies. The event, however, not occurring, I resumed the application of the whip, and had the

satisfaction of seeing my animal set up his back and grind away beyond my hopes.—

Oh, how I wish my limits would permit met to dilate upon the dust and the heat ; the stoppages and the walkings up hill ; the jokes of Mr. D. and the applauses of the ladies. For be it known that Mr. D. was something of a wit, and very much of a royster, and, altogether, a very desirable companion—when there was room for him. One thing I must not omit to state, which is that no person whatsoever should judge of a horse by appearances, or mistrust his own abilities before he has given them a fair trial. We overtook the cars which preceded us, and, had it not been for the screams of the married ladies and the clattering of the dishes, I verily and truly believe we could have beaten them—Mr. D. thought so too, for which I honour him. We now arrived within sight of our destination, and I found my spirits not a little exhilarated at the prospect of being once more upon my legs. Perhaps this happy state of mind may have been in some measure owing to the consciousness of having proved myself a worthy candidate for gymnastic honours ; but it was more likely to arise from a sweet smile of my dark-eyed maid, who beckoned me to approach her car, and assured me, that, since I was evidently the most accomplished knight, she had determined to place herself under my protection for the rest of the expedition. With such a prospect, I leaped to the ground as lightly as if my joints had not once been shaken out of the sockets. The dust flew as if it had proceeded from the jolt of a gigantic pepper-box ; but I heeded it not—I gave but one sneeze and helped the ladies out. The captain took care of the hacks, (which, without dispute, must have been nearly related to the horses of the sun, or, they must, many

miles ago, have sunk beneath his beams) the cornet saw to the unloading of the baggage, and I did my best to play the agreeable to thirteen petticoats ; for Mr. D. was dusting himself amongst the butter-cups, and another young gentleman, whom I have not mentioned, was too much enthralled by an individual enchantress to be worth the notice of the rest. It would be an uncourtly breach of confidence were I to relate all the gentle things that were said to me. Let it suffice that I had interest to procure, by general assent, a total manumission from the labours of the day, and received the fairest arm in the world, with strict injunctions to make myself as happy as I could—"And now," said my dark-eyed maid, "are you still sorry that you came with us?" "Say no more of it," I replied, "I would come every day of my life, if I lived to the age of Methuselah."

Of course eating and drinking (plebeian vices !) were the first amusements which occurred to the earthly minds of such of our gentles as did not happen to be favourites with the ladies—that is, *very especial ones*—I mean—in short, the reader knows I mean a delicate allusion to myself. We stood upon the summit of a hill, reconnoitering the valley for an appropriate scene of carousal. Huge cliffs on the opposite side extended their delicious shadows over the green bosom of the wood, and the blue streamlet looked cool as the springs of Lapland.—"Delightful !" ejaculated Mr. D., who had just risen from the grass with a pair of green buck-skins, "let us carry down the provisions without more ado. The two dragoons shall bring the two hampers, the clergyman carry the baskets, and I my own beef."—With that he flourished the saturated bundle, and pushed boldly at the declivity. Alas and alas ! The hill was steep and the grass was slippery ! poor Mr. D. lost his feet and his

bundle at the same instant—The whole party set up a shout, and down he rolled—I never saw a man turn over at such a rate in my life, and I am quite convinced that he would have distanced the best roller at Greenwich fair.—The beef was inspired with a noble emulation and contended the race most magnanimously.—Bets ran high ; and the odds varied from two to one on the man to five to four on the beef.—The wager, however, was not doomed to be decided, for Mr. D., in throwing his arms about for some kind friend to stop his career, unhappily seized upon his competitor, and they both plunged into the river together ; which the captain pronounced to be a *dead heat*.—At first there was some alarm for the consequences of this surprising feat, but on Mr. D.'s emerging, like a river god, from the bed of the stream, and waving his hat which had gone toddling after him, our hearts beat more freely and our youths commenced the removal of the goods ; something cautioned in their motions by the fearful example which had just been exhibited. Mr. D. made the best of his way to a farm-house—I heard him churning the water in his boots at the distance of a hundred yards.

We formed our head-quarters in a small green space which was nearly insulated by the brook :—a world of weeping birch and feathering ash trembled over our heads, and beneath our feet smiled the sweetest cowslips that ever welcomed the happy to scenes of happiness.—I never before saw man look so like what he ought to be, or woman so like an angel.—While the gentlemen who did not happen to be favourites with the ladies (meaning, as I said before, all but myself and the luckless Mr. D.) were emancipating whole hecatombs of the barn-door population, with certain quarrelsome bottles of champagne which had been threatening to break each

other's heads almost from the commencement of the journey, I made myself useful in spreading cloaks and coats, for our more delicate companions to recline upon. Never was a bank so daintily adorned—I sat upon the same cloak with the dark eyes, and could have spouted extemporaneous poetry till

“ Scott, Rogers, Moore, and all the better brothers”

had hid their diminished heads and looked aghast.—What a time for philosophy! “ Alas!” thought I, “ that these smooth, transparent foreheads, and slender forms should ever be furrowed by the cares of matrimony or bowed down by the toils of nursing! How many of these delicate creatures will, probably, ere another twelvemonth elapses, become the property of surly dogs who will repel the infatuated glances of philosophers like me with the jealousy of a mastiff growling over a mutton-chop! How many will look pensively back upon this scene of merriment, and wish, and vainly wish, for the same freedom of spirit, the same lightness of heart, the same retrospections, and the same buoyant confidence in the future!” I was getting from pensive to sad, and from sad to sorry, with a rapidity which would very soon have affected the fountains of mine eyes, when I was roused by a peal of light laughter, to which the sonorous “ Ho, ho, ho!” of Mr. D. beat time like the drum in a band of music. He made his appearance in a smock frock, worsted stockings, and hob nails, and challenged to roll down again with any gentleman or lady of the party, and give them half way. The gauntlet not being taken up (though I am not sure but I saw a pair of little black eyes very much inclined to sparkle with defiance) he wheeled round and made a dead point at a magnificent venison pasty, which rose up from the midst of the subordinate building, like the tower of Babel. Turret after

turret disappeared, the turkeys were mutilated, the pies evaporated, and the champagne banged like a battery upon the scene of slaughter. "Another slice," quoth Mr. D., "with a little of the jelly and some of the under crust—thank'e—Ladies, your health—Ho, ho, ho! what a roll it was! I'll be bound I made the turf as smooth as a bowling green, and flattened every stone in my course. Happy to take a glass with you, Sir—I mean the gentleman in the blue cravat—So—so—that beats arquebusade and opodeldoc too—cured all my bruises in a crack—I never use any other embrocation than champagne—Another slice, please—with a little more of the jelly—*sicut antea*, as the doctors say—Harkee," continued he, flinging his arm round my neck, and whispering while he was yet masticating two square inches of venison, which made some of the party believe he was devouring my ear, "How do you think I got this doublet and hose? I knew my leathers would only be fit for spindles after this sousing, and so I made a swap with the farmer—ho, ho, ho! I'll sell you my smock at half-price."

By this time the lovers had stolen away, and the ladies were anxious to embark on their voyages of discovery. Mr. D. reluctantly wiped his mouth, the soldiers finished their stirrup cup, and the party paired off upon their various expeditions. I led my dark-eyed companion along the most sequestered path I could discover, and would not exchange the remembrance of that brief hour for any ten years of any hero upon record.—Yet, what were the sentiments to which it gave birth? Not the wild thrills of passion, nor the poor exultation of inspiring an interest in a heart in whose destiny I could have no influence. I urged no suit but that the nature and innocence which then hallowed her path might pass unchanged through life's vicissitudes, and I expected no

gratification beyond the simple promise that what I most praised in her should be most valued by her.—At the moment I could scarce number the arguments which might have been produced to prove to the satisfaction of all

“—— cavaliers of twenty-five or thirty,”

how far inferior, in true pleasure, is the light conquest of woman's heart, to the blest remembrance of having guided her steps to happiness.

Our path wound by the river's side,
The voice of mirth had ceased to sound,
The sun-beam in its vespèr-pride,
Show'd nought but solitude around.—

Well done, my muse—but that is enough for the present—you are getting troublesome. The scene described in the stanza was so very appropriate for a pair of lovers that I really felt an inconceivable load off my mind when I found the advantages had not been disregarded.—On turning an abrupt angle, I beheld the clergyman whispering honeyed words into his lady's ear, and, both of them, apparently, ascending into the third heaven of lovers as fast as Mr. D. had rolled down into the river. My hard-hearted companion was on the point of making known our near neighbourhood, but I motioned her to silence, and led her off upon tip-toe, congratulating myself on my narrow escape from a breach of Love's code which would have hung heavy upon my conscience for ever afterwards. I had no sooner entered a fresh path, however, than I was threatened with a calamity of precisely the same nature by the Captain and another of our beauties ; and in a third direction I almost stumbled upon the ferocious cornet under similar circumstances.—My dark-eyed friend seemed amused by my embarrassment, but I could not help insinuating that I took it se-

riously amiss that she should not have informed me of the customs to be observed on occasions like this, for I was as ready to fall in love as any one else, had I known it was necessary so to do. I considered that the least she could do was to protect my character from the aspersions of the little girls, and repute me the author of the softest things that had been said to her for the last month. The darling assured me that I had no cause for alarm, and I regained presence of mind enough to look about me, lest I should intrude upon Mr. D. and her mother. But Mr. D. was of too ample dimensions to fall to the lot of one individual.—The married ladies chose to share his attractions amongst them, and he met us like a stag of ten, in the van of his herd.

It was now time to harness the hacks, and while this operation was in performance I could plainly distinguish the slayers of men discoursing in terms very derogatory to my skill as a whip.—This I instantly set down for envy, for I had almost beaten them with the worst horse and the heaviest load (to say nothing of Mr. D. as supercargo,) and I was quite certain, now that the pies were eaten and the above gentleman exchanged for my beauty, I could win the race home with ease.—I started, as before, the last of the three, husbanding the powers of my crocodile with laudable jockeyship. The night became very dark, and we were only aware of our relative distances by the rattle of our wheels and the merciless cracking of our whips.—My opponents were evidently gaining ground upon me, and my passengers were beginning to grow clamorous under the idea that we should lag too far behind, and so be robbed and murdered. I believe I have hinted in various places that I am endowed with a certain portion of that greatest of all earthly goods called philosophy, and it was this which enabled

me to calculate the chances in my favour with a precision that rendered me deaf to the remonstrances of persons who were less gifted. In the first place, it was granted on all sides that we were going down hill; and in the next, it was not to be denied that every one of our quadrupeds, from the testimony of his knees, was wofully addicted to stumbling. Now I had always considered it as an axiom that a horse was more likely to tumble down hill than up hill, and that an overdriven one had no sort of conscience whatever. Consequently it was incumbent on me to use all proper circumspection, seeing that I had six ladies and all the dishes to answer for, besides a seventh person whom etiquette forbids me to mention. The caution which I had adopted was equally necessary for my competitors, and, since they were cursed with too much courage to follow it, the chances were about fifty to one that one of them would measure his length upon the ground. The other must, of course, pull up to assist his comrade, and in this dilemma I had settled it with my high-mettled skeleton that we should politely wish them good night. I believe it was about mid-way that my calculations were verified. I first heard a crash, then a general scream, then the word of command to halt, and afterwards the jolly "ho, ho, ho," of Mr. D., which gave me the satisfactory intelligence that my enemies had come to a downfall, and that none of the party had experienced bodily injury. Now was the time for my triumph, but I must say I bore it like a hero. I was beginning an admonitory harangue with "I told you how it would be," when the sight of their distress actually deprived me of the powers of speech. The noble steed still lay panting upon the ground, while the captain cut the harness to pieces for his liberation:—the two shafts had snapped off like sticks of barley-sugar, and the whole

machinery appeared to have received a shock little short of a paralysis. "How shall we get home?" cried the distressed females, "we cannot sleep under the hedge." "Beg pardon, ladies," replied Mr. D. "It is one of the most comfortable ditches I was ever pitched into—I went right in upon my head and received no manner of damage, excepting a tug of the pigtail which hung in a bramble, and a few thorns which took advantage of the absence of my buck-skins."

My heart melted within me, and I agreed with the opposition carrier that if he would convey the vanquished champion and the ponderosity of Mr. D. I would endeavour to persuade my horse to accommodate the five forlorn damsels. The proposal was thankfully agreed to. The fragments of the wreck were removed to the roadside, the miserable hack turned into the first field that presented itself, and I finished the remainder of the journey with eleven ladies * and not a single accident.

Having thus immortalized myself in my debüt in gipsy-ing pic-nics, I must inform my reader, in confidence, that I never intend to risk the laurels which were so hardly obtained ; for independently of a notion which still haunts me that both the warriors are *in reality* much better whips than myself, and that the next opportunity would make it appear, I suffered so excessively from fear, anxiety, broiling and dislocation, that I lay for many days under serious apprehensions of a consumption ; and am strictly commanded by the faculty that my next act of vagrancy be committed in a vehicle drawn by four post-horses, and dancing upon springs of the newest invention.

* Fact.

RETRIBUTION.—A DREAM.

[Translated from a Persian Manuscript.]

I was meditating, the other evening, on that many-handled sceptre, the power of wrong, and on the million possessors and abusers of it; and on that weak rush of right, which sometimes feebly opposes it; when by degrees I became drowsily confused with the most incoherent and contradictory half-waking and half-dreaming thoughts; and, at last, fell back into the nursing arms of that gentle mother, Sleep, and was no sooner fast folded in her unfelt embraces, than the following dream came upon me.

Methought I wandered through a delicious country, where nature was so prodigal of her bounties, that man had little more to do than sit serenely under the sylvan shade of his own olive-trees, or walk in his vineyards, and take her gifts as he wanted them, and as they fell at his feet, or hung within the reach of his hand. The land literally teemed with the spontaneous simple luxuries of life; and its people seemed happy, innocent, and pleased with the past and the present, and blindly dreadless of any evil that was to come on them in the future. I journeyed on and on; but wherever I went I could nowhere find want, nowhere hear discontent, nor anywhere see oppression either of the simple and mild governors over the simple sylvan people, or of the people over each other. Happy country! thought I, in my dream;—here will I rest, and enjoy the few years of life in this close valley, far from the tyrants of the wider world, and far from its vileness, wickedness, and want. Methought that here I sat me down on a beautiful hill

that overlooked the vineyarded valley, and soon fell asleep; and having slept a time, awoke again, when all that I had seen of the happiness, and content, and plenty of this pleasant valley was changed into the worst and veriest reverse. The vineyards were all razed, and trampled down by the marching feet of the horses and men of an army of invaders, who were traversing that fruitful land; and I saw that its plenty-fed people were flying in all quarters from the slaying swords of their oppressors; and that others were dying or dead, in ineffectually opposing them.

Methought, then, that I saw that haggard monster, Want, rear her pale, emaciated form from among the ruins of that people's harvest, and stalk over their fields; and wherever she appeared, the affrighted people who had escaped the sword, fell at her feet, and died, like victims under the crushing car of the cruel god of the Brahmins. I wept to see so beautiful a land deformed and laid waste by these polished barbarians of rapine and ravage; and in the anger of my grief, cursed those wanton spoilers of what they did not enjoy, and seemed only to have pleasure in destroying, that they might shew this harmless people that they possessed the power of making their fellow-men miserable, and the fatherland of their birth less happy to them than the grave of their death. And now these marauders, having murdered the most of the people, and seized their sole treasures, drove off the cattle from their pastures, and sent them before their retreating forces to their city, which was beyond the hills of the valley.

And now, methought, there suddenly appeared before me, as if she had come out of the angry earth, insulted and outraged by those brutal trampers of its fruits and fertility, one of those glorious Beings which appear to

men from the heavens ; who, after eyeing me with a smile of a divine regard, addressed me in these words :

“ Thou weepest the devastation made in this lovely valley ; and thou hast seen the wrongs which man will do his brother man, because he has the power to do them, and having that, wants not the will. Thou hast seen in this an example of the lawlessness of all power that comes not from heaven,—thou hast seen it, and I beheld thee weep it ; be wise, also, as thou art piteous, and learn from it.”

“ Gracious Genius,” I replied, with deep reverence, “ I have already learned to hate the tyrants and the tyranny of unlawful power ; and would, if it were mine to do so glorious a deed, revenge it.”

“ Sayest thou truly, oh excellent mortal ! and wouldest thou, indeed, do it, if gifted to do it ? ”

“ I would, so hear me, heaven ! ” I ejaculated with fervency.

“ Know then,” said the fair vision, “ I am the Genius of Retribution ; and have a power from the great Good who made even those lawless men of might, and gave them that gift which they have thus abused, to punish and retaliate upon these beyond the full measure of the injuries they have poured upon the heads of their harmless neighbour-men. If thou wilt serve me like a true minister, I will bestow on thee an irresistible power to retribute on them the desolating deed they have done ; but it will not be by ravage and rapine that they shall be rewarded according to their deserts, but by a subtler, but as sure and more destroying, influence. Go thou beyond these once pleasant hills and this viny valley, and there thou wilt behold, in the vast plain, a great city, full of those wicked men of might ; and where dwell in pomp and prodigal pride the great rulers of the war-

riors who have ravaged under thine eyes those harmless dwellers among vines and olive-trees ; and who gave them the word, who already had the will, to set upon this defenceless people, and crush their purple plenty under their feet, and drive them from the ancient hearths of their homes to the dungeons of thralldom, or the doors of death. For those, who were the common dogs and blood-hounds of the war, leave them to the punishment they will meet with from one another ; and they shall fall by the ears together, for the booty they have taken, and so tear out each other's hearts, till one by one a retributive punishment is done on them. But work thou my will among their wilful rulers : go thou into their pompous palaces, which, by my aid, shall be as open to thee as is the air ; and there, unseen of all, with this talisman which I here give thee, strike them with the severest stripe of my wrath, changing their conquest of others into a defeat of themselves ; and all the treasures which they have ravished away from those contented dwellers of the vine-valley, into deadly delights and poisoned pleasures. The talisman which I now give thee has the virtue to change every thing which it shall hereafter touch in thy retributive hand, to the gross opposite of the state in which it is when touched by it. Use it wisely and virtuously, and spare not the use of it ; but touch not, as thou valu'st the love of heaven, any who have not done this wrong, for thou shalt find these. Forbear the virtuous and the innocent of this, and thou shalt do the good I appoint thee to do, and bring thyself a good which hereafter thou shalt enjoy among the angels who never were of earth, and the just men who were of earth, but now are eternally of the heavens."

At these words, methought that the solid earth opened to a slow and solemn strain of music, that arose like a

rich essence into the air ; and a radiant and excessive light spread like a curtain around the good Genius, and enveloped her in a glory, which made her as impalpable to sight as if the damnest clouds of darkness had veiled her disappearing. The music gradually melted into soundless air ; the thick concentrated light broke into separate beams, which shot out a thousand ways, like so many suddenly discharged arrows, each particular ray darting off into the indistinct distance, till it was no longer visible, but had melted into the universal light. I looked at the earth where it had opened, but it shewed no line of fracture ; and starting to my feet, from the kneeling reverence into which I had bended, from deep awe of her solemn presence and sublime departure, and drawing my regular breath again, which had respired irregularly as if in fear, I looked once again on the dreary and desolate valley, whose cause I was to revenge ; and placing the talisman in my breast, which was to give me the power to work it, I set off for the city beyond the hills ; and in a few moments, as I thought, in the oblivious indistinctness and hurry of my dream, found myself in the heart of it, without remembering to have passed through its gates.

It was a mighty heart of life, and luxury, and lewdness, and wilful lawlessness. I looked about me for the palace of the great ruler, for there was the court of my mission ; and by the aid of the talisman which led me to it as it had been my will, coming up to the golden gates of a lofty house, that seemed by its height as it would look into the heavens, I was impelled through them (though strong as the gates of Gaza, and stout-ribbed with massy thicknesses of iron) as if they were but unsubstantial shadows, or I the subtlest of spirits. There was a noise of wassailing, and rout, and revelry within, as I

entered in the glancing of a star, and, unperceived as death, floated with an ærial motion rather than walked. I approached the principal hall, where stood a sumptuous board, whereon were piled vessels of silver and gold, and sculptured agate, and yellow amber, melted and moulded into most fantastic forms for the most frivolous uses. And among these, again, were gorgeous ewers, and wine cups, and vases; and dishes of elaborate gold, serving a rich entertainment, such as the voluptuous Heliogabalus or the gluttonous Apicius never sat unto, which sent up a smoking like a sacrifice and incense to sin and self-indulgence. And round about the bending table, sat in a circle the great rulers of the city of oppression—the powerful men and insolent lords; and over all, the king of these proud despoilers. And great was the exultation and the glee of these banqueting robbers; but greater was the gluttony, and the drinking of the richest and rarest wines, from the rosiest grapes and the ripest fruits of the East, and the West, and the South, and all the far and most reputed parts of the earth. But, in the midst of their banqueting, I drew my talisman from my breast, and striking the air with it in anger, as it were made impure by visiting there, in an instant the great gorgeous scene changed, with a loud shriek of dismay and terror from the assembled revellers, into all imaginable coarseness and disgustingness. The savoury meats of all animals turned in a moment to the look of those dead carcasses which are found without the walls and within the ditches of great cities; and the savoury steams, which fumed up from them as from so many carnal censers, to noisome vapours and deathly stench. The golden and silver dishes which held those meats, no longer dainties, melted from under them;—the gold ones into a drossy dust, like the yellow earth called ochre; the silver

into base and unsightly lead, in which the lately hot viands lay cold and corpse-like, and disgusting to the eye and to the smell. The rare red wines paled into the colourless hue of common water, and were no richer or racier in taste; the ripe fruits of the sunny South changed also:—the grapes swelled their luscious bags of wine till they burst like chestnuts in a winter-fire, and instead of a delicious juice, threw out a stench as of suffocating sulphur;—and every fruit and delicious eat was in like manner changed, and made utterly filthy.

The pale king and his scared nobles sat awhile, and saw all these things with a dismal and wordless awe, and idiot fearful wonder. But now came the moment of their mutability. With a new motioning of the talisman, the whole of the living things present changed, still into creatures of life, but into the most abject and mis-shapen forms of life. Their rich furs, and pearly-shining satins, and rustling robes of silk, and all their ornaments of gems, and gold, and precious workmanship, changed into ragged robes of the coarsest frize; their waists, instead of being bound round with bands of a golden-threaded web, and fastened with clasps of precious stones, were tied up with the faquir's rope of the roughest hemp; and from looking bloated and apoplectically crammed with the wines and the viands of rich livers, their looks became thin and starved as the "sallow abstinence;" and all their riot and mad mirth was mute and mournful; and they were altogether abject, miserable, and mighty-fallen. Another motion of the talisman, and the whole wide and high palace became a wretched hospital of Mercy; and the downy and luxurious couches, whereon the pampered slaves of sensuality and silken indolence had lolled in proud and pury state, became hard iron beds of pain and penury, on which some of

those lazy slave-helped lords lay, unattended now, and helpless of themselves, from palsied or paralyzed limbs.

Others of the insolent and proud nobles were now seen sitting like pauper pilgrims around a lazaret house, or hospital for the houseless; and seemed either maimed by accidents, or else pale and pining with disease; and were waiting as patiently as the lepers by the still waters of Bethesda, for their turn for abject alms or charitable admission. But even this state of wretched life was not long to be allowed them; for with another motion of the talisman, the hospital, in a few minutes, as in many centuries, dwindled, with every living thing within it, into the thin dust of the Summer; and there was no more heard either mirth or moan,—for all these mighty men in their day, and even the huge stones that heaped up that heavy palace upon the back of the earth, were level with the ground again, and their dust was the plaything of the winds. And so I left the palace site, satisfied with the total retribution that had come upon them, “like a thief in the night,” and come no one knew whence.

And now, methought, I went forward farther into the city; and, in the great square of it, I beheld crowds holding a festival about the spoils which they had taken from the happy valley; and huge fires lit up the wide horizon over the city, for they had killed a locust of the oxen which they had driven away from off the lands of the sylvan people, and were roasting them at their fierce fires. But I came among them like “a pestilence that walketh unseen;” and in an instant their fires were quenched with waters which fountained up from the midst of them. And the captives from the happy valley, also, who had been led out in chains, in the insolence of their triumph, and placed in the great square of feasting; not

to partake of it, but to be tormented in their unhappiness and hunger with the sight of the meats which were their's, and with the festive happiness of their enemies, started in freedom from their captive chains; and, instead of being disarmed and dispirited slaves, were now armed, and instinct with the courage of roused lions; and routed and slew their swordless oppressors wherever they rushed; and finally fought their way out of the city, having slain thousands in their path. And when they had arrived at the southern gate, and were fully free from their thralldom and enthrallers, they again changed to their former sylvan harmlessness, their sword of slaughter becoming nothing more deadly than a herdsman's staff, and their revengeful blood-thirstiness, a satisfied gentleness and thankfulness of heart, that they had passed through the waters of tribulation, like another Israel, and had re-conquered their freedom and right from the hand of wrong. And so they passed quietly out at the great gate in the South.

And now methought I returned back into the heart of the city again; and wherever I walked, all things about me changed and were influenced by the all-changing power I bore as the minister of Retribution. The young men, who were now rushing armed, from all quarters, to defend their city from the destructive slaughter that had started up in the midst of it, as they passed me, dropped their strong-sinewed knees into the stiff, nerveless bend of tottering old age; their thick arms were powerless; and their savage hands, which had grasped their swords as if they were stronger than their steel, fumbled each one of them with feeble fingers an old man's staff, and their youth and strength were altogether old and impotent; and their tongues, instead of shouting "onward to the slaughter!" were garrulous,

and weak, and whistled their small thin voices to no end, since none heard them, and none attended them, for the already old, who were now made older, heard only their own inward shrieks of dismay, which were not so strong and audible to themselves as the loud pulsations of their fearful hearts. And in the wildness of their terror, and the weakness of the sudden age which had seized their bodies and minds, they fell against each other as they tottered in their childishness through the highways, and, falling, died.

And wherever I went, moreover, the tall and lofty houses, each one a stately palace, crumbled down to the low and level earth; and the white and marble-paved streets became like deserted fields, where an enemy had been ravaging; and desolation and the weeds of the wilderness, and an unhuman loneliness seemed to reign every where. And so I struck off by the western ways of this vast city; and there, as I had not yet been among them, the retributive destruction had not yet touched them; and the city now presented the view of one half a desert, and the other half a grand mass of splendid halls, and palaces, and towers, and temples, and streets wide as vast rivers, and terraces, and goodly groves, and gardens; but as I went among them all things changed around, till nothing was as it had been, and the same sudden decay and desolation spread every where; and every substantial thing took its original chaos of shape, and became clay, formless clay, again.

And the inhabitants of the valley, as they journeyed towards their home, looked behind for the city of their captivity, but it was no more to be seen, but was a desolate and wide plain. Where that city of power had dwelt they saw nothing now but the dust of its destruction, flying like a wind-driven cloud over it. And they mar-

velled much. And they went on their way singing to the ear of Heaven a hymn of thankfulness for their great deliverance. And soon they had passed over the southern hills that had looked on the proud city on the one side, and the humble and happy valley on the other, but which now saw only the flourishing valley and the desolated city; and I looked and saw no more of them.

And now that the work of my mission had been duly done, I trembled at the power I possessed; and a great fear came over me, and a thought, that if I went farther into the world, and to other cities, I should leave the same desert and desolation wherever I went; and most of all I feared lest my power of doing this retributive good should lead me into the doing of any evil; and in the agony of that thought, I knelt down reverently and prayed the good Genius who had given me this power, to take it from me, and let me depart a humble man, to dwell out my days among the innocent people of the happy valley. And when I lifted my eyes from the ground, behold the good Genius stood before me, and comforted my troubled spirit with these words:—

“Excellent minister of my retributive wrath, thou hast well performed my will; and now thy task is done, and for thy reward, thou shalt be happier than all men here, and blessed as the angels hereafter. The talisman with which thou hast wrought all these things, no longer has the virtue it possessed: look at it, and thou shalt perceive it to be a mere worm, to shew thee that my Master of the Heavens can work his mightiest will with the meanest instrument.”

And I looked into my hand, and behold there was a common glow-worm crawling within it, instead of the talisman composed of a cluster of jewels more precious than diamonds. “I wonder, adore, and am humble,”

I exclaimed, falling again upon my knee. But the good Genius raised me up, and bade me take my way to the happy valley, and live there till I was called to heaven. And so saying, she vanished, ere I could thank her, like an evening sun-beam suddenly withdrawn from the earth into the heavens. And I wondered a space, and then went on my way to the hill looking over the happy valley, where I had, as I thought, fallen asleep; and when I had reached it, I awoke—and behold I had dreamed a wild and wayward dream.

SCRAPS.



SCRAPS

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

"Inest sua gratia parvis."

THE following verses are taken from a privately circulated volume of Poems. The minor merit of skill in versification they display in an unusual degree. They are in the heroic measure, and in exactly the medium—which is so rare—between confining the sense monotonously to the couplet, and breaking the rhythm too much into that of blank verse. In the higher beauties and powers of poetical composition it will be seen that they abound most lavishly.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

'Tis said she once was beautiful ;—and still,
(For 'tis not years that can have wrought her ill,)
Deep rays of loveliness around her form
Beam, as the rainbow that succeeds the storm
Brightens a glorious ruin. In her face,
Though something touched by sorrow, you may trace
The all she was, when first in life's young spring,
Like the gay bee-bird on delighted wing,
She stooped to cull the honey from each flower
That bares its breast in joy's luxuriant bower !
O'er her pure forehead, pale as moonlit snow,
Her ebon locks are parted,—and her brow
Stands forth like morning from the shades of night,
Serene, though clouds hang over it. The bright

And searching glance of her Ithuriel eye,
Might even the sternest hypocrite defy
To meet it unappalled ;—'twould almost seem,
As though epitomized in one deep beam,
Her full collected soul upon the heart,
Whate'er its mask, she strove at once to dart :
And few may brave the talisman that 's hid
'Neath the dark fringes of her drooping lid.

Patient in suffering, she has learned the art
To bleed in silence and conceal the smart,
And thence, though quick in feeling, hath been deemed
Almost as cold and loveless as she seemed ;
Because to fools she never would reveal
Wounds they would probe—without the power to heal.
No,—whatsoever the visions that disturb
The fountain of her thoughts, she knows to curb
Each outward sign of sorrow, and suppress—
Even to a sigh—all tokens of distress.
Yet some, perhaps, with keener vision than
The crowd, that pass her by unnoted, can,
Through well dissembled smiles, at times, discern
A settled anguish that would seem to burn
The very brain it feeds upon ; and when
This mood of pain is on her, then, oh ! then,
A more than wonted paleness of the cheek,—
And, it may be, a flitting hectic streak,—
A tremulous motion of the lip or eye,—
Are all that anxious friendship can descry.

Reserve and womanly pride are in her look,
Though tempered into meekness : she can brook
Unkindness and neglect from those she loves,
Because she feels it undeserved ; which proves
That firm and conscious rectitude hath power
To blunt Fate's darts in sorrow's darkest hour.

Ay, unprovoked, injustice she can bear
 Without a sigh—almost without a tear,
 Save such as hearts internally will weep,
 And they ne'er rise the burning lids to steep ;
 But to those petty wrongs which half defy
 Human forbearance, she can make reply
 With a proud lip, and a contemptuous eye.

There is a speaking sadness in her air,
 A hue of languor o'er her features fair,
 Born of no common grief ; as though despair
 Had wrestled with her spirit—been o'erthrown,—
 And these the trophies of the strife alone
 A resignation of the will, a calm
 Derived from pure religion (that sweet balm
 For wounded breasts) is seated on her brow ;
 And ever to the tempest bends she now,
 Even as a drooping lily, which the wind
 Sways as it lists. The sweet affections bind
 Her sympathies to earth ; her peaceful soul
 Has long aspired to that immortal goal,
 Where pain and anguish cease to be our lot,
 And the world's cares and frailties are forgot !

In a translation of one of the French chemists, the
 translator has felicitously rendered '*le precipitat per se*'—
 'the *Persian* precipitate.'

It is a curious fact, though not generally known, that
 the popular superstition of overturning the salt at table
 being unlucky, arises from the picture of the Last Supper
 by Leonardo da Vinci, in which Judas Iscariot is repre-
 sented as overturning the salt,

When the Leith Docks were to be opened, old Gow's band was summoned to play some appropriate airs, when that celebrated veteran happily commenced with "Water parted from the sea."

Pope has been much celebrated for the early age at which he began to lisp in numbers ; and a poem written when he was twelve years old is preserved in all the editions of his works, which is remarkable for a sense of the vanity of human things, quite uncommon in such early youth. The same spirit is strongly visible in the following verses, which were written by a young lady of about the same age :—

There is a time when you and I
 And all our dearest friends must die ;
 Posterity will scarcely ken
 That e'er the world produced such men :—
 Then where's the use of setting aught
 On things that dwindle into nought ?—
 Life—pleasure—all—is but a thought
 That is but lost as soon as caught.

En général il n'est pas si difficile aux petites ames de faire une fortune éclatante ; il l'est bien plus aux grandes ames d'arriver à la place que leur mérite leur assigne. D'abord, l'élévation des sentimens est presque toujours un obstacle insurmontable à la fortune ; elle vous prive de mille moyens d'avancement aisés et surs ; l'esprit même est nuisible, s'il n'est accompagné d'une grande intrépidité, et d'une sorte de courage que les honnêtes gens ne veulent pas avoir ; car si d'un côté il multiplie les moyens, de l'autre il apperçoit avec la même pénétration les obstacles. Cet inconvénient est grand, et la multiplicité des moyens n'est pas toujours un avantage.

Je suis persuadé qu'en examinant avec soin la conduite de ceux qui ont fait une fortune remarquable, mais lente, et qui sont parvenus pas à pas, on seroit tenté de penser qu'il n'y a rien de mieux pour réussir que d'être bête, entièrement concentré en soi-même, et d'une activité que ne se rebute jamais. Il n'est pas croyable ce que l'importunité seul sait obtenir; et quel est l'homme d'esprit qui sache être importun comme il faut? Il apperçoit trop vite du *désouci* qu'on a de ce qui l'intéresse, de l'ennui qu'il inspire; de tous les petits mouvemens de l'âme qui se peignent sur le visage il ne lui en échappe aucun, et il quitte la partie: la bête ne voit rien de tout cela, poursuit son objet, et l'emporte.—*Grimm*.

The above is one of those passages of strikingly original and philosophical observation with which we so frequently meet in Grimm. He must have been a very extraordinary person:—he writes seventy years ago with all the freedom from prejudice, and from the slavery of received ideas, of an enlightened and liberal man of the present time. Nothing, also, can be more curious than his judgment of books as they came out. Most of the remarkable works of the eighteenth century are noticed by him, and, nearly without exception, has he spoken of them as a person of taste and mind would speak of them now. For a contemporary to give the judgment of posterity is indeed remarkable. What he says of Madame de Staal may well be applied to himself:—“ Une rapidité étonnante, une touche fine et légère, des traits de pinceau sans nombre, des réflexions neuves, fines, et vraies,—(à l'égard de Grimm, on peut ajouter profondes)—un naturel et une chaleur toujours également soutenus —Such is his éloge of another, and such is very nearly what another would say of him.

When I was in Venice, I descended into the cells of the Prigioni Pubbliche, or Great Common Prison.—Here—even here—the soul of man clings to his body ; and shews no more symptoms, or prescience of immortality, than if that body were on a bed of down, canopied in a gorgeous palace.

In the morning, when I set out on this gloomy expedition, Dominico Zacchi, my Venetian servant, who had attended Lord St. Asaph, Sir George Beaumont, and several other English travellers, during their residence at Venice, took his leave of me. This was on the 16th of September, 1787. Dominico thought that I would never return, or if I did I might “ a tale unfold ” that would endanger my safety at Venice. But he said, from what he had heard, he did not think it possible for me to survive the foul and pestilential air I had to encounter.

My design was to see the perfection—the far-famed ultimatum of policy—the immured for life in *solitary cells*.

The late Mr. John Howard, F.R.S., was at the prison when he was in Venice ; but he only heard something and saw nothing of this prison of prisons.

He had not bodily strength to bear the exertion required in such an undertaking. Neither do I believe he would have been suffered to enter them. It was with some difficulty that I obtained permission from the inquisitors, which was granted me merely on account of my being an English physician ; a character much respected at that time in Venice. I wished to have seen the Sotto Piombi, where the state prisoners were kept, but that was refused. Here, under the roof of the public buildings, they are confined ; exposed to the rigour of winter's cold, and summer's heat, and the vicissitudes of scorching days, and chilling nights.

* * *

I was conducted through the prison, with one of its inferior dependants. We had a torch with us. We crept along narrow passages, as dark as pitch. In some of them, two people could scarcely pass each other. The cells are made of massy marble ; the architecture of the celebrated Sansovino.

The cells are not only dark, and black as ink, but being surrounded and confined with huge walls, the smallest breath of air can scarcely find circulation in them. They are about nine feet square on the floor, arched at the top, and between six and seven high in the highest part. There is to each cell a round hole of eight inches diameter, through which the prisoner's daily allowance of twelve ounces of bread and a pot of water is delivered. There is a small iron door to the cell. The furniture of the cell is a little straw, and a small tub : nothing else. The straw is renewed, and the tub emptied, through the iron door, occasionally.

The diet is ingeniously contrived for the perduration of punishment. Animal food, or a cordial nutritious regimen, in such a situation, would bring on disease, and defeat the end of this Venetian justice. Neither can the soul, if so inclined, steal away, wrapt up in slumbering delusion, or sink to rest ; from the admonition of her sad existence, by the gaoler's daily return.

I saw one man, who had been in a cell thirty years ; two, who had been twelve years ; and several who had been eight and nine years in their respective cells.

By my taper's light I could discover the prisoners' horrid countenances. They were all naked. The man who had been there thirty years, in face and body, was covered with long hair. He had lost the arrangement of words, and order of language. When I spoke to him, he made an unintelligible noise ; and expressed fear and

surprise ; and, like some wild animals in deserts, which have suffered by the treachery of the human race, or have an instinctive abhorrence of it, he would have fled like lightning from me if he could.

One, whose faculties were not so obliterated, who still recollected the difference between day and night ; whose eyes and ears, though long closed with a silent blank, still languished to perform their natural functions, implored in the most piercing manner that I would prevail on the gaoler to murder him ; or to give him some instrument to destroy himself. I told him I had no power to serve him in this request. He then entreated I would use my endeavours with the inquisitors to get him hanged, or drowned in the canal d'Orfano. But even in this I could not serve him. Death was a favour I had not interest enough to procure for him. This kindness of death, however, was, during my stay in Venice, granted to one man who had been "from the cheerful ways of man cut off" thirteen years.

Before he left his dungeon, I had some conversation with him ; this was six days previous to his execution. His transport at the prospect of death was surprising. He longed for the happy moment. No saint ever exhibited more fervour in anticipating the joys of a future state, than this man did at the thoughts of being released from life, during the four days' mockery of his trial.

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It is in the canal d'Orfano where vessels from Turkey and the Levant perform quarantine. This place is the watery grave of many who have committed political or personal offences against the state or senate ; and of many who have committed no offences at all. They are carried only through the city in the middle of the night,

tied up in a sack, with a large stone fastened to it, and thrown into the water. Fishermen are prohibited on forfeiture of their lives against fishing in this district. The pretence is the plague. This is the secret history of people being lost in Venice.

What I now unfold in regard to the prison in Venice is known but to a few people. I have reason to believe that no foreigner besides myself ever witnessed the scene I have related—the exploring of which nearly cost me my life. The heat and want of air in the passages so oppressed my strength and respiration that I could scarcely walk or breathe when I left the prison. Sweat ran through every pore of my body—my clothes were, to my coat sleeves, wet through—I staid too long there. I went to St. Mark's Place as soon as I could, and, by the assistance of the trembling Domenico waiting for my return—the blessed light of day—fresh air—and a few glasses of Maraschino, I was enabled to get to my lodgings at the Scudo di Francia, on the side of the great canal near the Rialto, where I was for several hours extremely ill, and for several days much indisposed.—MOSELEY—“*Prisons.*”

Obi for the purpose of bewitching people, or consuming them by lingering illness, is made of grave-dirt, hair, teeth of sharks and other animals, blood, feathers, egg-shells, images in wax, the hearts of birds, the liver of mice, and some potent roots, weeds, and bushes of which Europeans are at this time ignorant, but which were known for the same purposes to the ancients. Certain mixtures of these ingredients are burnt or buried very deep in the ground, or hung up a chimney, or on the side of an house, or in a garden, or laid under the threshold of the

party to suffer, with incantations, drugs, or curses,—or ceremonies necromantically performed in planetary hours,—or at midnight, regarding the aspects of the moon. The person who wants to do the mischief is also sent to a burying-ground, or some secret place, where spirits are supposed to frequent, to invoke his or her dead parents or some dear friends to assist in the curse. A negro who thinks himself bewitched by Obi, will apply to an Obi-man or Obi-woman for cure. These magicians will interrogate the patient as to the part of the body most afflicted; this part they will torture with pinching, drawing with gourds or calabashes, beating and pressing. When the patient is nearly exhausted with this rough magnetizing, Obi brings out an old rusty nail, or a piece of a bone, or an ass's tooth, or the jaw-bone of a rat, or a fragment of a quart bottle, from the part, and the patient is well the next day.

The most wrinkled and most deformed Obi magicians are most venerated—this was the case among the Egyptians and Chaldeans. In general Obi-men are more sagacious than Obi-women in giving or taking away diseases,—and in the application of poisons. It is in their department to blind pigs and poultry, and lame cattle.

In this surprising knowledge the Africans are far superior to the Indians, though they are also skilled in the venefical art, and are matchless in arming their deadly arrows.

A negro Obi-man will administer a baleful dose from poisonous herbs, and calculate its mortal effect to an hour, day, week, month or year. These masters could instruct even Friar Bacon, and frighten T. Aquinas*.

* The mechanical and magical skill of Roger Bacon has no parallel

It is the province of the Obi-women to dispose of the passions. They sell foul winds for inconstant mariners—dreams and fantasies to jealousy—vexations and pains in the heart for perfidious lovers—and for the perturbed, impatient, and wretched at the tardy evils of time, they turn in prophetic fury to a future page in the book of fate, and awaken the ravished sense of the tempest-tossed querent.

The victims to this nefarious art among the negroes in the West-Indies, are more numerous than is generally known. No humanity of the master, nor skill in medicine, can relieve a negro labouring under the influence of Obi—they will surely die, and of a disease that answers no description in nosology. This when I first went to the colonies perplexed me.

Laws have been made in the West-Indies to punish this Obian practice with death—but they have been impotent and nugatory. Laws constructed in the West-Indies can never suppress the effect of ideas the origin of which is in the centre of Africa.

There was a time, not very long ago, when poverty, ugliness and wrinkles, with palsied head and trembling limbs constituted suspicions of Obi in England—and for which many old women have been tried, condemned and hanged as perpetrators of every untoward accident in their neighbourhood.

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I saw the Obi of the famous negro robber, Three-Fingered Jack, the terror of Jamaica in 1780. The Maroons who slew him brought it to me*.

in history—he invented images that could speak. Thomas Aquinas was so frightened by an automaton made by Albertus Magnus, that he broke it to pieces.

* He was slain on Saturday the 27th January, 1781.

His Obi consisted of the end of a goat's horn, filled with a compound of grave-dirt, ashes, the blood of a black cat, and human fat, all mixed into a kind of paste. A cat's foot, a dried toad, a pig's tail, a slip of virginal parchment of kid's skin with characters marked in blood on it, were also in his Obian bag.

These with a keen sabre, and two guns, like Robinson Crusoe, were all his Obi; with which, and his courage in descending into the plains, and plundering to supply his wants, and his skill in retreating into difficult fastnesses among the mountains commanding the only access to them where none dared to follow him, he terrified the inhabitants and set the civil power and the neighbouring militia at defiance for nearly two years. Hé had neither accomplice nor associate; there were a few run-away negroes in the woods near Mount Lebanon, the place of his retreat, but he had crossed their foreheads with some of the magic in his horn, and they could not betray him—but he trusted no one—he scorned assistance—he ascended above Spartacus—he robbed alone, and fought all his battles alone, and always killed his pursuer.

By his magic he was not only the dread of the negroes, but there were many white people, who believed he was possessed of some supernatural power. In hot climates, females marry very young, and often with great disparity of age. Here Jack was the author of many troubles—for several matches proved unhappy. Give a dog an ill name and hang him.—Clamours rose on clamours against the cruel sorcerer, and every conjugal mishap was laid at the door of Jack's malific spell of "tying the point" on the wedding-day. God knows, poor Jack had sins enough of his own to carry, without

loading him with the sins of others. He would sooner have made a Medean caldron for the whole island than disturb one lady's happiness. He had many opportunities, and though he had a mortal hatred to white men, he was never known to hurt a child, or abuse a woman.

But even Jack himself was born to die. Allured by the rewards offered by Governor Dalling, in proclamations dated the 12th December 1780, and the 13th of January 1781, and by a resolution of the House of Assembly, which followed the first proclamation, two negroes, named Quashee and Sam—(Sam was Captain Davy's son, who shot a Mr. Thompson, the master of a London ship, at Old Harbour) both of Scots Hall, Maroon town, with a party of their townsmen, went in search of him.

Quashee, before he set out on the expedition, got himself christened, and changed his name to James Reeder. The expedition commenced, and the whole party had been creeping about in the woods for three weeks, and blockaded as it were the deepest recesses, the most inaccessible part of the island—where Jack, far remote from human society, resided—but in vain.

Reeder and Sam, tired with this mode of war, resolved on proceeding in search of his retreat, and taking him by storming it, or perishing in the attempt. They took with them a little boy, a proper spirit and a good shot, and left the rest of the party. These three, whom I well knew, had not been long separated from their companions before their cunning eyes, by impressions upon the weeds and bushes, saw that some person must have lately been that way. They softly followed these impressions—making not the least noise—presently they discovered a smoke. They pressed forward—they came upon Jack before he perceived them. He was roasting

plantanes by a little fire on the ground at the mouth of a cave. This was a scene, not where ordinary actors had a part to play. Jack's looks were fierce and terrible—he told them he would kill them. Reeder, instead of shooting Jack, replied that his Obi had no power to hurt him, for he was christianed, and that his name was no longer Quashee.—Jack knew Reeder, and, as if paralyzed, he let his two guns remain on the ground, and took up only his cutlass. These two had a severe engagement several years before in the woods, in which conflict Jack lost the two fingers which was the origin of his present name. But Jack then beat Reeder and almost killed him, with several others who assisted him, and they fled from Jack. To do Three-fingered Jack justice, he could now have killed both Reeder and Sam, for at first they were frightened at the sight of him, and the dreadful tone of his voice, and well they might. They had besides no retreat—and were to grapple with the bravest and strongest man in the world.

But Jack was cowed, for he had prophesied that white Obi would get the better of him; and from experience he knew the charm would lose none of its strength in the hands of Reeder.

Without further parley, Jack with his cutlass in his hand, threw himself down a precipice at the back of the cave. Reeder's gun missed fire. Sam shot him in the shoulder. Reeder, like an English bull dog, never looked, but with his cutlass in his hand plunged headlong down after Jack. The descent was about thirty yards—and almost perpendicular. Both of them had preserved their cutlasses in the fall.

Here was the stage on which two of the stoutest hearts that were ever hooped with ribs began their bloody struggle. The little boy, who was ordered to keep back

out of harm's way, now reached the top of the precipice, and during the fight shot Jack in the belly. Sam was crafty, and coolly took a round-about way, to get to the field of action. When he arrived at the spot where it began, Jack and Reeder had closed, and tumbled together down another precipice on the side of the mountain, in which fall they both lost their weapons.

Sam descended after them, who also lost his cutlass among the trees and bushes in getting down. When he came to them, though without weapons, they were not idle, and, luckily for Reeder, Jack's wounds were deep and desperate, and he was in great agony. Sam came up just time enough to save Reeder, for Jack had caught him by the throat with his giant grasp—Reeder was then with his right hand almost cut off—Jack streaming with blood from his shoulder and belly—both covered with gore and gashes.

In this state, Sam was umpire, and decided the fate of the battle. He knocked Jack down with a piece of a rock. When the lion fell, the two tigers got upon him, and beat his brains out with stones. The little boy soon after found his way to them. He had a cutlass, with which they cut off Jack's head and three-fingered hand, and took them in triumph to Morant-bay. There they put their trophies into a pail of rum, and, followed by a vast concourse of negroes, now no longer afraid of Jack's Obi, blowing their shells and horns, and firing guns in their rude method, they carried them to Kingston and Spanish-town, and claimed the reward offered by the King's proclamation and House of Assembly.—MOSELEY
—*Medical Observations.*



THE REVIEW.



THE REVIEW.

We belong to the unpopular family of Tell-truths, and would not flatter Apollo for his Lyre."—ROA ROY.

Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini, a Florentine Artist; written by himself; now first translated, by Thomas Roscoe, Esq., 2 vols., 8vo. London, Colburn, 1822.

It was long since remarked by some German writer, we do not recollect whom, that there would be an end of novel-writing whenever a regular police should be established throughout Europe. The mania for legislation which infects all governing assemblies, has brought about this change in our condition. We are every where hemmed in with a multitude of laws; the regulations of police are as minute and vexatious as the most determined stickler for order can desire; all freedom of action is cramped; the poetry of life no more exists; we are brought down to its dull and mechanical realities; genius and stupidity are driven round its endless circle at one unchangeable pace; all variety of character is effaced. Nations know no difference of manners; the varnish of good-breeding gives to all the same tone; the only distinction between the old and the young, the peer and the peasant, consists in the quantity of money which each can spend. This is the power that puts all in motion, and its results may be calculated with as much precision as those of a steam-engine.

Yet the event has not been what was anticipated. Though the sameness of life has diminished the materials for novels, their number has increased. This branch of literature has almost swallowed up every other. As idle readers have become more numerous, it has become more popular, and has drawn to itself nearly all the

talent of the age. It has derived new vigour from what should have been its destruction.

The remark was, however, founded in truth. The old novel, that of incident and character, has almost entirely disappeared. Those among our late writers, who have attempted to describe real life, have contented themselves with sketches of manners. They have rather dwelt on the peculiarities which arise from particular habits of life, than on the broader lights and shades which mark the essential difference of character. They have supplied the want of incident by an investigation of the causes of action. They have substituted the metaphysics of life for its realities; the wanderings of the heart and the head for the hair-breadth escapes and chivalrous adventures of the Spanish romance. To this description of modern novels there are indeed some splendid exceptions: but we must bear in mind, that the scene of Anastasius is laid in Turkey; a country where no improvements of police have abridged the freedom of action: and the author of *Waverley* has never ventured beyond the pale of legitimate novel-writing. He goes back to better days for his heroes; his are always the lawless adventures of lawless times in lawless countries.

It would be matter of small regret, if this alteration in our habits and manners had produced no other change than a difference in the character of our novels; if it had only affected the amusements of our leisure hours. Much as we delight in this species of reading, highly as we estimate its merit and usefulness, we do not know that we should venture to express our grief in very strong terms, were the whole race of these writings extinct; were we now sitting in judgment on the last of the family. Before such an event could possibly happen, public taste must have taken a new di-

rection; we ourselves should have been carried along with the stream, we should have discovered new objects of admiration and amusement, and should perhaps be as much astonished that reasonable men could have found pleasure in Tom Jones or Ivanhoe, as we now feel at the enthusiasm which was once excited by Cassandra or Artamenes.

But the change, we fear, has been attended with far more serious consequences. It has probably been not less baneful to originality of thought than to eccentricity of character. With the Don Quixotes, the Guzman d'Alfaraches, and the Colonel Jacks, it has swept away the Bacons, the Michael Angelos, and the Calderones. In regulating our minds we have abridged their freedom and lessened their vigour. With the dangers which surrounded men, they have lost the daring spirit which enabled them to cope with them. Since literary men have been taught to manœuvre in battalions, there is little to be expected from their individual prowess. Valour has not suffered more from the invention of powder than genius has from encyclopædias and compendiums. The facilities of every kind with which we are surrounded have taught us to place no reliance on our own exertions. As the art of book-making has been improved, the intrinsic value of books has been lessened. Our writers have taken a hint from our manufacturers; they have learned to make a more shewy article, but with less substance and less consumption of the raw material. The rich brocades of our ancestors which, stiff with sterling gold, bid defiance to the ravages of time, have given way to lighter stuffs whose fashion and memory pass away in a single season.

It is not however in literature that this alteration has been most severely felt. The fine arts have still more

to deplore its chilling influence. The sun of pictorial genius which rose in the fifteenth century on the banks of the Arno, and, after having for two hundred years filled Italy with its refulgence, lit up the landscape of Holland and Flanders with the glowing tints of its evening rays, has now sunk in darkness. Not one streak of light remains above the horizon ; there is no warmth in the atmosphere to mark how glorious has been the day. The cold and gloom of night are only rendered more sensible by the flitting tapers which glimmer around us. What we have serves to make us feel but more acutely how much we have lost.

Yet though around us we see nothing that rises above mediocrity, we find it difficult to persuade ourselves that any change has really taken place in the powers of the human mind. We know not why the talents which were so liberally granted to the sixteenth century, should be denied to the nineteenth. We cannot believe that Providence is capricious in its mode of acting—that genius is showered down at one time, and totally withheld at another ; a profusion of flowers is not scattered over one age merely to form a *hortus siccus* for its successors. Particular periods have indeed been distinguished by extraordinary efforts of intellect. There have been generations who seem to have towered above their fellows in all that is great and wise. But the blame or merit of this unequal distribution rests not with Providence. The men were not so much different as the circumstances in which they were placed. Nature is always equally bountiful ; they are human institutions which determine the character of the age.

The life of Benvenuto Cellini is now before us. He was an eminent artist in the most glorious period of art. He was the contemporary of Michael Angelo, of Raffaele

and of Titian. The graceful footsteps of Leonardo ad Vinci and Correggio were yet fresh on the stage when he began to mix in the bustle of the world. His old age saw the youth of the Carracci. In the term of his life is comprehended nearly the whole golden age of the fine arts. He stands before us strongly marked with all the features of his time. He is a fair specimen of the great men with whom he lived, and of whom he was one. We see in him the same fearlessness of disposition, the same irritability of temperament, the same confidence in his own powers, the same versatility of genius, the same ardent aspirations after fame. As his story is that of nearly all the great artists, an attention to the circumstances of his life will enable us to account for the difference between them, and those of the present day. We ask pardon indeed of those giants of art for comparing them with modern painters. They are men of other worlds. They bear no more resemblance to artists such as now are, than Orlando does to a colonel of the guards.

We do not at present intend to analyze the composition of society in the days of Benvenuto. It would not be difficult to shew that it was much more favourably constructed for the encouragement of the arts than the society of later times. As there was then less individual pretension, artists were more public property. This enquiry, however, would lead us too far. We may probably take some other opportunity of returning to the subject. But, though we decline entering into this more extensive field, we cannot help adverting to some circumstances more immediately connected with artists.

It is impossible not to be struck with the difference in the education and habits of life of the great masters, and in those of their degenerate successors. Theirs was a life of hardship and exertion, and not unfrequently of

adventure. At every moment they were thrown on their own resources. The strange incidents of their lives gave to their minds a tinge of romance. Even when indulging the most brilliant hopes, they felt that they had nothing to rely on but the powers of their own minds. There were then no Academies where they might pick up instruction by rote, where they might learn to calculate beauty by the square inch. They were to make their way by their own industry. Their knowledge of colouring they acquired from their own practice, their idea of beauty from their own observation. Free to seek their models in nature, they were not tied down to admire the bad taste of a President, nor to follow the bad practices of Academicians. They had not to hope advancement from intrigue: they had no patron to court but the public.

As soon as a young man had learnt the management of his pencil, he was sent forth, like the barber in Gil Blas, with his sword by his side and his knapsack on his back, to fight his way through Italy; and to pick up his bread by serving some great master as a journeyman, or by undertaking such jobs as offered themselves to his pencil.

The dignity of the profession had not yet been invented. They were strictly artisans who thought nothing beneath their attention: they formed one company with the workers in brass and the workers in wood, with the cabinet-makers and the saddlers. If none hired them to paint pictures, they were content to paint trunks, and many an excellent specimen of art has handed down to posterity as well the name of the box-maker as that of the painter. So little were they fastidious in the employment of their talents, that Correggio painted a pack-horse, Raffaele is said to have worked for the potteries, and Benvenuto did not think

it beneath him to cut out clothes for himself and his apprentices. To be very gentlemanly and very melancholy, they wisely left to those who had lands and beeves. Their habits and associations were among the lower orders of the people. These were the objects fittest for their studies. Amongst them, nature has displayed the most perfect models of beauty : there alone the passions are allowed to shew themselves without disguise. It was not in high-bred societies, where anger never vents itself but in a sneer, and pleasure never breaks out but into a simper, that they gained their mastery of expression. It was from the market-place or the wine house, that they peopled their canvass. Even the brawls, into which they were continually led by their ungovernable tempers and the manners of the times, conduced to their perfection in their art. The perpetrators or the victims of assassination, they learnt to feel with force, and to express with truth, the strongest emotions of the mind.

But what contributed most to the excellence of their works was the scantiness of their payment. For his famous "Notte," Correggio received £18; for his St. Jerome, £20 and his board. His exertions on the Cupola of St. Giovanni, which employed his splendid talents for nearly ten of the best years of his life, and which produced one of the greatest triumphs of the art, were rewarded with £400. Forty pounds a year and his board were a sufficient inducement to Annibal Carracci to devote his whole time to the adorning of the Farnese palace. Baldassare Peruzzi worked at the cathedral of Sienna for sixpence a day. There is still in existence a contract by which Lattanzio della Marca, in consideration of fifty-five shillings, engages to paint the Holy Trinity and four Saints. From what was paid to

such eminent men we may judge of the earnings of less celebrated artists. Even when every allowance is made for the different value of money, it will be found that they received only a shilling for that which is now paid a guinea. Indeed so trifling were their receipts, that the painters of Sienna thought they had sufficiently secured the ground to themselves by allowing no foreigner to work within the city till he had paid thirty shillings to a common fund.

But whilst their gains were so scanty, it was only by the most unremitting industry they could acquire a subsistence. The necessities of their lives allowing them little leisure for diversion, their amusement was almost wholly in their workshops. To their pencil they trusted for their reputation, for they could not hope to raise it by the puffings of coteries. Their time was too valuable to be wasted in tea-drinkings with blue stockings, or in listening to the buzzing of blue-bottles. As their intervals of repose were short, they endeavoured to employ them to better purpose, to recruit their exhausted spirits. It was in more convivial scenes they sought their recreation. They were for the most part a jovial race. The good sayings of some of them have survived their paintings. Bufalmacco and Calandrini, make a better figure in the pages of Poggio than in those of Vasari. Let moralists declaim as much as they will against pleasure, let them confound its use with its abuse, its lawful enjoyment with its excess, it is not the less true that great talents require stronger stimulants than tea and milk. Water-drinkers may indeed attain to all the merit of faultless mediocrity; they may produce what none can blame, and none will praise; but the heavenward flight of genius can only be

borne aloft by more ethereal gas. It is from the collision of souls that inspiration catches its flame. Imagination sparkles in a glass of champagne, and fancy not unfrequently lurks at the bottom of a punchbowl. The debauch of the evening, for it came but rarely, did but stimulate to new exertion; the tavern reckoning was not seldom discharged by a payment in kind, and tradition tells of many a celebrated picture whose virgin tints were commuted for unpaid wine.

Such as we have described, was the life of Benvenuto Cellini; and such, with few exceptions and stained with fewer atrocities, was the life of his great contemporaries. Through all his exaggeration, and amidst all his bavardage, Cellini has ill disguised that his was a life of adventure and poverty. He was continually wandering from place to place in search of an establishment, which his talents soon procured, and which was as soon lost by the irregularity of his conduct, and the impracticability of his temper. But even amidst his follies and his failings, his diligence and the versatility of his talent never forsook him. The number and the greatness of his works are quite appalling to an artist of the present day; whilst the variety of his pursuits seems almost incredible to the single-handedness of modern times. There was for him nothing too vast, and nothing too minute. He undertook with equal zeal and executed with equal ability a statue or a medal, a brooch or a button. His hand was like the trunk of an elephant, which with the same ease, picks up a pin or beats down a castle. Poverty sharpened his genius. He was always too poor to be idle. This is indeed the great distinction between the days of Leo X. and the present times. Mo-

dern art has been in a great measure ruined by the extravagance with which it is paid. It requires no less time to spend than to gain money, and the artist who is overpaid has lost one half of his existence. The æra of high payments is that of the decline of art. Guido Rheni is the first painter who obtained large prices for his pictures, and he is the last of the great Masters.

This doctrine we fear will not find much favour with artists who, when they cry out for encouragement to painting and sculpture, mean only patronage to themselves. Each individual is too apt to believe that the prosperity of the art is connected with his own success; that when he is well paid that must flourish. It would not be difficult to prove that the very reverse is generally the case, that the interest of the artist is often at variance with that of the art. But it will perhaps be more to the purpose to shew that high prices are not advantageous even to the artist, that they tend to limit his gains.

It will be readily admitted that the quantity of money, which in any country can be afforded for the purchase of pictures and statues, must depend on causes wholly unconnected with the arts. It must be regulated by the amount of that part of the income of the nation which can be employed in the acquisition of superfluities. But what proportion of this superabundant wealth can be devoted to the purchase of works of art will depend in a great measure on their price. Small incomes are so much more numerous than large that what they can afford for superfluities is in the aggregate greatly more than what can be contributed by the rich. If, however, the price of pictures be high, persons of moderate income are

entirely excluded from the competition, and a large proportion of what would go to the encouragement of art, is devoted to more frivolous objects. Artists lose their best patrons, for the splendid galleries of the rich will always be more open (and it is right they should be so) to works of established reputation, than to those on which the public voice has yet to decide. They will always be rather collectors of old pictures than purchasers of new. It is not perhaps too much to affirm that if pictures and statues were at one fourth of their present price, the money paid to artists would be twice what it now is. As the circle of those who take an interest in the arts is extended, the judgment of the public becomes less capricious, and talent more sure of success. When literature was under the protection of the great, it was sickly and full of affectation; it has recovered its hardness of tone only since it has had no patrons but the booksellers.

But this would not be the only advantage of the change. As the high prizes would be fewer, the lottery of the arts would be less tempting, and few who had not a real calling, would dedicate themselves to their cultivation. London, so little eminent in art, may we believe boast of more artists than all the rest of Europe together; and we cannot help thinking that painting and statuary would sustain no loss if one half of those who painfully and hopelessly toil after inspiration were to turn their thoughts to some less ambitious pursuit.

If then the sum laid out in pictures were doubled, if their price were reduced to one fourth and the number of artists to one half, the earnings of those who remained would be four times as much as they now are, and the quantity of work which would fall to the

share of each individual would be sixteen times as great. None would have to struggle with the despondency arising from hopeless poverty, and all would gain the facility of hand that all so much want.

Whoever has conversed much with artists, and watched the progress of their works, must have observed how much their execution falls below their conception of their subject. Self-love usually ascribes this to the greatness of their genius, which suggests to their minds ideas that no human powers can embody. Criticism, with more truth, attributes it to their little practice in their art. Their hand does not always move in obedience to the dictates of their mind. As the orator will never be truly eloquent who cannot depend on his tongue for the ready expression of his ideas, so the artist, whatever be his genius, will never rise above mediocrity whose hand does not move mechanically at the impulse of his mind. It is in this the artists of the present day are usually most deficient. They commonly talk well of their art and have for the most part all the information, good and bad, which is to be picked up from lectures and books ; but they want the skill which constant practice alone can give. Their number is so great, the pictures to be painted so few, and their price so high, that more of their time is spent in indirect solicitations for work than in its execution. Yet, without facility of hand, the mind can have no freedom for invention or fancy ; it will never snatch a grace beyond the reach of art. This is the ground-work of all excellence ; the single virtue without which all others are but as tinkling cymbals. This it was that the first of ancient painters meant to point out as the especial characteristic of a great artist, when after drawing

a perfect circle with his hand he said, "Tis thus we painters write our names at Cò." We have somewhere read of a German painter who had painted more pictures than he had lived weeks. We do not mean to recommend such extraordinary haste, yet that he had so many pictures to paint is no small proof of what may be done by mere readiness of hand.

We do not believe that our advice will be much attended to when we recommend to the artists of the present day to be somewhat more of artisans, and, dreaming less of invention and sublime conceptions, to give themselves to what they are apt to disdain as the mechanical part of their profession. It is not the business of a painter to improve, but to copy, nature; choosing, indeed, her most beautiful forms and her happiest combinations. But whenever he quits her guidance, he may be sure that he will only wander into extravagance. He must when at his easel forget himself and his fame. Raffaello, and his school never thought but of how they could best tell their story; a modern painter only thinks of how he shall most display his skill. They sought to please, he strives to excite astonishment. Let it be remembered that genius is the free gift of nature, which no wouings can extort, but that what can be attained by diligence is within the reach of all: that Domenichino, who for his dullness of imagination, was, by his companions, called the Ox, by mere force of application, rose far above his fellows, and only fell short of the inspiration of his great models.

Let modern artists subject themselves to the severe discipline of the ancients, and they will find much of the immense distance will disappear which now separates them so widely from the objects of their imi-

tation. Let them fill up the intervals of painting with works analogous to their own pursuits. Let them again take in hand the graver ; there is nothing will make them feel more forcibly the effects and beauties of their pencil. Let them not be deterred by the labour. What others have done it is within their power to do. More than fifty of Martegna's engravings from his own works have come down to posterity : those of Albert Durer are still more numerous : Rembrandt's etchings are almost as well known as his paintings. When they have done this, we will venture to assure them that they will have no reason to complain of the prices paid for old pictures, nor to view with jealousy the admiration excited by the works of the old masters. The sale of lord Byron's writings, and of those of the author of Waverley, has not been injured by the taste for black letter, nor the childish pursuits of the Roxburgh Club. The public will be as ready to discover merit in painting as it has been to acknowledge it in literature : If they will turn away the public taste from Raffaello and Correggio, let them do better. After all, we are not very sanguine of seeing any great improvement in painting and sculpture. The spirit of the times is not favourable to the arts. It is a cold and calculating age in which we live : its tameness and love of order shrink from the wild energy which ever accompanies genius. It prefers the pretty to the great ; private enjoyment to public splendor : the great masters of art were born in happier days. The taste in architecture of the two periods, marks forcibly the different disposition. Grecian buildings, in which modern art delights, with their horizontal lines and their widely stretched-out fronts, keep the eye ever grovelling near the ground, and

amidst the works of men, whilst the spiral line of Gothic architecture, sublime in its irregularity, raises it at one glance from Earth to Heaven.

But though in the present generation we may not hope to see any who will efface the glory of Michael Angelo and Raffaelle yet there are among our painters those who, with due diligence, may become very respectable manufacturers of pictures.

Confessions of an English Opium-Eater. 1 vol. London, Taylor and Hessey, 1822.

THIS volume is one of the most extraordinary which have appeared for many years. Its contents were published some time back in the London Magazine, and then attracted a considerable degree of attention. We read them at that time,—and our first impression was that we never saw any thing so ill done—so utterly and extravagantly absurd:—for, in the innocence of our hearts and stomachs, we thought the relations of the quantity of opium swallowed to be totally impossible—and therefore conceived the whole to be a fiction, aiming at the extraordinary and horrible, but most clumsily conceived and put together. The moment, however, that we heard from authority which we could not doubt, that the story was *true*,—at least, that it was actually written by an opium-eater,—it changed at once its character and aspect. From being a tissue of German extravagance, it immediately became in our eyes a physical and metaphysical wonder—and, on our second reading, we thought it one of the most interesting, and certainly the very most extraordinary, production that we had ever seen.

The "Preliminary Confessions" possess in our view by far the greater share of both these qualities—for, when once the fact is established that a man can eat immense quantities of opium without causing death, we can very well understand that his visions must be of the most extravagant and portentous description. But that a boy of seventeen should run away from school, and quarrel with all his friends, solely because he was a better Greek scholar than his master—that he should then wander about the country, subsisting by writing love-letters for nymphs and swains whose passion was less bounded than their education—and that ultimately—being, mark you, of a certain station in life, and entitled to some property—he should in London, while possessed of talents and acquirements of no ordinary nature, "suffer for upwards of sixteen weeks the physical anguish of hunger in various degrees of intensity ; but as bitter, perhaps, as ever any human being can have suffered who has survived it,"—that these things should happen at this time of day, and to a man actually living among us, is, indeed, cause for wonder and surprise.

The key to the whole we take to be that the author was *ab initio* a little mad. It may seem, at first sight, unfeeling in us to speak in this way of a person still alive—but if a man chooses to publish his feelings and proceedings, he must expect them to be discussed freely. He has made the public his minute confidant, and the public, consequently, has a right to make remarks on the matter confided. Besides, we do not at all mean physical madness—that calamity which is so awful that it ought never to be spoken of but with the utmost tenderness and forbearance ;—we allude only to that degree of peculiarity which subjects its possessor to be, in conversational language, called mad—which renders his actions utterly

different from those of other people, and prevents their being accounted for on common principles.

The author begins his extraordinary narrative with the causes which occasioned his eloping from school—from which arose his subsequent sufferings. These sufferings from hunger occasioned, some years after, an affection of the stomach which ultimately became so intensely painful, that he flew to excesses in opium,—which he had before used more moderately,—as an alleviation. He therefore recounts the circumstances which led to sufferings so unusual, especially in one of his condition in life. He was, it appears, early a remarkable proficient in Greek—but we will give his early history in his own words. His style is sometimes a little peculiar, but certainly eloquent and rapid:—

My father died, when I was about seven years old, and left me to the care of four guardians. I was sent to various schools, great and small; and was very early distinguished for my classical attainments, especially for my knowledge of Greek. At thirteen, I wrote Greek with ease; and at fifteen, my command of that language was so great, that I not only composed Greek verses in lyric metres, but could converse in Greek fluently, and without embarrassment—an accomplishment which I have not since met with in any scholar of my times, and which, in my case, was owing to the practice of daily reading off the newspaper into the best Greek I could furnish *extempore*: for the necessity of ransacking my memory and invention, for all sorts and combinations of periphrastic expressions, as equivalents for modern ideas, images, relations of things, &c., gave me a compass of diction which would never have been called out by a dull translation of moral essays, &c. "That boy," said one of my masters, pointing the attention of a stranger to me, "that boy could harangue an Athenian mob, better than you or I could address an English one." He who honoured me with this eulogy, was a scholar, "and a ripe and good one:" and of all my tutors, was the only one whom I loved or revered. Unfortunately for me (and, as I afterwards learned, to this worthy man's great indignation), I was transferred to the care, first of a blockhead, who was in a perpetual panic, lest I should expose his ignorance; and finally, to that of a respectable scholar, at the head of a great school on an ancient foundation. This man had been appointed to his situation by ——— College, Oxford; and was a sound, well-built scholar, but (like most men, whom I have known from that

College, coarse, clumsy, and inelegant. A miserable contrast he presented, in my eyes, to the Etonian brilliancy of my favourite master : and besides, he could not disguise from my hourly notice, the poverty and meagreness of his understanding. It is a bad thing for a boy to be, and to know himself, far beyond his tutors, whether in knowledge or in power of mind. This was the case, so far as regarded knowledge at least, not with myself only : for the two boys who jointly with myself composed the first form, were better Grecians than the head-master, though not more elegant scholars, nor at all more accustomed to sacrifice to the Graces. When I first entered, I remember that we read Sophocles ; and it was a constant matter of triumph to us, the learned triumvirate of the first form, to see our ' Archididasculus' (as he loved to be called) conning our lesson before we went up, and laying a regular train, with lexicon and grammar, for blowing up and blasting (as it were) any difficulties he found in the choruses ; whilst we never condescended to open our books until the moment of going up, and were generally employed in writing epigrams upon his wig, or some such important matter. My two class-fellows were poor, and dependant for their future prospects at the university on the recommendation of the head-master : but I, who had a small patrimonial property, the income of which was sufficient to support me at college, wished to be sent thither immediately. I make earnest representations on the subject to my guardians, but all to no purpose. One, who was more reasonable, and had more knowledge of the world than the rest, lived at a distance : two of the other three resigned all their authority into the hands of the fourth ; and this fourth, with whom I had to negotiate, was a worthy man, in his way, but haughty, obstinate, and intolerant of all opposition to his will. After a certain number of letters and personal interviews, I found that I had nothing to hope for, not even a compromise of the matter, from my guardian : unconditional submission was what he demanded : and I prepared myself, therefore, for other measures. Summer was now coming on with hasty steps, and my seventeenth birth-day was fast approaching ; after which day I had sworn within myself, that I would no longer be numbered amongst school-boys.—p. 15-18.

He leaves the school, accordingly—the account of his escape from which is given with great spirit and effect—and goes into Wales ;—and here some of his adventures are described with a dash of humour which one would scarcely expect from the general tone of the narrative ;—especially his idea of writing in Greek to the Bishop of B—— (Bangor evidently) who had affronted him by cautioning a çî-devant servant in whose house he lodged against unknown lodgers, “ which at the same time,” he says, “ that

it would furnish some presumption that I was no swindler, would also, I hoped, compel the Bishop to reply in the same language; in which case, I doubted not to make it appear that if I was not so rich as his Lordship, I was a far better Grecian."—He does not write, however, but leaves his lodgings in dudgeon; and, having exhausted his small stock of money, exists chiefly on blackberries, hips and haws. Sometimes he receives 'casual hospitalities' from persons to whom he makes his pen useful—among whom he describes a most interesting family "consisting of four sisters and three brothers, all grown up"—who entertain him most hospitably for three days during their parents' absence at an annual Methodist meeting at Carnarvon. He writes letters about prize-money for the sons, and on tenderer matters for the daughters—but at last the parents return, and, as might be expected, his "talent for writing love-letters would do as little to recommend him with two grave sexagenarian Welch Methodists as his Greek Sapphics or Alcaics."—He leaves the family, therefore, and recommences his wanderings. All this is described with much delicate and graceful humour;—but there is a little serious diatribe at the close against old age in general, on account of his treatment by the worthy progenitors of his 'interesting family,' which we must say we think rather unreasonable. It is hardly to be expected that a papa and mamma should very much approve of the establishment in their family of "four grown-up daughters" of a wandering writer of billets-doux.

But we must hasten to the more severe and striking part of his sufferings. The following is most extraordinary—for that is always our *refrain* concerning him—and, we think, almost terrific:—

Soon after this, I contrived, by means which I must omit for want of room, to transfer myself to London. And now began the latter and

fiercer stage of my long-sufferings ; without using a disproportionate expression I might say, of my agony. For I now suffered, for upwards of sixteen weeks, the physical anguish of hunger in various degrees of intensity ; but as bitter, perhaps, as ever any human being can have suffered who has survived it. I would not needlessly harass my reader's feelings, by a detail of all that I endured : for extremities such as these, under any circumstances of heaviest misconduct or guilt, cannot be contemplated, even in description, without a rueful pity that is painful to the natural goodness of the human heart. Let it suffice, at least on this occasion, to say, that a few fragments of bread from the breakfast-table of one individual (who supposed me to be ill, but did not know of my being in utter want), and these at uncertain intervals, constituted my whole support. During the former part of my sufferings (that is, generally in Wales, and always for the first two months in London) I was houseless and very seldom slept under a roof. To this constant exposure to the open air I ascribe it mainly, that I did not sink under my torments. Latterly, however, when colder and more inclement weather came on, and when, from the length of my sufferings, I had begun to sink into a more languishing condition, it was, no doubt, fortunate for me, that the same person to whose breakfast-table I had access, allowed me to sleep in a large unoccupied house, of which he was tenant. Unoccupied, I call it, for there was no household or establishment in it ; nor any furniture, indeed, except a table, and a few chairs. But I found, on taking possession of my new quarters, that the house already contained one single inmate, a poor friendless child, apparently ten years old : but she seemed hunger-bitten ; and sufferings of that sort often make children look older than they are. From this forlorn child I learned, that she had slept and lived there alone, for some time before I came : and great joy the poor creature expressed, when she found that I was, in future, to be her companion through the hours of darkness. The house was large ; and, from the want of furniture, the noise of the rats made a prodigious echoing on the spacious stair-case and hall ; and, amidst the real fleshly ills of cold, and, I fear, hunger, the forsaken child had found leisure to suffer still more (it appeared) from the self-created one of ghosts. I promised her protection against all ghosts whatsoever : but, alas ! I could offer her no other assistance. We lay upon the floor, with a bundle of cursed law papers for a pillow : but with no other covering than a sort of large horseman's cloak : afterwards, however, we discovered, in a garret, an old sofa-cover, a small piece of rug, and some fragments of other articles, which added a little to our warmth. The poor child crept close to me for warmth, and for security against her ghostly enemies. When I was not more than usually ill, I took her into my arms, so that, in general, she was tolerably warm, and often slept when I could not : for, during the last two months of my sufferings, I slept much in the daytime, and was apt to fall into transient dozings at all hours. But my sleep distressed me more than my watching : for, besides the tumultu-

ousness of my dreams (which were only not so awful as those which I shall have to describe hereafter as produced by opium,) my sleep was never more than what is called *dog-sleep*; so that I could hear myself moaning, and was often, as it seemed to me, wakened suddenly by my own voice; and, about this time, a hideous sensation began to haunt me as soon as I fell into a slumber, which has since returned upon me, at different periods of my life, viz., a sort of twitching (I know not where, but apparently about the region of the stomach,) which compelled me violently to throw out my feet for the sake of relieving it. This sensation coming on as soon as I began to sleep, and the effort to relieve it constantly awaking me, at length I slept only from exhaustion; and from increasing weakness (as I said before) I was constantly falling asleep, and constantly awaking. Meantime, the master of the house sometimes came in upon us suddenly, and very early, sometimes not till ten o'clock, sometimes not at all. He was in constant fear of bailiffs: improving on the plan of Cromwell, every night he slept in a different quarter of London; and I observed that he never failed to examine through a private window, the appearance of those who knocked at the door, before he would allow it to be opened. He breakfasted alone: indeed, his tea equipage would hardly have admitted of his hazarding an invitation to a second person—any more than the quantity of esculent *matériel*, which, for the most part, was little more than a roll, or a few biscuits, which he had bought on his road from the place where he had slept. Or, if he *had* asked a party, as I once learnedly and facetiously observed to him—the several members of it must have stood in the relation to each other (not *auto* in any relation whatever) of succession, as the metaphysicians have it, and not of co-existence; in the relation of the parts of time, and not of the parts of space. During his breakfast, I generally contrived a reason for lounging in; and, with an air of as much indifference as I could assume, took up such fragments as he had left—sometimes, indeed, there were none at all. In doing this, I committed no robbery except upon the man himself, who was thus obliged (I believe) now and then to send out at noon for an extra biscuit; for, as to the poor child, *she* was never admitted into his study (if I may give that name to his chief depositary of parchments, law writings, &c.) that room was to her the Blue-beard room of the house being regularly locked on his departure to dinner, about six o'clock, which usually was his final departure for the night. Whether this child were an illegitimate daughter of Mr. —, or only a servant, I could not ascertain; she did not herself know; but certainly she was treated altogether as a menial servant. No sooner did Mr. —, make his appearance, than she went below stairs, brushed his shoes, coat, &c.; and except when she was summoned to run an errand, she never emerged from the dismal Tartarus of the kitchens, &c., to the upper air, until my welcome knock at night called up her little trembling footsteps to the front door. Of her life during the day-time, however, I knew lit-

tle but what I gathered from her own account at night ; for, as soon as the hours of business commenced, I saw that my absence would be acceptable ; and, in general, therefore, I went off and sate in the parks or elsewhere, until night-fall.

But who, and what, meantime, was the master of the house himself ? Reader, he was one of those anomalous practitioners in lower departments of the law, who—what shall I say ?—who, on prudential reasons, or from necessity, deny themselves all indulgence in the luxury of too delicate a conscience : (a periphrasis which might be abridged considerably, but *that* I leave to the reader's taste :) in many walks of life, a conscience is a more expensive incumbrance than a wife or a carriage : and just as people talk of “laying down” their carriages, so I suppose my friend Mr. ——— had “laid down” his conscience for a time ; meaning, doubtless, to resume it as soon as he could afford it. The inner economy of such a man's daily life would present a most strange picture, if I could allow myself to amuse the reader at his expense. Even with my limited opportunities for observing what went on, I saw many scenes of London intrigues, and complex chicanery, “cycle and epicycle, orb in orb,” at which I sometimes smile to this day—and at which I smiled then in spite of my misery. My situation, however, at that time gave me little experience, in my own person, of any qualities in Mr. ———'s character but such as did him honour ; and of his whole strange composition, I must forget every thing, but that towards me he was obliging, and, to the extent of his power, generous.

That power was not, [indeed, very extensive ; however, in common with the rats, I sate rent free ; and, as Dr. Johnson has recorded, that he never but once in his life had as much wall-fruit as he could eat, so let me be grateful, that on that single occasion I had as large a choice of apartments in a London mansion as I could possibly desire. Except the Blue-beard room, which the poor child believed to be haunted, all others, from the attics to the cellars, were at our service ; “the world was all before us ;” and we pitched our tent for the night in any spot we chose. This house I have already described as a large one ; it stands in a conspicuous situation, and in a well-known part of London. Many of my readers will have passed it, I doubt not, within a few hours of reading this. For myself, I never fail to visit it when business draws me to London ; about ten o'clock this very night, August 15, 1821, being my birth-day—I turned aside from my evening walk, down Oxford-street, purposely to take a glance at it : it is now occupied by a respectable family ; and, by the lights in the front drawing-room, I observed a domestic party assembled perhaps at tea, and apparently cheerful and gay. Marvellous contrast in my eyes to the darkness—cold—silence—and desolation of that same house eighteen years ago, when its nightly occupants were one famishing scholar, and a neglected child.—Her, by the bye, in after years, I vainly endeavoured to trace. Apart from her situation, she was not what would be called an interesting

child : she was neither pretty, nor quick in understanding, nor remarkably pleasing in manners. But, thank God ! even in those years I needed not the embellishments of novel-accessaries to conciliate my affections ; plain human nature, in its humblest and most homely apparel, was enough for me : and I loved the child because she was my partner in wretchedness. If she is now living, she is probably a mother, with children of her own ; but, as I have said, I could never trace her.—
p. 36-46.

This is sufficiently strange—but we must continue the extract, long as it is ; for what follows is, in our view, still more so :—

This I regret, but another person there was at that time, whom I have since sought to trace with far deeper earnestness, and with far deeper sorrow at my failure. This person was a young woman, and one of that unhappy class who subsist upon the wages of prostitution. I feel no shame, nor have any reason to feel it, in avowing, that I was then on familiar and friendly terms with many women in that unfortunate condition. The reader needs neither smile at this avowal, nor frown. For, not to remind my classical readers of the old Latin proverb—‘*Sine Cerere*,’ &c., it may well be supposed that in the existing state of my purse, my connexion with such women could not have been an impure one. But the truth is, that at no time of my life have I been a person to hold myself polluted by the touch or approach of any creature that wore a human shape : on the contrary, from my very earliest youth it has been my pride to converse familiarly, *more Socratico*, with all human beings, man, woman, and child, that chance might fling in my way : a practice which is friendly to the knowledge of human nature, to good feelings, and to that frankness of address which becomes a man who would be thought a philosopher. For a philosopher should not see with the eyes of the poor liminary creature calling himself a man of the world, and filled with narrow and self-regarding prejudices of birth and education, but should look upon himself as a Catholic creature, and as standing in an equal relation to high and low—to educated and uneducated, to the guilty and the innocent. Being myself at that time of necessity a peripatetic, or a walker of the streets, I naturally fell in more frequently with those female peripatetics who are technically called Street-walkers. Many of those women had occasionally taken my part against watchmen who wished to drive me off the steps of houses where I was sitting. But one amongst them, the one on whose account I have at all introduced this subject—yet no ! let me not class thee, Oh noble-minded Ann —, with that order of women ; let me find, if it be possible, some gentler name to designate the condition of her to whose bounty and compassion, ministering to my necessities when all the world had forsaken me, I owe it

that I am at this time alive.—For many weeks I had walked at nights with this poor friendless girl up and down Oxford-street, or had rested with her on steps and under the shelter of porticos. She could not be so old as myself: she told me, indeed, that she had not completed her sixteenth year. By such questions as my interest about her prompted, I had gradually drawn forth her simple history. Her's was a case of ordinary occurrence (as I have since had reason to think), and one in which, if London beneficence had better adapted its arrangements to meet it, the power of the law might oftener be interposed to protect, and to avenge. But the stream of London charity flows in a channel which though deep and mighty, is yet noiseless and underground; not obvious or readily accessible to poor houseless wanderers: and it cannot be denied that the outside air and framework of London society is harsh, cruel, and repulsive. In any case, however, I saw that part of her injuries might easily have been redressed: and I urged her often and earnestly to lay her complaint before a magistrate: friendless as she was, I assured her that she would meet with immediate attention: and that English justice, which was no respecter of persons, would speedily and amply avenge her on the brutal ruffian who had plundered her little property. She promised me often that she would; but she delayed taking the steps I pointed out from time to time: for she was timid and dejected to a degree which showed how deeply sorrow had taken hold of her young heart: and perhaps she thought justly that the most upright judge, and the most righteous tribunals, could do nothing to repair her heaviest wrongs. Something, however, would perhaps have been done: for it had been settled between us at length, but unhappily on the very last time but one that I was ever to see her, that in a day or two we should go together before a magistrate, and that I should speak on her behalf. This little service it was destined, however, that I should never realize. Meantime, that which she rendered to me, and which was greater than I could ever have repaid her, was this:—One night, when we were pacing slowly along Oxford-street, and after a day when I had felt more than usually ill and faint, I requested her to turn off with me into Soho-square: thither we went; and we sat down on the steps of a house, which, to this hour, I never pass without a pang of grief, and an inner act of homage to the spirit of that unhappy girl, in memory of the noble action which she there performed. Suddenly, as we sat, I grew much worse: I had been leaning my head against her bosom; and all at once I sank from her arms and fell backwards on the steps. From the sensations I then had, I felt an inner conviction of the liveliest kind that without some powerful and reviving stimulus, I should either have died on the spot—or should at least have sunk to a point of exhaustion from which all resuscitant under my friendless circumstances would soon have become hopeless. Then it was, at this crisis of my fate, that my poor orphan companion—who had herself met with little but injuries in this world—stretched out

a saving hand to me. Uttering a cry of terror, but without a moment's delay, she ran off into Oxford-street, and in less time than could be imagined, returned to me with a glass of port wine and spices, that acted upon my empty stomach (which at that time would have rejected all solid food) with an instantaneous power of restoration: and for this glass the generous girl without a murmur paid out of her own humble purse at a time—be it remembered!—when she had scarcely wherewithal to purchase the bare necessities of life, and when she could have no reason to expect that I should ever be able to reimburse her.——— Oh! youthful benefactress! how often in succeeding years, standing in solitary places, and thinking of thee with grief of heart and perfect love, how often have I wished that, as in ancient times the curse of a father was believed to have a supernatural power, and to pursue its object with a fatal necessity of self-fulfilment,—even so the benediction of a heart oppressed with gratitude, might have a like prerogative; might have power given to it from above to chase—to haunt—to way-lay—to overtake—to pursue thee into the central darkness of a London brothel, or (if it were possible) into the darkness of the grave—there to awaken thee with an authentic message of peace and forgiveness, and of final reconciliation!—p. 46-52.

There are many persons who will think this romantic and extravagant—many who will regard it as coarse and revolting,—but, for our own part, we fully enter into and go along with the author's feelings. We neither “smile” nor “frown”—we only sigh at his connection with these unfortunates. We think his picture of the one to whom he was so much indebted truly touching and pathetic; and we do not at all consider his idea of the benefit as over-rated—dividing, as it was, with a fellow-sufferer the scanty and cruelly-earned bread of promiscuous prostitution.

The author, at last, seems to conceive what, one would think, must have struck him from the first—namely, that his readers must wonder that, with his connections and qualities, he should have suffered such extremity of want. He thus accounts for it—but in a way, which we confess is, to people of this world; not very satisfactory:—

In so mighty a world as London, it will surprise my readers that I should not have found some means of staving off the last extremities of penury: and it will strike them that two resources at least must have

been open to me,—viz., either to seek assistance from the friends of my family, or to turn my youthful talents and attainments into some channel of pecuniary emolument. As to the first course, I may observe, generally, that what I dreaded beyond all other evils was the chance of being reclaimed by my guardians; not doubting that whatever power the law gave them would have been enforced against me to the utmost: that is, to the extremity of forcibly restoring me to the school which I had quitted: a restoration which as it would in my eyes have been a dishonour, even if submitted to voluntarily, could not fail, when extorted from me in contempt and defiance of my known wishes and efforts, to have been a humiliation worse to me than death, and which would indeed have terminated in death. I was, therefore, shy enough of applying for assistance even in those quarters where I was sure of receiving it—at the risk of furnishing my guardians with any clue for recovering me. But, as to London in particular, though, doubtless, my father had in his life-time had many friends there, yet (as ten years had passed since his death) I remembered few of them even by name: and never having seen London before, except once for a few hours, I knew not the address of even those few. To this mode of gaining help, therefore, in part the difficulty, but much more the paramount fear which I have mentioned, habitually indisposed me. In regard to the other mode, I now feel half inclined to join my reader in wondering that I should have overlooked it. As a corrector of Greek proofs (if in no other way,) I might doubtless have gained enough for my slender wants. Such an office as this I could have discharged with an exemplary and punctual accuracy that would soon have gained me the confidence of my employers. But it must not be forgotten that, even for such an office as this, it was necessary that I should first of all have an introduction to some respectable publisher: and this I had no means of obtaining. To say the truth, however, it had never once occurred to me to think of literary labours as a source of profit. No mode sufficiently speedy of obtaining money had ever occurred to me, but that of borrowing it on the strength of my future claims and expectations. This mode I sought by every avenue to compass: and amongst other persons I applied to a Jew named D———p. 54-57.

He ultimately becomes reconciled—he does not say by what means—to his friends. We cannot, however, forbear extracting the following beautiful and touching anecdote:—the unhappy sufferer is on his way to Eton, to procure the assistance of a young friend in his negotiations with the Jews:—

It was past eight o'clock when I reached the Gloucester coffee-house, and, the Bristol mail being on the point of going off, I mounted on the

outside. The fine fluent motion of this mail soon laid me asleep: it is somewhat remarkable, that the first easy or refreshing sleep which I had enjoyed for some months, was on the outside of a mail coach—a bed which, at this day, I find rather an uneasy one. Connected with this sleep was a little incident, which served, as hundreds of others did at that time, to convince me how easily a man who has never been in any great distress, may pass through life without knowing, in his own person at least, any thing of the possible goodness of the human heart—or, as I must add with a sigh, of its possible vileness. So thick a curtain of *manners* is drawn over the features and expression of men's *natures*, that to the ordinary observer, the two extremities, and the infinite field of varieties which lie between them, are all confounded—the vast and multitudinous compass of their several harmonies reduced to the meagre outline of differences expressed in the gamut or alphabet of elementary sounds. The case was this: for the first four or five miles from London, I annoyed my fellow-passenger on the roof by occasionally falling against him when the coach gave a lurch to his side; and indeed, if the road had been less smooth and level than it is, I should have fallen off from weakness. Of this annoyance he complained heavily, as perhaps in the same circumstances most people would; he expressed his complaint, however, more morosely than the occasion seemed to warrant; and, if I had parted with him at that moment, I should have thought of him (if I had considered it worth while to think of him at all) as a surly and almost brutal fellow. However, I was conscious that I had given him some cause for complaint: and, therefore, I apologized to him, and assured him I would do what I could to avoid falling asleep for the future; and, at the same time, in as few words as possible, I explained to him that I was ill and in a weak state from long suffering; and that I could not afford at that time to take an inside place. The man's manner changed, upon hearing this explanation, in an instant: and when I next woke for a minute from the noise and lights of Hounslow (for in spite of my wishes and efforts I had fallen asleep again within two minutes from the time I had spoken to him,) I found that he had put his arm round me to protect me from falling off: and for the rest of my journey he behaved to me with the gentleness of a woman, so that at length, I almost lay in his arms: and this was the more kind, as he could not have known that I was not going the whole way to Bath or Bristol. p. 64-66.

But we must pass on to the opium part of the story—for, with all these formidable extracts, we find that we have said nothing about that yet. In this part of the book there is to be observed a very curious contradiction between the lingering love for the terrible drug,

and the sense of the horrors which its use occasioned. The author speaks of the 'Pleasures of Opium' and of 'the Pains of Opium,' but the former topic is evidently discussed much the more *con amore*. He talks of the "accursed chain that fettered him" of "unwholesome dewdrops upon the forehead"—and "lips baked and parched with fever"—and he gives descriptions of tumultuous, and horrible sufferings of mind brought on by this dreadful practice. But, in a moment, he will turn round and expatiate in ecstatic terms on the delights which it procured him—and will abuse in no very measured manner all and sundry who have said a word in detraction of his false favourite. Like a piqued lover, he will allow no one to abuse his mistress but himself. And, at the last he leaves us in doubt whether he would recommend us instantly to begin to follow his example, or to shun it as we would those pains of damnation to which his appear to have been comparable. We are far from using this phrase irreverently;—some of the sufferings described in this book are indeed almost beyond any we can conceive of this world.

Our author begins by asserting the practice of opium-eating to be much more general than is at all supposed. He gives a list of Lords, Deans, and philosophers who indulge in it—but each being designated only thus ———, we confess we are too ignorant of the confraternity to be able to fill up the blanks. There is one individual, however, whose name though not given, cannot be mistaken. It is that of one who, if not in our judgment very distinguished, is at least very widely known, in the paths of literature and philosophy. Our author avers that "gin a' tales be true" this person far exceeds him in the quantity of opium which he consumes,—although he owns to 320 grains of opium, or eight thousand drops of laudanum per day!

If it be true that the individual alluded to "greatly exceeds" this very liberal allowance, we think it goes far towards accounting for the hitherto unaccountable poetry and metaphysics with which he has puzzled the comprehension of the public in general, and of the critics in particular.

Nor is this practice, according to our author, confined to the upper classes of society.—He says that some years ago, he was informed at Manchester, "that the work-people were rapidly getting into the practice of opium-eating; so much so, that on a Saturday afternoon the counters of the druggists were strewn with pills of one, two, or three grains, in preparation for the known demand of the evening. The immediate occasion of this practice was the lowness of wages, which, at that time would not allow them to indulge in ale or spirits: and, wages rising, it may be thought that this practice would cease: but I do not readily believe that any man, having once tasted the divine luxuries of opium, will afterwards descend to the gross and mortal enjoyments of alcohol."

Our author is very minute in his reminiscences of his first taking opium. He was suffering under excruciating rheumatic pains in the head from having slept with his hair wet, and by chance he was recommended to take opium as a remedy:—after a minute description of the shop and shopman where and from whom he bought his dose, he thus proceeds:—

Arrived at my lodgings, it may be supposed that I lost not a moment in taking the quantity prescribed. I was necessarily ignorant of the whole art and mystery of opium-taking: and, what I took, I took under every disadvantage. But I took it:—and in an hour, oh! Heavens! what a revulsion! what an upheaving, from its lowest depths, of the inner spirit; what an apocalypse of the world within me! That my pains had vanished, was now a trifle in my eyes:—this negative effect was swallowed up in the immensity of those positive effects which had opened before me—in the abyss of divine enjoyment thus suddenly revealed. Here was

a panacea—a *φάρμακον παντός*; for all human woes: here was the secret of happiness, about which philosophers had disputed for so many ages, at once discovered: happiness might now be bought for a penny, and carried in the waistcoat pocket: portable ecstasies might be had corked up in a pint bottle: and peace of mind could be sent down in gallons by the mail coach. But, if I talk in this way, the reader will think I am laughing: and I can assure him, that nobody will laugh long who deals much with opium: its pleasures even are of a grave and solemn complexion; and in his happiest state, the opium-eater cannot present himself in the character of *l'Allegro*; even then, he speaks and thinks as becomes *Il Penseroso*. Nevertheless, I have a very reprehensible way of jesting at times in the midst of my own misery: and, unless when I am checked by some more powerful feelings, I am afraid I shall be guilty of this indecent practice even in these annals of suffering or enjoyment. The reader must allow a little to my infirm nature in this respect: and with a few indulgences of that sort, I shall endeavour to be as grave, if not drowsy, as fits a theme like opium, so anti-mercurial as it really is, and so drowsy as it is falsely reputed.

And, first, one word with respect to its bodily effects: for upon all that has been hitherto written on the subject of opium, whether by travellers in Turkey (who may plead their privilege of lying as an old immemorial right), or by professors of medicine, writing *ex cathedra*,—I have but one emphatic criticism to pronounce—Lies! lies! lies!—I remember once, in passing a book-stall, to have caught these words from a page of some satiric author:—"By this time I became convinced that the London newspapers spoke truth at least twice a week, viz., on Tuesday and Saturday, and might safely be depended upon for—the list of bankrupts." In like manner, I do by no means deny that some truths have been delivered to the world in regard to opium: thus it has been repeatedly affirmed by the learned, that opium is a dusky brown in colour; and this, take notice, I grant: secondly, that it is rather dear; which also I grant: for in my time, East-India opium has been three guineas a pound, and Turkey eight: and thirdly, that if you eat a good deal of it, most probably you must——do what is particularly disagreeable to any man of regular habits, viz., die. These weighty propositions are, all and singular, true: I cannot gainsay them: and truth ever was and will be, commendable. But in these three theorems, I believe we have exhausted the stock of knowledge as yet accumulated by man on the subject of opium. And therefore, worthy doctors, as there seems to be room for further discoveries, stand aside, and allow me to come forward and lecture on this matter.

First, then, it is not so much affirmed as taken for granted, by all who ever mention opium, formally or incidentally, that it does, or can, produce intoxication. Now, reader, assure yourself *meo periculo*, that no quantity of opium ever did, or could intoxicate. As to the tincture of opium (commonly called laudanum) *that* might certainly intoxicate if a

man could bear to take enough of it ; but why ? because it contains so much proof spirit, and not because it contains so much opium. But crude opium, I affirm peremptorily, is incapable of producing any state of body at all resembling that which is produced by alcohol ; and not in *degree* only incapable, but even in *kind* : it is not in the quantity of its effects merely, but in the quality, that it differs altogether. The pleasure given by wine is always mounting, and tending to a crisis, after which it declines : that from opium, when once generated, is stationary for eight or ten hours : the first, to borrow a technical distinction from medicine, is a case of acute—the second, of chronic pleasure : the one is a flame, the other a steady and equable glow. But the main distinction lies in this, that whereas wine disorders the mental faculties, opium, on the contrary (if taken in a proper manner), introduces amongst them the most exquisite order, legislation, and harmony. Wine robs a man of his self-possession ; opium greatly invigorates it. Wine unsettles and clouds the judgment, and gives a preternatural brightness, and a vivid exaltation to the contempts and the admirations, the loves and the hatreds, of the drinker : opium, on the contrary, communicates serenity and equipoise to all the faculties, active or passive and with respect to the temper and moral feelings in general, it gives simply that sort of vital warmth which is approved by the judgment, and which would probably always accompany a bodily constitution of primeval or antediluvian health. Thus, for instance, opium, like wine, gives an expansion to the heart and the benevolent affections : but then with this remarkable difference, that in the sudden developement of kind-heartedness which accompanies inebriation there is always more or less of a maudlin character, which exposes it to the contempt of the by-stander. Men shake hands, swear eternal friendship, and shed tears—no mortal knows why ; and the sensual creature is clearly uppermost. But the expansion of the benigner feelings, incident to opium, is no febrile access, but a healthy restoration to that state which the mind would naturally recover upon the removal of any deep-seated irritation of pain that had disturbed and quarrelled with the impulses of a heart originally just and good. True it is, that even wine, up to a certain point, and with certain men, rather tends to exalt and to steady the intellect : I myself, who have never been a great wine-drinker, used to find that half a dozen glasses of wine advantageously affected the faculties—brightened and intensified the consciousness—and gave to the mind a feeling of being “ *ponderibus liberata suis* : ” and certainly it is most absurdly said, in popular language, of any man, that he is *disguised* in liquor : for on the contrary, most men are disguised by sobriety ; and it is when they are drinking (as some old gentleman says in *Athænius*), that men *σαυτοὺς ἐκφανίζουσιν* *οὐκ ἐν* *οὐκ* *οὐκ*—display themselves in their true complexion of character ; which surely is not disguising themselves. But still, wine constantly leads a man to the brink of absurdity and extra-

gance ; and, beyond a certain point, it is sure to volatilize and to disperse the intellectual energies, whereas opium always seems to compose what has been agitated, and to concentrate what had been distracted. In short, to sum up all in one word, a man who is inebriated, or tending to inebriation, is, and feels that he is, in a condition which calls up into supremacy the merely human, too often the brutal, part of his nature : but the opium-eater (I speak of him who is not suffering from any disease, or other remote effects of opium) feels that the diviner part of his nature is paramount ; that is, the moral affections are in a state of cloudless serenity ; and over all is the great light of the majestic intellect.—p. 89-97.

Next follows a diatribe against Turkish travellers in general, and the author of Anastasius in particular, for the foul manner in which they have slandered the character of the “divine drug.” The latter person might, however, says our author, were it not for his ‘grievous misrepresentation’ on this subject, be taken for an opium-eater, ‘by his wit’—for he of the confessions seems strongly inclined to monopolize all qualities and powers in favour of those who *decour* opium ; at least, in despite of all he says in its dispraise, we suspect that at the bottom of his heart he has considerable contempt for all who cannot conveniently consume 5 or 6000 drops of laudanum in the four and twenty hours.

But we must hasten to the ‘pains of opium.’ In the year 1812, the author was established in a remote and mountainous part of England—(Westmoreland, it appears from the context, for the author evidently insinuates that he is a lay brother of the redoubted fraternity of the Lakers)—taking opium and studying German metaphysics.—Mercy on us !—opium and German Metaphysics !—as if either of them singly were not enough to upset the brain of any half-dozen of human beings. In this retreat he is accidentally visited by a Malay—whom he supposed to be passing to a sea-port which was some miles distant. We shall extract the account

of this visit ;—both from the extreme power with which the description is given, and from its being introductory of the opium-vision which we purpose to transcribe, as one of the shortest, and most easily extracted as a whole :—

The servant who opened the door to him was a young girl born and bred amongst the mountains, who had never seen an Asiatic dress of any sort: his turban, therefore, confounded her not a little : and, as it turned out that his attainments in English were exactly of the same extent as hers in the Malay, there seemed to be an impassable gulf fixed between all communication of ideas, if either party had happened to possess any. In this dilemma, the girl, recollecting the reputed learning of her master, (and, doubtless, giving me credit for a knowledge of all the languages of the earth, besides, perhaps, a few of the lunar ones), came and gave me to understand that there was a sort of demon below, whom she clearly imagined that my art could exorcise from the house. I did not immediately go down: but, when I did, the group which presented itself, arranged as it was by accident, though not very elaborate, took hold of my fancy and my eye in a way that none of the statuesque attitudes exhibited in the ballets at the Opera House, though so ostentatiously complex, had ever done. In a cottage kitchen, but pannelled on the wall with dark wood that from age and rubbing resembled oak, and looking more like a rustic hall of entrance than a kitchen, stood the Malay—his turban and loose trowsers of dingy white relieved upon the dark paneling: he had placed himself nearer to the girl than she seemed to relish ; though her native spirit of mountain intrepidity contended with the feeling of simple awe which her countenance expressed as she gazed upon the tiger-cat before her. And a more striking picture there could not be imagined, than the beautiful English face of the girl, and its exquisite fairness, together with her erect and independent attitude, contrasted with the sallow and bilious skin of the Malay, enamelled or veneered with mahogany, by marine air, his small, fierce, restless eyes, thin lips, slavish gestures and adorations. Half-hidden by the ferocious looking Malay, was a little child from a neighbouring cottage who had crept in after him, and was now in the act of reverting its head, and gazing upwards at the turban and the fiery eyes beneath it, whilst with one hand he caught at the dress of the young woman for protection. My knowledge of the Oriental tongues is not remarkably extensive, being indeed confined to two words—the Arabic word for barley, and the Turkish for opium (madjoon), which I have learnt from Anastasius. And, as I had neither a Malay dictionary, nor even Adelung's *Mithridates*, which might have helped me to a few words, I addressed him in some lines from the *Iliad* ; considering that, of such languages as I possessed, Greek, in point of longitude, came geographically nearest to an Oriental one

He worshipped me in a most devout manner, and replied in what I suppose was Malay. In this way I saved my reputation with my neighbours : for the Malay had no means of betraying the secret. He lay down upon the floor for about an hour, and then pursued his journey. On his departure, I presented him with a piece of opium. To him, as an Orientalist, I concluded that opium must be familiar : and the expression of his face convinced me that it was. Nevertheless, I was struck with some little consternation when I saw him suddenly raise his hand to his mouth, and (in the school-boy phrase) bolt the whole, divided into three pieces, at one mouthful. The quantity was enough to kill three dragoons and their horses : and I felt some alarm for the poor creature : but what could be done ? I had given him the opium in compassion for his solitary life, on recollecting that if he had travelled on foot from London it must be nearly three weeks since he could have exchanged a thought with any human being. I could not think of violating the laws of hospitality, by having him seized and drenched with an emetic, and thus frightening him into a notion that we were going to sacrifice him to some English idol. No: there was clearly no help for it:—he took his leave: and for some days I felt anxious : but as I never heard of any Malay being found dead, I became convinced that he was used to opium : and that I must have done him the service I designed, by giving him one night of respite from the pains of wandering. p. 129-134.

The following extract relates to a period at some considerable distance from the date of the foregoing—but time and space seem to be nothing in the visions caused by opium. We confess that the passage appears to us to be very terrible:—

The Malay has been a fearful enemy for months. I have been every night, through his means, transported into Asiatic scenes. I know not whether others share in my feelings on this point: but I have often thought that if I were compelled to forego England, and to live in China and among Chinese manners and modes of life and scenery, I should go mad. The causes of my horror lie deep ; and some of them must be common to others. Southern Asia, in general, is the seat of awful images and associations. As the cradle of the human race, it would alone have a dim and reverential feeling connected with it. But there are other reasons. No man can pretend that the wild, barbarous, and capricious superstitions of Africa, or of savage tribes elsewhere, affect him in the way that he is affected by the ancient, monumental, cruel, and elaborate religions of Indostan, &c. The mere antiquity of Asiatic things, of their institutions, histories, modes of faith, &c., is so impressive, that to me the vast age of the race and name overpowers the sense of youth in the individual. A young Chinese seems to me an

antediluvian man renewed. Even Englishmen, though not bred in any knowledge of such institutions, cannot but shudder at the mystic sublimity of *castes* that have flowed apart, and refused to mix, through such immemorial tracts of time ; nor can any man fail to be awed by the names of the Ganges, or the Euphrates. It contributes much to these feelings, that southern Asia is, and has been for thousands of years, the part of the earth most swarming with human life ; the great *officina gentium*. Man is a weed in those regions. The vast empires also, into which the enormous population of Asia has always been cast, give a further sublimity to the feelings associated with all Oriental names or images. In China, over and above what it has in common with the rest of southern Asia, I am terrified by the modes of life, by the manners, and the barrier of utter abhorrence, and want of sympathy, placed between us by feelings deeper than I can analyze. I could sooner live with lunatics, or brute animals. All this, and much more than I can say, or have time to say, the reader must enter into before he can comprehend the unimaginable horror which these dreams of Oriental imagery, and mythological tortures, impressed upon me. Under the connecting feeling of tropical heat and vertical sun-lights, I brought together all creatures, birds, beasts, reptiles, all trees and plants, usages and appearances, that are found in all tropical regions, and assembled them together in China or Indostan. From kindred feelings, I soon brought Egypt and all her gods under the same law. I was stared at, hooted at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkeys, by paroquets, by cockatoos. I ran into pagados : and was fixed, for centuries, at the summit, or in secret rooms ; I was the idol, I was the priest ; I was worshipped ; I was sacrificed. I fled from the wrath of Brama through all the forests of Asia : Vishnu hated me : Seeva laid wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris : I had done a deed, they said, which the ibis and the crocodile trembled at. I was buried, for a thousand years, in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes, in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed with cancerous kisses, by crocodiles ; and laid confounded with all unutterable slimy things, amongst reeds and Nilotic mud.

I thus give the readersome slight abstraction of my Oriental dreams, which always filled me with such amazement at the monstrous scenery, that horror seemed absorbed, for awhile, in sheer astonishment. Sooner or later, came a reflux of feeling that swallowed up astonishment, and left me, not so much in terror, as in hatred and abomination of what I saw. Over every form, and threat, and punishment, and dim sightless incarceration, brooded a sense of eternity and infinity that drove me into an oppression as of madness. Into these dreams only, it was, with one or two slight exceptions, that any circumstances of physical horror entered. All before had been moral and spiritual terrors. But here the main agents were ugly birds, or

snakes, or crocodiles; especially the last. The cursed crocodile became to me the object of more horror than almost all the rest. I was compelled to live with him; and (as was always the case almost in my dreams) for centuries. I, escaped sometimes, and found myself in Chinese houses, with cane tables, &c. All the feet of the tables, sofas, &c., soon became instinct with life: the abominable head of the crocodile, and his leering eyes, looked out at me, multiplied into a thousand repetitions: and I stood loathing and fascinated. And so often did this hideous reptile haunt my dreams, that many times the very same dream was broken up in the very same way: I heard gentle voices speaking to me (I hear every thing when I am sleeping); and instantly I awoke: it was broad noon; and my children were standing, hand in hand, at my bed-side; come to show me their coloured shoes or new frocks, or to let me see them dressed for going out. I protest that so awful was the transition from the damned crocodile, and the other unutterable monsters and abortions of my dreams, to the sight of innocent *human* natures and of infancy, that, in the mighty and sudden revulsion of mind I wept, and could not forbear it, as I kissed their faces.—p. 167-172.

We really cannot preserve a tone of levity when we read of sufferings like these—which, we have not the slightest doubt, are perfectly and strictly true. We fear, also, we very much fear, that these inflictions, though infinitely diminished, have not entirely passed away. At the end of the confessions which were published last year, the author left us, purposely, as he says, in the belief that he had shaken off this damned and terrible habit—he even said that he had “accomplished what I never yet heard attributed to any other man—untwisted almost to its final links the damned chain which fettered me.”—But, by an appendix which is added to the present volume, it appears that those last links were of much greater force,—that they had far firmer hold—than the unhappy sufferer believed. “In no long time,” says he, “after that paper was written, I became sensible that the effort which remained would cost me far more energy than I had anticipated.”—He then proceeds to give an account of his struggles;

and as they are more minutely detailed, so are they perhaps the most intensely interesting of any thing in this most interesting book.—Long as this article has stretched to, we must give the whole passage;—it closes the volume:—

Those who have read the Confessions will have closed them with the impression that I had wholly renounced the use of Opium. This impression I meant to convey : and that for two reasons : first, because the very act of deliberately recording such a state of suffering necessarily presumes in the recorder a power of surveying his own case as a cool spectator, and a degree of spirits for adequately describing it, which it would be inconsistent to suppose in any person speaking from the station of an actual sufferer : secondly, because I, who had descended from so large a quantity as 8000 drops to so small a one (comparatively speaking) as a quantity ranging between 300 and 160 drops, might well suppose that the victory was in effect achieved. In suffering my readers therefore to think of me as of a reformed opium-eater, I left no impression but what I shared myself ; and, as may be seen, even this impression was left to be collected from the general tone of the conclusion, and not from any specific words—which are in no instance at variance with the literal truth.—In no long time after that paper was written, I became sensible that the effort which remained would cost me far more energy than I had anticipated ; and the necessity for making it was more apparent every month. In particular I became aware of an increasing callousness or defect of sensibility in the stomach ; and this I imagined might imply a schirrous state of that organ either formed or forming. An eminent physician, to whose kindness I was at that time deeply indebted, informed me that such a termination of my case was not impossible, though likely to be forestalled by a different termination, in the event of my continuing the use of opium. Opium therefore I resolved wholly to objure, as soon as I should find myself at liberty to bend my undivided attention and energy to this purpose. It was not however until the 24th of June last that any tolerable concurrence of facilities for such an attempt arrived. On that day I began my experiment, having previously settled in my own mind that I would not flinch, but would “stand up to the scratch”—under any possible “punishment.” I must premise that about 170 or 180 drops had been my ordinary allowance for many months : occasionally I had run up as high as 500 ; and once nearly to 700 : in repeated preludes to my final experiment I had also gone as low as 100 drops ; but had found it impossible to stand it beyond the 4th day—which, by the way, I have always found more difficult to get over than any of the preceding three. I went off under easy sail—130 drops a day for 3 days : on

the 4th I plunged at once to 80: the misery which I now suffered "took the conceit" out of me at once: and for about a month I continued off and on about this mark: then I sunk to 60: and the next day to—none at all. This was the first day for nearly ten years that I had existed without opium. I persevered in my abstinence for 90 hours; i. e., upwards of half a week. Then I took—ask me not how much: say, ye severest, what would ye have done? then I abstained again: then took about 25 drops: then abstained: and so on.

Meantime the symptoms which attended my case for the first six weeks of the experiment were these:—enormous irritability and excitement of the whole system: the stomach in particular restored to a full feeling of vitality and sensibility; but often in great pain: unceasing restlessness night and day: sleep—I scarcely knew what it was: 8 hours out of the 24 was the utmost I had, and that so agitated and shallow that I heard every sound that was near me: lower jaw constantly swelling: mouth ulcerated: and many other distressing symptoms that would be tedious to repeat; amongst which however I must mention one, because it had never failed to accompany any attempt to renounce opium—viz., violent sternutation: this now became exceedingly troublesome: sometimes lasting for 2 hours at once, and recurring at least twice or three times a day. I was not much surprised at this, on recollecting what I had somewhere heard or read, that the membrane which lines the nostrils is a prolongation of that which lines the stomach: whence I believe are explained the inflammatory appearances about the nostrils of dram-drinkers. The sudden restoration of its original sensibility to the stomach expressed itself, I suppose, in this way. It is remarkable also that, during the whole period of years through which I had taken opium, I had never once caught cold (as the phrase is,) nor even the slightest cough. But now a violent cold attacked me, and a cough soon after. In an unfinished fragment of a letter begun about this time to — I find these words: "You ask me to write the ——. Do you know Beaumont and Fletcher's play of Thierry and Theodoret? There you will see my case as to sleep: nor is it much of an exaggeration in other features.—I protest to you that I have a greater influx of thoughts in one hour at present than in a whole year under the reign of opium. It seems as though all the thoughts which had been frozen up for a deced of years by opium, had now according to the old fable been thawed at once—such a multitude stream in upon me from all quarters. Yet such is my impatience and hideous irritability—that, for one which I detain and write down, 50 escape me; in spite of my weariness from suffering and want of sleep, I cannot stand still or sit for 2 minutes together. 'I nunc, et versus tecum meditare canoros.'

At this stage of my experiment I sent to a neighbouring surgeon, requesting that he would come over to see me. In the evening he came: and after briefly stating the case to him, I asked this question:—Whether he did not think that the opium might have acted as a stimulus to the digestive organs; and that the present state of suffering in the stomach, which manifestly was the cause of the inability to sleep, might arise from indigestion? His answer was—No: on the contrary he thought that the suffering was caused by digestion itself—which should naturally go on below the consciousness, but which from the unnatural state of the stomach, vitiated by so long a use of opium, was become distinctly perceptible. This opinion was plausible: and the unintermitting nature of the suffering disposes me to think that it was true: for, if it had been any mere *irregular* affection of the stomach, it should naturally have intermitted occasionally, and constantly fluctuated as to degree. The intention of nature, as manifested in the healthy state, obviously is—to withdraw from our notice all the vital motions, such as the circulation of the blood, the expansion and contraction of the lungs, the peristaltic action of the stomach, &c.; and opium, it seems, is able in this as in other instances to counteract her purposes.—By the advice of the surgeon I tried *bitters*: for a short-time these greatly mitigated the feelings under which I laboured: but about the forty-second day of the experiment the symptoms already noticed began to retire, and new ones to arise of a different and far more tormenting class: under these, but with a few intervals of remission, I have since continued to suffer. But I dismiss them undescribed for two reasons: 1st, because the mind revolts from retracing circumstantially any sufferings from which it is removed by too short or by no interval: to do this with minuteness enough to make the review of any use—would be indeed “*infandum renovare dolorem*,” and possibly without a sufficient motive: for 2dly, I doubt whether this latter state be any way referable to opium—positively considered, or even negatively; that is, whether it is to be numbered amongst the last evils from the direct action of opium, or even amongst the earliest evils consequent upon a want of opium in a system long deranged by its use. Certainly one part of the symptoms might be accounted for from the time of year (August): for, though the summer was not a hot one, yet in any case the sum of all the heat *funded* (if one may say so) during the previous months, added to the existing heat of that month, naturally renders August in its better half the hottest part of the year: and it so happened that the excessive perspiration, which even at Christmas attends any great reduction in the daily quantum of opium—and which in July was so violent as to oblige me to use a bath five or six times a day, had about the setting in of the hottest season wholly retired: on which account any bad effect of the heat might be the more unmitigated. Another symptom, viz., what in my ignorance I call internal rheuma-

tism (sometimes affecting the shoulders, &c., but more often appearing to be seated in the stomach,) seemed again less probably attributable to the opium or the want of opium than to the dampness of the house which I inhabit which had about that time attained its maximum—July having been, as usual, a month of incessant rain in our most rainy part of England. Under these reasons for doubting whether opium had any connexion with the latter stage of my bodily wretchedness—(except indeed as an occasional cause, as having left the body weaker and more crazy, and thus pre-disposed to any mal-influence whatever,)—I willingly spare my reader all description of it: let it perish to him: and would that I could as easily say, let it perish to my own remembrances: that any future hours of tranquillity may not be disturbed by too vivid an ideal of possible human misery!

So much for the sequel of my experiment: as to the former stage, in which properly lies the experiment and its application to other cases, I must request my reader not to forget the reasons for which I have recorded it: these were two: 1st, a belief that I might add some trifle to the history of opium as a medical agent: in this I am aware that I have not at all fulfilled my own intentions, in consequence of the torpor of mind—pain of body—and extreme disgust to the subject which besieged me whilst writing that part of my paper; which part, being immediately sent off to the press (distant about five degrees of latitude,) cannot be corrected or improved. But from this account, rambling as it may be, it is evident that thus much of benefit may arise to the persons most interested in such a history of opium—viz., to opium-eaters in general—that it establishes, for their consolation and encouragement, the fact that opium may be renounced; and without greater sufferings than an ordinary resolution may support; and by a pretty rapid course* of descent.

* On which last notice I would remark that mine was *too* rapid, and the suffering therefore needlessly aggravated: or rather perhaps it was not sufficiently continuous and equably graduated. But, that the reader may judge for himself—and above all that the opium-eater, who is preparing to retire from business, may have every sort of information before him, I subjoin my diary:

FIRST WEEK.		SECOND WEEK.	
	Drops of Laud.		Drops of Laud.
Mond. June 24	130	Mond. July 1	80
— 25	140	— 2	80
— 26	130	— 3	90
— 27	80	— 4	100
— 28	80	— 5	80
— 29	80	— 6	80
— 30	80	— 7	80

THIRD

To communicate this result of my experiment—was my foremost purpose. 2dly, as a purpose collateral to this, I wished to explain how it had become impossible for me to compose a Third Part in time to accompany this republication: for during the very time of this experiment, the proof sheets of this reprint were sent to me from London, and such was my inability to expand or to improve them, that I could not even bear to read them over with attention enough to notice the press errors, or to correct any verbal inaccuracies. These were my reasons for troubling my reader with any record, long or short, of experiments relating to so truly base a subject as my own body: and I am earnest with the reader that he will not forget them, or so far misapprehend me as to believe it possible that I would condescend to so rascally a subject for its own sake, or indeed for any less object than that of general benefit to others. Such an animal as the self-observing valetudinarian—I know there is: I have met him myself occasionally:

THIRD WEEK.			FOURTH WEEK.		
		Drops of Laud.			Drops of Laud.
Mond. July	8	300	Mond. July	15	76
—	9	50	—	16	73½
—	10		—	17	73½
—	11	Hiatus in MS.	—	18	70
—	12		—	19	840
—	13		—	20	80
—	14		—	21	350
		76			
FIFTH WEEK.					
		Drops of Laud.			
Mond. July	22	60			
—	23	none			
—	24	none			
—	25	none			
—	26	200			
—	27	none.			

What mean these abrupt relapses, the reader will ask perhaps, to such numbers as 300—350, &c.? The *impulse* to these relapses, was mere infirmity of purpose: the *motive*, where any motive blended with this impulse, was either the principle of "*reculer pour mieux sauter*;" (for under the torpor of a large dose, which lasted for a day or two a less quantity satisfied the stomach—which, on awaking, found itself partly accustomed to this new ration): or else it was this principle—that of sufferings otherwise equal those will be borne best which meet with a mood of anger; now, whenever I ascended to any large dose, I was furiously incensed on the following day, and could then have borne any thing.

and I know that he is the worst imaginable *heautontimoroumenos*; aggravating and sustaining, by calling into distinct consciousness every symptom that would else perhaps—under a different direction given to the thoughts—become evanescent. But as to myself, so profound is my contempt for this undignified and selfish habit, that I could as little condescend to it as I could to spend my time in watching a poor servant girl—to whom at this moment I hear some lad or other making love at the back of my house. Is it for a Transcendental Philosopher to feel any curiosity on such an occasion? Or can I, whose life is worth only 8½ years' purchase, be supposed to have leisure for such trivial employments?—However, to put this out of question, I shall say one thing, which will perhaps shock some readers: but I am sure it ought not to do so, considering the motives on which I say it. No man, I suppose, employs much of his time on the phenomena of his own body without some regard for it; whereas the reader sees that, so far from looking upon mine with any complacency of regard, I hate it and make it the object of my bitter ridicule and contempt: and I should not be displeased to know that the last indignities which the law inflicts upon the bodies of the worst malefactors might hereafter fall upon it. And, in testification of my sincerity in saying this, I shall make the following offer. Like other men, I have particular fancies about the place of my burial: having lived chiefly in a mountainous region, I rather cleave to the conceit that a grave in a green church-yard amongst the ancient and solitary hills will be a sublimer and more tranquil place of repose for a philosopher than any in the hideous Golgothas of London. Yet if the gentlemen of Surgeons' Hall think that any benefit can redound to their science from inspecting the appearances in the body of an opium-eater, let them speak but a word, and I will take care that mine shall be legally secured to them—i. e., as soon as I have done with it myself. Let them not hesitate to express their wishes upon any scruples of false delicacy, and consideration for my feelings: I assure them they will do too much honour by 'demonstrating' on such a crazy body as mine: and it will give me pleasure to anticipate this posthumous revenge and insult inflicted upon that which has caused me so much suffering in this life. Such bequests are not common: reversionary benefits contingent upon the death of the testator are indeed dangerous to announce in many cases: of this we have a remarkable instance in the habits of a Roman prince—who used, upon any notification made to him by rich persons that they had left him a handsome estate in their wills, to express his entire satisfaction at such arrangements, and his gracious acceptance of those loyal legacies: but then, if the testators neglected to give him immediate possession of the property, if they traitorously 'persisted' in living (*si vivere perseverarent*, as Suetonius expresses it), he was highly provoked, and took his measures accordingly.—In those times, and from one of the worst of the Cæsars, we might expect such conduct: but I am

sure that from English surgeons at this day I need look for no expressions of impatience, or of any other feelings but such as are answerable to that pure love of science and all its interests which induces me to make such an offer.— p. 190-206.

How very extraordinary is this! We never met any person so strongly distinguishing between body and soul—or rather who so completely looked upon his soul to be his self, and his body a mere case*. The spirit of anger and revenge, which he seems to feel towards his own body is most *singular*, in the strict sense of the word—for we believe there never was any one who hated his physical frame in any manner at all like this. Pope, Scarron, and others have incidentally alluded in a sneering manner to their personal deformities. Scarron, especially, makes it the subject of many of his jests;—but though many persons—Pope in particular—have been, and are, exceedingly angry at their being deformed or ill-favoured, yet we believe few, if any of them, feel hatred towards the actual carcase of the imperfections of which they complain. The feelings of the Opium-eater towards *his* body arise;

* We lately had the pleasure of going over the *atelier* of Mr. Newton, in which we saw the portrait of an (not this) Opium-eater. We never saw a piece which struck us more. The Opium-eater was a lecturer, and is drawn in the act of delivering his lecture;—the arm is extended, and the long lean hand drooped downwards;—the tall gaunt form—the meagre and embrowned visage—and, above all, the eye, beaming with indescribable unearthly expression—all this renders the whole figure like that of a being of another world;—an embodying of one of the imaginations of Goëthe. This picture is little more than a sketch; but we confess we like the first impress of genius in everything—before the cold hand of correction has polished away its more irregular but stronger beauties. We hope Mr. Newton will be induced to exhibit this piece. In our view, it will add materially indeed to his reputation—for his pencil has hitherto been chiefly noted for its perfection of delicate humour and arch playfulness, whereas this effort is one of equal excellence in a much higher branch of art.

however, from totally different causes; and we cannot help saying that we consider it somewhat unjust to confine these revengeful wishes wholly to the *physique*;—if his *morale* had not been of the very most extraordinary nature, he never would have starved in the way he did—his stomach would then never have suffered those violent pains which drove him to opium—*argal*, he would never have undergone the pangs arising from opium-eating.

We hope that the surgeons *will* profit by the author's offer:—we speak in perfect seriousness—for we hold in extreme contempt the estimation of the carrion-like carcase, when the informing spirit is gone;—and in a case such as this, where the interests of medical science would be so materially benefited, we really think that “no scruples of false delicacy” should stand in their way. We truly hope, however, that the surgeons will have to wait very long for their reversion.

It will be seen that we have taken the author's offer *au pied de la lettre*;—we do indeed, we must repeat, though not in the least given to be over credulous, put faith in all that the author has confessed. He leaves us, we regret, without a positive assurance that the final links *are* untwisted—and, from the purposed deception of his former conclusion, we fear that they are not. Still he has evidently lightened and loosened his chain to a very great degree, and we trust that it will ere long wholly and finally fall from him. We hope, in the next edition, he will give us this assurance in direct terms.

We have thus given our readers a taste—and we can assure them it is no more—of this very extraordinary volume. It is written almost throughout with the force, rapidity, and felicity of style which must

have been remarked in the extracts we have made. Some few instances there are of extravagance—such as apostrophizing Oxford-street as a ‘stony-hearted step-mother!’—but for the most part the powers of composition are worthy of the powers of mind which the book so eminently displays. There is on occasion, also, a flash of pungent humour, which shews that the author might, if he chose it, be as distinguished as a wit as he is as a scholar and a metaphysician.—Our extracts have been, to use an established phrase, copious—but we can assure our readers that they are but a specimen of the curiosities to be found in this ‘Book of Wonders.’

Sylla, Tragédie en Cinq Actes. Par E. JOUY, Membre de l'Institut, (Académie Française.) Paris, Ponthieu, 1822.

THIS work possesses great claims to interest. It is the production of a person of distinguished talents and reputation, and has had, from various causes, splendid and extraordinary success. The name of M. de Jouy is well known in this country, principally from the *Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin*, and the succeeding similar publications. These works, which have been collectively published under the title of “*Mœurs Françaises*,” are very generally read in England, and as generally admired. For our own part, they have always possessed to us the greatest fascination,—and we have ever placed them in a far higher rank than the lightness of such compositions at first sight seems to deserve. In writings treating of the passing frivolities of Parisian fashionable life, it is na-

tural to expect much of that elegance, archness, and *malice*—that graceful and happy embodying of character,—in a word, that “*grace de pinceau*,” by which the French are so pre-eminently distinguished in their works of this kind. But it is *not* usual to find, mixed with the perfection of all this, the most touching sentiment—the deepest pathos—and, occasionally, lofty and philosophical thought, as we do in the works which we have named. They are also marked by a knowledge of human nature more intimate, accurate, and extensive than was ever displayed by any writer, if we except, perhaps, Fielding—and by an almost miraculous felicity of expression, which we certainly have never seen equalled in any writer whatever. One cannot read a page of these delightful compositions without meeting with some phrase which shines brilliantly forth as an aphorism perfect in itself—which strikes at once upon the mind—and remains impressed there by its force, condensity, and truth. We could cite numberless examples of this—but, instead of taking any of these gems from their settings, we will extract one or two samples of the varied beauties of these volumes—which will, at the same time, serve to shew that the praise we have given them is by no means hyperbolical or overcharged. We shall first quote a specimen of that simple pathos of which we have spoken above. It is remarkable how little working up of effect there is, and yet how much effect is produced—how little the author discusses and points out causes of sorrow, and yet how infinitely touching the whole picture is, simply from the grouping of persons and events by the hand of true taste and real feeling. The paper from which our extract is made is entitled, “*Enterrement d’une Jeune Fille* :—”

Mademoiselle de Vilarmonf touchait à sa quinième année; élevée

sous les yeux et par les soins de la plus tendre mère, on la citait déjà comme un modèle de toutes les perfections. C'était la première année que la jeune Robertine paraissait dans le monde; tous les yeux étaient tournés sur elle; et son heureuse mère jouissait avec trop de confiance (pour quoi n'osai-je pas dire avec trop d'orgueil?) des succès brillans qu'obtenait sa fille dans les concerts, dans les bals de famille, dont elle était l'objet et l'ornement. L'anniversaire de la naissance de Mademoiselle de Villarmont avait été l'occasion d'une fête brillante chez son grand-père maternel, elle y avait fait ce qu'on appelle événement, par le charme répandu sur toute sa personne, par l'extrême supériorité des talens dont elle avoit fait preuve, et qu'une touchante modestie faisait ressortir encore avec plus d'éclat.

M. de Vilarmont n'avait pu venir avec ces dames; j'avais été chargé par lui du soin de les conduire; et pendant tout le tems du bal, qui se prolongea fort avant dans la nuit, je fis auprès de la belle Robertine l'office de *cavalière servente*. Je tenais, pendant qu'elle dansait, son éventail et son mouchoir, je la ramenais à sa place, et j'avais soin de la couvrir de son schall aussitôt que la contredanse était finie. J'étais sous le charme tout comme les autres. . . Qu'il fut promptement et douloureusement détruit! "Il était deux heures lorsqu'on sortit, Robertine avait dansé la dernière *Anglaise*, elle avait chaud; sa mère voulait qu'elle se reposât; mais avec un schall, un *par-dessus* en fourrure, dans une voiture bien fermée, quel danger pouvait-il y avoir? Nous descendîmes; le cocher n'était point à des chevaux: pendant que les laquais couraient après lui, il fallut attendre quelques minutes sous un péristyle glacé (inconvenient presque général à Paris, et dont les palais même ne sont pas exempts.) Enfin, la voiture avança; Mad. de Vilarmont me descendit chez moi, et l'aimable Robertine me dit en me quittant qu'elle ne pouvait plus se passer de moi, et qu'elle me retenait pour tous les bal de l'année prochaine. "Si je suis encore en vie, lui répondis-je en riant; car il y a bien loin pour moi jusque-là." Devais-je croire qu'il y eût encore plus loin pour elle?

Je retournai le surlendemain chez M. de Vilarmont; la famille était réunie dans la chambre de Robertine, qu'un violent mal de tête retenait au lit: ses yeux étaient étincelans, sa peau brulante, sa respiration pénible. Je ne sais quel affreux pressentiment me saisit. L'air de sécurité répandu sur toutes les figures, même sur celle de la mère assise au chevet du lit de sa fille qui lui tenait la main, m'aurait surpris s'il n'eût été motivé par l'assurance doctorale d'un jeune médecin en *Titus* artistement bouclée, lequel assurait (en se regardant au miroir, et en secouant du bout du doigt le reste d'une prise de tabac tombée sur son jabot de batiste,) que le pouls n'avait plus qu'un mouvement fébrile, effet inévitable du paroxysme de la veille. Je sortis, moins rassuré par les grands mots du docteur que par la prudence du pree, et la jeunesse de la malade.

J'allai passer trois jours à la campagne : de retour chez moi, mon portier me remit mes lettres ; dans le nombre se trouvait une de plus grande dimension que les autres : je l'ouvre, et sur un papier gris-délin satiné, dont les vignettes lugubres n'offrent à l'œil que des attributs de mort, je lis avec une émotion impossible à décrire, les mots de *convoi*, de *service*, de *Robertine* Je me jette dans une voiture ; j'arrive à l'hôtel de Vilarmont : on y suspend déjà les fatales draperies. Je traverse les appartemens déserts, je cours au cabinet de M. de Vilarmont : il s'y promène à grands pas ; il me voit, et se jette dans mes bras sans articuler un seul mot Le silence du courage aux prises avec le malheur repoussait toutes ces consolations banales dont l'indifférence est prodigue. " Venez," me dit-il après quelques momens, " j'ai besoin de vous pour m'aider à forcer ma femme à quitter cette maison " Quel spectacle m'attendait auprès de cette mère infortunée ! Jamais le désespoir ne s'est offert à mes yeux sous des traits aussi déchirans : à genoux près de la porte de la chambre de sa fille, dont ses amis lui interdisaient l'entrée, elle ne pleurait plus ; ses yeux sanglans étaient secs, fixes, égarés : " Robertine ! ma fille ! " étaient les seuls mots qui pussent s'échapper de sa bouche. Je fis à dessein moi-même retentir à son oreille ce nom chéri ; ses larmes recommencèrent à couler, bientôt ses forces l'abandonnèrent ; elle s'évanouit, et nous profitâmes de ce moment cruel pour la transporter par le jardin dans la voiture où son mari monta avec elle pour la conduire chez son père. Je revins au salon, où tous les amis de la famille, en habits de deuil, et dans le plus morne silence, étaient assemblés pour la cérémonie funèbre ; les croisées ouvertes laissaient voir, sous la grande porte de l'hôtel, le cercueil recouvert d'une draperie blanche à franges d'argent, et entouré de vingt jeunes filles vêtues de blanc, le front couvert d'une long voile de monsseline, et dont les sanglots et les prières arrivèrent jusqu'à nous. Le maître de cérémonie vint nous prévenir ; nous descendîmes. Le corps avait été placé dans un char drapé comme le cercueil, et sur lequel étaient montées quatre jeunes filles, qui tenaient les coins du drap mortuaire, et tendaient à leur compagnes les bouts des bandelettes d'argent dont le cercueil était entouré. Les parens, ensévelis en quelque sorte sous leurs voiles de crêpe, suivaient à pied, et les nombreux amis, dans des carrosses de deuil, prolongeaient le cortège, dont la marche était fermée par les domestiques de la maison, vêtus en noir.

La première station se fit à l'église des Mathurins, où fut célébrée la cérémonie religieuse, après laquelle le convoi se mit en marche dans le même ordre, et s'achemina vers le cimetière de Montmartre.

A notre ap proche, les portes fatales s'ouvrirent ; le concierge nous conduisit silencieusement au fond de la vallée, où, sous des touffes de verdure, près de la tombe où dort le chantre des saisons, la terre avait été creusée pour recevoir les restes d'un être charmant que le ciel sembla n'avoir montré quelques momens au monde que pour y

laisser l'éternel regret de sa perte. Robertine n'avait point de noms à transmettre à la postérité; sa mémoire appartient toute entière à ses parens inconsolables; aussi pour toute épitaphe se sont-ils concertés de faire graver sur la pierre qui la dérobe à jamais aux regards, la stance de Malherbe que j'ai citée au commencement de cet article*.

—*L'Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin*, Vol. ii.

We must oppose to this pure and simple pathos a specimen of that skill in portrait painting of which we have spoken above. The following shrewd and lively sketches are taken from a paper, significantly entitled "Quelques Ridicules." We scarcely know any subject more proper in a collection of observations on Parisian society. In Paris, "un ridicule," once fixed, is like the Old Man of the Sea on Sindbad's shoulders, equally burthensome and irremovable. It is enough to blast the fairest hopes—to crush the most rising reputation. Youth, beauty, fortune, fame, are alike subject to its cankerous influence. What was called "the spirit of the times" in London, two hundred years ago, is certainly that of Paris at the present day—"gentlemen are much less afraid of being profligate than ridiculous†". And truly this dread of the Leviathan Ridicule is not much to be marvelled at, if, as our author has defined it in another place, "Ce n'est pas un défaut; ce n'est pas un vice; ce n'est pas un crime: c'est bien pis."

"L'Hermite" is occupied in proving to a "country-cousin," that in Paris neither talent, nor fortune, nor any thing in the whole world, is secure against, "un ridicule":—

J'avais remarqué à l'autre bout de la table un certain M. Desfossés sur lequel je comptais beaucoup pour donner à mon provincial la

* Elle était de ce monde où les plus belles choses
Ont le pire destin;
Et, rose, elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses,
L'espace d'un matin.

† Shirley's Gamester.

preuve que la fortune la plus considérable ne met pas à l'abri du ridicule—Cet épais Crépus est, sans aucune espèce de comparaison, l'homme le plus étranger aux convenances et le plus malheureux en à-propos. Il ne lui était pas encore échappé aucune impertinence ; mais j'espérais toujours, car il n'avait encore rien dit. Vers la fin du dîner, Madame de Morville cherchait à rendre la conversation générale, et à interrompre un fatigant monologue du chevalier d'Arcis, en donnant l'exemple de ne pas l'écouter. On fait taire les grands parleurs en ne les écoutant pas, comme un violon arrête les danseurs en cessant de jouer. On vint à parler de l'esprit, de ses avantages, de ses inconvénients, et plusieurs convives en firent un éloge tout-à-fait désintéressé. M. Desfossés ne perdit pas une si belle occasion de faire briller le sien, et, sans se douter de la modestie dont il faisait preuve en soutenant une pareille thèse, il se mit à déclamer contre l'esprit en présence de gens dont la plupart ne pouvaient pas avoir d'autres prétensions. Il soutint qu'il est presque impossible que ce don du ciel s'allie avec un bon cœur ; qu'il est la source de tous les vices qui inondent la société, de tous les maux politiques qui affligent les états ; enfin, que l'esprit a tout perdu en France.

“ Ah ! Monsieur, s'il est ainsi,” lui répondit Madame de C* *, “ que ne sauvez-vous la chose publique ! ” L'éclat de rire général qu'excita cette saillie, loin de déconcerter un athlète qui combattait sur son terrain, lui donna le courage de mettre en évidence les ridicules dont il est abondamment pourvu.

En sortant de table, M. de Vallière se rapprocha de moi, et nous nous communiquâmes mutuellement nos observations. La hasard l'avait placé à table auprès d'un homme qui l'avait ennuyé le plus spirituellement du monde ; il m'en demandait la raison. “ Vous étiez, lui dis-je, à côté d'un bel esprit, auprès de qui Marivaux n'est rien en fait et de jargon et de subtilités ; on l'a surnommé le Manatiasius du sentiment : c'est un homme qui passe ses idées au laminoir, si j'ose m'exprimer ainsi, et qui dévide en vingt pages une pensée qui pourrait s'exprimer en quelques mots. Cet académicien de province a le ridicule de l'observation ; il ne regarde pas les objets avec des lunettes, mais avec un microscope : aussi la jeune et jolite Comtesse de * * *, qu'il regardait un jour avec beaucoup d'attention, lui dit-elle en riant : “ Je parie, Monsieur, que vous voyez des écailles sur ma peau.”

Je pourrais, continua-je, vous montrer ici des modèles de presque tous les genres de ridicules ; mais je me contente de vous en indiquer quelques-un, et je vous laisse le soin d'en faire l'application. Avec un peu d'attention, vous remarquerez bientôt une petite dame qui a le ridicule de s'occuper d'elle exclusivement, et de ne pas concevoir qu'on puisse s'entretenir d'autre chose que de sa personne, de ses talens, des ses chagrins, et de ses plaisirs.

“ Un ridicule plus intolérable, puisqu'il n'est racheté par aucun agrément, est celui de ce *ci-devant jeune homme* que vous trouverez ici, par la raison qu'on le trouve partout. Ce vétéran de la fatuité va de boudoir en boudoir promener d'insipides hommages que plusieurs jeunes femmes écoutent encore par respect pour la mémoire de leur grand-mères, qui les ont jadis accueillis. Si vous voulez avoir une idée du rôle le plus ridicule qu'un homme, après cinquante ans, puisse jouer auprès des femmes, vous l'observerez folâtrant autour d'elles avec toute la grâce d'une chenille qui se traîne sur des roses, et vous écouterez toutes les vieilles impertinences, qu'il débite à ces dames en passant ses doigts dans les cheveux d'emprunt qui couvre sa tête chauve. Au ridicule d'une galanterie surannée, vous ne tarderez pas à vous apercevoir qu'il joint celui de la méchanceté sans esprit; vous l'entendrez dénigrer tous les talens, contester tous les succès, affaiblir tous les éloges, et r'enchérir sur toutes les critiques” Comme je parlais, on annonça M. d'Epilly; mon voisin le reconnut au premier coup-d'œil pour celui dont je venais de lui esquisser le portrait.—d. Vol. iii.

But we must now come to the work immediately before us. It is preceded by a “ Preamble Historique,” which is remarkable in several points of view. It divides itself naturally into three heads—the character of Sylla—a parallel between Sylla and Napoleon—and a sort of theory of the French drama. On each of these we shall offer a few observations.

Of the character of Sylla, M. de Jouy seems to have formed a very extraordinary idea, taken, as he says, from the sketch by Montesquieu in the “ Grandeur et Décadence des Romains.” He represents him as having committed all the horrors of his dictatorship—his proscriptions, his confiscations, and his plunderings—solely to bring back the Romans to the love of liberty, by making them feel in the extreme all the horrors of a despotic government. Those deeds, which to all mankind appear the result of the most violent passions, additionally inflamed by all the drunkenness of power, are here made to appear merely part of a long calculation—of a fearful plot—to bring the state through deluges of blood to the

restoration of its ancient liberty. In this way, also, M. de Jouy strives to explain the long-unsolved riddle of Sylla's abdication. Having brought the Romans to the desired pitch of hatred towards tyranny, he abdicates, to give the power, as well as the will, to restore the ancient freedom of their government. This view of Sylla's character is sufficiently fantastic in itself—but, what is still more strange, is that, so far from its being taken from Montesquieu, all that he does say is to a directly contrary effect. We shall lay the parallel passages before our readers. After narrating the principal events of Sylla's career, M. de Jouy thus proceeds:—

Tels sont les grands traits de la vie de Sylla ; je les ai recueillis dans Plutarque, Appien, Valère-Maxime, Velleius-Paterculus, etc. Quant à son terrible caractère, aucun de ses historiens n'a su le pénétrer, et Montesquieu est le seul qui ait éclairé cet abîme d'un rayon de son génie.

Sous la plume de l'auteur immortel *de la Grandeur et de la Décadence des Romains*, Sylla devient le réformateur de Rome ; il asservit les Romains pour leur faire haïr l'esclavage ; il veut les ramener à l'amour de la liberté par les horreurs de la tyrannie ; et quand il a suffisamment abusé du pouvoir dans l'intérêt de la république, qu'il ne sépare pas de ses vengeances personnelles, satisfait de la leçon sanglante qu'il a donnée à ses compatriotes, il brise lui-même la palme du dictateur, qu'il a usurpée, et vient, avec un sourire effrayant, se confondre parmi les citoyens dont chacun peut lui demander compte d'un acte de sa cruelle dictature.

Ainsi toute cette vie est une combinaison ; toute cette tyrannie est un calcul ; toute cette audace est du sang-froid et du raisonnement.

Plus j'ai médité sur l'étonnante contradiction du caractère de Sylla, plus je me suis convaincu que le génie de lumière qui avait su expliquer l'énigme de la grandeur des Romains avait également pénétré l'âme de cet homme extraordinaire.

Ce n'est point ce Sylla si imparfaitement esquissé par Plutarque, c'est ce Sylla si admirablement indiqué par Montesquieu que j'ai voulu reproduire sur la scène.—p. vii., viii.

Now let us turn to the portrait actually drawn by Montesquieu:—

Sylla fit des lois très propres à ôter la cause des désordres qu'on avait vus : elles augmentaient l'autorité du sénat, tempéroient le pouvoir du peuple, régioient celui des tribuns. La fantaisie, qui lui fit

quitter la dictature, sembla rendre la vie à la république : mais dans la fureur de ses succès, il avoit fait des choses qui mirent Rome dans l'impossibilité de conserver sa liberté.

Il ruina, dans son expédition d'Asie, toute la discipline militaire : il accoutuma son armée aux rapines et lui donna des besoins qu'elle n'avait jamais eus : il corrompit, une fois, des soldats qui seroit, dans la suite, corrompre les capitaines.

Il entra dans Rome à main armée, et enseigna aux généraux Romains à violer l'asyle de la liberté.

Il donna les terres des citoyens aux soldats, et il les rendit avides pour jamais ; car dès ce moment, il n'y eut plus un homme de guerre qui n'attendit une occasion qui pût mettre les biens de ses concitoyens entre ses mains.

Il inventa les proscriptions, et mit à prix la tête de ceux qui n'étaient pas de son parti. Dès-lors, il fut impossible de s'attacher davantage à la république : car, parmi deux hommes ambitieux et qui se disputoient la victoire ceux qui étoient neutres et pour le parti de la liberté, étoient sûrs d'être pros crits par celui des deux qui seroit le vainqueur. Il étoit donc de la prudence de s'attacher à l'un des deux.
—*Grandeur et Décadence des Romains*, ch. 11.

Now, we must say, we look on these two descriptions to be about as nearly opposite as possible. The one paints Sylla as steeping himself to the lips in crime, as the only means permanently to render his country happy—the other shews him in the much truer light of sacrificing entirely and without scruple his country's happiness to his own ambition and resentments. And yet the author of the first asserts that it is a mere transcript from the other. We must own we are quite at a loss to account for this extraordinary contradiction.

It must be confessed, however, that it is abundantly difficult to account for Sylla's abdication—perhaps the most extraordinary fact which is recorded in history. It is, indeed, on this action that the fame of Sylla is founded. Regarded merely as a conqueror, there are hundreds to be placed by his side. As a sovereign—for such he completely was in fact—he would have descended to posterity as a common-place tyrant—a mere Nero or Domitian. But his resigning the power which he had

so fearfully misused, is an act so utterly at variance with all understood motives of conduct, that our very wonder and curiosity almost amount to admiration. The daring and fearlessness of placing himself, as one may say, disarmed in the midst of a community almost every individual of which had just cause to bear him deadly hatred, are the first points which strike us with wonder—and the inviolability in which he remained is, in our view, by far the strongest proof which has come down to us of the lofty nobleness of the Roman character. Montesquieu says, indeed, that his danger was not nearly so great, in fact, as it naturally appears. He had established, he says, forty-seven legions in different parts of Italy, who regarded their fortunes as depending on his life, and consequently always watched over his safety, ready at once to succour or avenge him. But this is not just reasoning; the soldiers to whom he had given lands might consider their possessions to depend on his power, but not on his life—his mere existence. When he had once resigned the dictatorship, they could have nothing more to dread from his death;—he had no power whatever to benefit or protect them. They might, it is true, look towards him with gratitude,—but how little could their protection, even if it were actively given—which we have no reason to believe—avail against the vengeance of a whole people. No; it was in the forbearance—the generous, the noble forbearance—of that people, that Sylla found his safety. Dazzled, probably, and awe-struck by such confidence, they determined to shew that they were not unworthy of it. Among a people who nearly all had the deaths of their nearest and dearest to avenge, did Sylla continue undisturbedly to live, and died at last a natural and unmolested death.

What it was that did actuate Sylla to this extraordi-

nary resolution, it is indeed difficult to determine. It might be that he was conscious what a splendid climax it would be to his fame—that it would render him the riddle and the wonder of future ages, by holding him up as the doer of a deed even beyond the human mind to conceive. It might be as a sort of bravado proof that

“—what he once dared do, he dared to justify ;”

—that he did not scruple to descend from the tribunal of his power—to divest himself of the fasces of command—and, unguarded, unarmed, to present himself as a simple citizen, ready to answer all the violences of his bloody career. But more probably it arose from the excess of that craving for excitement which the re-action of a turbulent and guilty mind always brings with it—that, glutted with power unto satiety and palling, Sylla felt that, for *him*, to return to a private station was the most stirring change which could take place. He had reached the very apex of the mountain—he must remain without motion, or descend.

M. de Jouy then proceeds to compare, or rather to contrast, Sylla and Napoleon—he denies—but in that manner which is an affirmation—that he had the latter at all in view in the composition of the tragedy. But as his work has become—“*Le motif ou plutôt le prétexte d'un parallèle entre le vainqueur d'Orchomène et celui d'Austerlitz,*”—he determines himself to trace the points of resemblance and of contrast between them. He commences with a little diatribe, expressed with his usual felicity, against historic parallels in general, resembling, he says,—“*Ce jeu de société connu sous le nom de Marmontel, et qui consiste à trouver, entre des mots indiqués au hasard, des rapports d'autant plus ingénieux que les objects sont plus disparates.*”—His own attempt in this way fully exemplifies his doctrine—for the paral-

lel between Napoleon and Sylla terminates, we think, in proving that there was no resemblance between them at all. It is, however, brilliantly written;—we shall quote the greater part of it:—

Enfans de leurs œuvres, ardens amis de la liberté avant l'époque de leur grandeur, tous deux crurent avoir acheté, à prix de gloire et de triomphes, le droit d'asservir leur pays. L'un s'empara violemment du pouvoir, l'autre la reçut comme un dépôt, et en usa comme d'un héritage.

Napoléon et Sylla marchent à leur but sans ostentation comme sans mystère; ils prennent l'empire comme un bien que la fortune leur restitue; et les hommes semblent reconnaître la marque du pouvoir sur le front de ces deux dominateurs du monde.

Sylla, dans l'exercice de la puissance, déploya une âme implacable et féroce: sa cruauté froide et réfléchie n'était pour lui qu'un moyen plus simple et plus prompt d'arriver à son but.

La politique de Napoléon, dans le cours d'un règne beaucoup plus long, n'eut à se reprocher qu'un acte sanguinaire. Sa volonté, non moins inébranlable que celle du dictateur romain, préparait sa source dans un génie d'un ordre supérieur, et dans les conseils d'une raison sublime: j'entends ici par raison sublime la faculté de combiner, avec autant d'audace que de sagesse, les élémens de succès*. Même indifférence pour l'opinion contemporaine, même besoin de l'estime de la postérité, même sang-froid dans le péril, même dédain des hommes, même force et même faiblesse d'une intelligence qui ne pouvait se soutenir constamment à la même élévation.

La froideur systématique de ces deux hommes était le résultat de principes différens: il y avait chez l'un l'égoïsme de vengeance, et chez l'autre l'égoïsme de grandeur.

Le besoin de renommée qui les dévorait tous les deux avait entièrement desséché l'âme de Sylla; celle de Napoléon était restée accessible aux plaisirs purs, aux douces affections de la vie domestique.

Napoléon ramena la sévérité dans les mœurs, et donna lui-même l'exemple du respect pour la morale publique, dans un temps où elle avait été corrompue par le gouvernement directorial auquel il avait succédé: pour Sylla, au contraire, la puissance suprême ne fut qu'une occasion de donner un éclat scandaleux à la dépravation de ses mœurs.

* This is a very striking instance of the felicity of phrase which we have spoken of as peculiarly belonging to M. de Jouy. In two lines he expresses, with the utmost fullness and precision, that union of enthusiasm and practical wisdom, which is, perhaps, the highest degree of human intellect;—the creating genius to conceive, and the efficient sense to execute. "Sublime intellect" may indeed be defined as "la faculté de combiner, avec autant d'audace que de sagesse, les élémens de succès."

L'un, pensif et réfléchi, fuyait la société que ses compatriotes adoraient; l'autre, déréglé, ami des plaisirs, d'un commerce facile, s'entourait de courtisanes, de bouffons et d'artistes grecs que ses concitoyens méprisaient: peut-être néanmoins trouverait-on au fond de ce contraste une sympathie intérieure et un mépris commun de l'estime commune.

Sylla, dont le but était le rétablissement de l'ancienne aristocratie et le triomphe des patriciens sur le parti populaire, n'employa d'abord que des nobles et des hommes consulaires; mais bientôt, averti de la légèreté de leurs affections, et du peu de fond qu'il pouvait faire sur eux, il se jeta du côté du peuple, et s'entoura de gens obscurs. Napoléon suivit une marche contraire; on sait quel en fut le résultat.

Sylla fut le général le plus heureux, et Napoléon le plus grand capitaine qui ait encore paru sur la terre.

Sylla, fatigué de sa propre tyrannie, dit aux Romains: "Vous que j'ai égorgés comme de vils troupeaux, je suis las de vous commander, soyez libres: je redeviens l'un de vous!"

Il abdiqua le pouvoir; Napoléon le perdit: et cette seule circonstance, tout entière à l'avantage du dictateur romain, rétablit une sorte d'équilibre entre deux caractères dont l'inégalité se refuse d'ailleurs à un autre parallèle.

L'un rendit la liberté aux Romains, qu'il avait massacrés et avilis; l'autre couvrit la France des monumens de sa gloire, et arbora sur tous les clochers de l'Europe l'étendard de la liberté, dont il avait déshérité son pays.

Sylla termina paisiblement ses jours à Rome, qu'il avait inondée de sang et de larmes, au milieu d'une génération d'enfans dont il avait proscrit les pères. Napoléon mourut, prisonnier des Anglais, sur un rocher perdu au sein des mers, où il traça lui-même l'espace de son tombeau.—p. xii.—xv.

There is no doubt great talent and brilliancy displayed in this—but we cannot but consider, as we have said, the result to be the establishing a total dissimilarity between these extraordinary men.

M. de Jouy next sets forth his theory of dramatic composition—and, here, we begin to differ from him. It is curious, indeed, to remark the struggling between natural genius and the effects of early prejudice. The natural bent of M. de Jouy's mind evidently disposes him to burst asunder the self-forged fetters of the French school—but the influence of national and educational prejudice—the dread of ridicule—and (which is certainly par-

donable in an author writing for the stage,) the belief that no very violent innovation would have any chance of success—have led him to follow pretty nearly the beaten track, and to defend elaborately the course which he has chosen.

He begins by a position, in which all must agree—
 “Le théâtre est une représentation de la vie humaine : on veut y retrouver une copie fidèle de la scène du monde.”
 It is in the means to accomplish this object—and in what is its real accomplishment, that the advocates of the French and (what, for the sake of brevity and clearness, we shall call,) the English school are at variance :—

Chez les uns, (says M. de Jouy,) c'est une peinture fouguese et sans choix des événemens de la vie, un choc perpétuel d'événemens et de passions, qui semble constituer l'art dramatique. Demandez à l'homme des bords de la Tamise la définition du beau idéal dans les jeux de la scène ; il vous répondra : variété, mouvement, succession rapide de situations tendres, fortes, nobles ou vulgaires ; contrastes philosophiques résultant du conflit des caractères de toute espèce, des caprices de la fortune, des bizarreries du cœur humain.

There is some truth in this, but we would define the *beau idéal* of the drama much more shortly—we should call it, a mastery in portraying the workings of human passion—and we object to the French system, from the impossibility of its ever attaining this to the full. The principle of the English drama is action, that of the French, narration—and it thence loses one of the most powerful means of affecting the spectator. It is perhaps, however, scarcely fair to say that the *principle* of the French drama is narration—but it is forced into the place of actual representation by the rules and regulations so strictly laid down, and so superstitiously adhered to. Another main instance in which French tragedies lose nature, and consequently force is, that they are always written in Alexandrine verse—the monotonous, jingling, broken-backed, Alexandrine.

Those passages where the authors do manage to make the sufferer the organ of his own sufferings, are blemished and marred by the outrageous want of nature of Alexandrine rhyme. It may be said that our blank verse, which is, for the most part, the language of our tragedies, is no more natural than any other species of poetry—and that a person represented as in the whirlwind of passion, is just as likely to spout rhymes as verses regularly cut into lines of ten syllables each. But good blank verse, well recited, appears only to be musical prose. No author above the rank of Mr. Fustian,—no actor better than his friend Daggerwood,—would so write and so speak dramatic blank verse as to mark the division at the end of every ten syllables. It may be called *too* euphonic for unpremeditated and passionate nature; but we say, No. A man is never so eloquent as when expressing a really-existent and powerful passion:—the ideas rise in his mind—the words flow from his mouth—with a rapidity and beauty to which he is equal on no other occasion.

The French strongly object to some of our older plays the introduction of scenes of low comedy between those of tragical passion—and *this* reproach is perfectly just. But it is to be recollected that our finest plays have no such things—and that they are easily—and in fact have been—expunged from others whose beauties they obscured. There is no buffoonery in Macbeth—in Lear—in Othello. The French probably would call the Witches and Mad Tom buffoonery—but this is only a proof of what the beauties are of which they suicidically deprive themselves. Is not Venice Preserved—the most intensely affecting of, perhaps, all tragedies—perfect without Antonio and Aquilina? Is the progress of the story of Isabella impeded by the omission of the low humour of

the Porter and Nurse? Is it, then, quite fair that the whole of our dramatic literature should lie under a stigma for that which can, with justice, be imputed but to a very few pieces—and of which the national taste has long since demanded the suppression?

Nature—pure, perfect nature—is what is required in dramatic writing;—and of this the French regard for “*bienséance*” has peremptorily deprived their theatre. Every thing approaching to the tragical horrors which, alas! are so frequent in real life, is rejected as *barbarous*—as if to lay bare the human heart,—to display our feelings, our loves, our hates, our errors, and our crimes, were not the end and meaning of tragic composition. The French realize the fable of the pig under the player’s cloak—they think nature less natural than its artificial and laboured imitation. Even Death is scarcely admitted on the French stage:—Voltaire, with all his genius, scarcely dared to introduce it—and when he did, *Zaïre* is made to fall “*dans la coulisse*”—and this was considered a most daring and hazardous innovation. If the nerves of the French are so delicately strung! that they cannot bear to witness what is truly tragical, they ought to confine themselves to comedy, in which they indisputably excel, and, above all, they ought not to claim a superiority over those who have dared to bring upon the stage the suffering and guilt of suffering and guilty nature.

We will judge M. de Jouy out of his own mouth. We will take advantage of his felicity and force of expression,—and apply—*mutatis mutandis*—what he says of Talma’s acting to dramatic composition,—and we will ask him whether that of his country or of our’s resembles this model the most;—the italics are our own: “*Ces gestes étudiés, ces poses géométriques, ces accents combinés, tout cet art de convention, il le rejette: c’est*

la nature dans toute sa simplicité ; c'est la passion dans toute sa fougue ; c'est le sentiment dans tout son abandon, qu'il expose aux yeux d'un public idolâtre.*

But let us hear what M. de Jouy says for the drama of his country. After the description of what the English consider the "beau idéal" of the drama, which we have given above, he proceeds thus—in a tone of Parisian *fatuité* which is happily very rare in his writings:—

A l'aspect de ce chaos, l'homme des bords de la Seine sourit avec dédain : pour lui la beauté dramatique est simple et régulière ; une action claire, unique, toujours croissante, une habile distribution des parties, un art profond dans la conduite de l'ouvrage, un intérêt progressif dont la puissance se combine de manière à converger, si j'ose m'exprimer ainsi, sur un seul point et sur un seul personnage ; une élégance soutenue, un style constamment noble et châtié ; telles sont parmi nous les conditions inséparables du beau dans l'art dramatique.

Instruit à l'école des Corneille, des Molière, des Voltaire et des Racine, j'indique et je ne mesure pas l'immense intervalle qui les sépare à mes yeux des adversaires que les Anglais, les Allemands, et même les Espagnols, voudraient en vain leur opposer.

Chez le seul peuple élève des Grecs, l'art de la scène s'est naturellement divisé en trois classes : *mœurs, intrigue, caractère* ; cette classification si simple, si réelle, n'est pas moins applicable à la tragédie qu'à la comédie, et l'on peut s'étonner qu'aucune poétique n'ait songé à les soumettre à cette division commune.—p. xvi.

We would willingly take our stand on this ground.

* We have already too far filled our limits to permit us to say any thing on this passage, regarded in its original application ; or we could say a great deal on French tragic acting—to their comedy, writing and acting, we at once yield the palm—which would sound, we doubt not, equally heterodox to Parisian ears as our dogmas on tragic composition. We certainly consider Talma to be a man of genius,—but either his genius is not sufficiently decided and daring to break through the miserable chains of the French school, or those chains are too firmly rivetted for even Talma's Samson-power to remove. He has, it is true, drawn nearer to nature, but his distance from it is still immeasurably great. The fine compliment which we have quoted above, is little applicable to what he is—we are inclined to think it is very much so to what, under better circumstances, he would have been.

A nation which comprises the whole of its drama under the heads, *mœurs, intrigue, caractère*, can surely never deserve a superiority on that score. Where is the representation of passion and its consequences? It is not comprised under the head "*caractère*," for M. de Jouy plainly defines that to signify only the developement of character in an individual. But he does injustice to his country—it *has* plays of passion, though cramped and weakened by the shackles of their school:—*Zaïre, Phédre, Andromaque*, surely are something more than paintings of manners, intrigue, or character. This theory, which we believe is new, is much more fantastic than just:—it is pretty plain, indeed, why M. de Jouy introduces it just at this time. He says, "*la comédie de caractère est la plus haute des conceptions dramatiques*;"—now it is impossible he can be in earnest in this—he cannot mean that the best possible comedy is superior to the best possible tragedy. No—but he proceeds to say that there is no tragedy *de caractère*—that it has only been *entrevue* by Racine, touched upon by Corneille, and sacrificed to *la haute pensée philosophique* by Voltaire. There being no tragedy, therefore, in this (as he says,) the highest order of dramatic composition, the ground is clear for *Sylla*, which is essentially and exclusively of that nature.

We would willingly enter into this subject more fully, and discuss with M. de Jouy—who is a good English scholar—the merits of our respective schools in general, and of his theory in particular;—but this article has already swelled into considerable length, and we have yet said nothing of the tragedy itself; we must, therefore, break off at once, and proceed to give an account of it.

It is, as we have already said, curious to remark the struggles between the free spirit of genius, and the

thraldom of "the rules," which are so apparent in this piece. The author *has* ventured upon some, what are esteemed in France, innovations. It is almost ludicrous to see the grave apology which M. de Jouy feels it necessary to make for putting a few words into the mouths of the people. "J'ai fait du peuple un personnage dans le dernier acte de ma tragédie, et j'ai même osé lui faire prononcer, quelques-uns de ces mots qui, dans tous les pays du monde, échappent simultanément à la foule." That is, it is considered *daring* to admit one spark of nature, if it happen to be humble nature!

The plot is as simple as can be;—the whole object of the piece being to develop and display the character of Sylla, the story is so constructed as to give as much scope as possible to this design. The plot may be said wholly to consist in Sylla proscribing a young man of genius and virtue, who is a friend of his son, and in the endeavours of the son and the friends of the proscribed to procure his pardon, or effect his escape. We must premise that, were it not for the elaborate exposé in the Preface, we should not have recognised in Sylla the character there given of him. From the play itself, he appears in the much more common light of a tyrant, in whom power has not totally destroyed an originally good heart,—and who resigns it from being oppressed by its weight, and insupportably wearied by its duties and agitations. We shall extract, however, the most distinguished speeches which are put into his mouth, so that our readers may judge how far this remark is founded. We do recognise, however, that confidence in his own fortune, which was so remarkable a point in his character, and no where more strongly than in the following speech, in which he proposes a proscription to a council assembled at his palace:—

[Les sénateurs prennent place autour d'une table de marbre, où le chef des licteurs, sur un geste de Sylla, a déposé un rouleau de parchemin.]

Sylla. Vous savez à quel prix j'ai conquis un pouvoir
Dont l'État expirant m'imposait le devoir.
Qu'importe que Sylla, s'illustrant dans la guerre,
Portât le nom romain aux bornes de la terre ;
Que par moi Mithridate à fuir fût condamné ;
Qu'en triomphe à mon char Jugurtha fût mené ;
Que pour moi la fortune en miracles féconde
Affermît votre gloire et le repos du monde,
Si, recueillant le fruit de mes nobles exploits,
Marius au sénat osait dicter ses lois,
Et, brisant les liens d'un peuple frénétique.
A ses lâches fureurs livrait la république ?
Triomphante au dehors, Rome, esclave au dedans,
Expirait sous les coups de ses propres enfans.
Qui pouvait l'arracher à son destin funeste ?
Sylla. L'heureux Sylla paraît devant Préneste ;
Tout fuit, ou meurt ; tout cède à mes premiers efforts ;
Le fils de Marius le rejoint chez les morts.
Abjurant les conseils d'une fausse clémence,
Dans Rome entre avec moi la terreur, la vengeance ;
Le salut de l'État veut des proscriptions,
Et dans des flots de sang j'étais les factions.
Du peuple et du sénat je me proclame maître ;
L'un apprend à me craindre, et l'autre à me connaître.
De cette liberté que j'opprime aujourd'hui
Mon pouvoir, que l'on hait, est le dernier appui.
Loin de Rome rugit le démon des batailles :
Le calme de la paix règne dans vos murailles.
Cependant on murmure, et quelques voix encor
A la plainte rebelle osent donner l'essor ;
Et du sein de la tombe évoquant la tempête
Le spectre d'Arpinum a soulevé sa tête.
De coupable soupirs, jusqu'à moi parvenus,
Annoncent des complots ; ils seront prévenus.
Le salut de l'État impose ma justice
Le devoir rigoureux d'un dernier sacrifice ;
Examinez les noms sur cette liste inscrits ;
Rome demande encor ce reste de pros crits ;
C'est le dernier éclat d'un salutaire orage ;
A la publique paix donnons encor ce gage.
Je veux savoir de vous, avant que de signer,
S'il est quelque Romain que l'on puisse épargner,

Voyez ; mais songez bien qu'en cette circonstance
Chacun de vous répond de sa propre indulgence.—p. 5—7.

These are fine lines, but the following rapid retrospect of his deeds and fortunes is still more striking ;—it is addressed to Roscius, who, with the license of a favourite, and, with a virtue which they seldom possess, is trying to mitigate the severity of Sylla's revenge ;—he says,

De quels crimes, Sylla, punis-tu les Romains ?

Sylla answers—

Du crime d'accepter les fers que je leur donne,
Et d'oser espérer que Sylla leur pardonne.
Tu ne me connais pas, Roscius, je le voi,
Et mon âme est encore un mystère pour toi.
Toujours la liberté, que mon pouvoir immole,
Fut l'objet de mes vœux et ma plus chère idole ;
J'ai combattu pour elle au sénat, au Forum,
Aux champs de Chéronée, aux sables d'Arpinum,
Je la voulais pour tous. Mais sur les bords du Tibre,
Je ne vis que moi seul qui voulusse être libre.
Les tribuns des consuls se montraient les rivaux,
Et l'intrigue à prix d'or enlevait les faisceaux ;
Je ne trouvai partout que dignités vénales,
Qu'esclaves insolens, que longues saturnales ;
Des forfaits impunis, des cœurs dégénérés,
A leurs seuls intérêts impunément livrés :
Un farouche soldat, trop fier de sa bassesse,
Sous son joug plébéien accablait la noblesse ;
Au tribun Marius dès lors je me promis
De demander un jour compte de ses mépris.
Son nom était fameux par plus d'une victoire,
Par des exploits plus grands je fis pâlir sa gloire.
Et je le vis contraint, ce rival odieux,
D'aller au Capitole en rendre grâce aux dieux
Sauver la république était mon espérance :
La ruine, l'exil, furent ma récompense.
Je dérobai ma tête aux faisceaux du licteur ;
Je m'éloignai proscrit, je revins dictateur.
Je n'ai dû consulter, dans le temps où nous sommes,
Que le sang d'où je sors, et mon mépris des hommes.
Les Romains n'avaient droit qu'à mon inimitié ;
Je les jugeai sans haine ainsi que sans pitié.

Malgré vous, ai-je dit, je brise vos entraves ;
 Quoi ! lâches citoyens ! vous voulez être esclaves !
 Non, je vous ai jugés dignes d'un meilleur sort.
 Vouz demandez des fers ! je vous donne la mort.
 Bénissez en tombant cette faveur dernière,
 Et rendez à vos dieux une âme libre et fière.—p. 10—11.

We extract the following passage, partly on account of its own power and merit, and partly as an instance—and a striking one—of the substitution of narration for action, of which we have so much complained :—

Sylla, à Roscius qui entre.

Eh bien ! que pense-t-on ? Sans doute on se récrie.
 Sont-ils bien indignés contre ma tyrannie ?

Roscius. La terreur de ton nom glace encor les esprits ;
 Mais déjà l'on craint moins la mort que le mépris.

Le peuple, au point du jour instruit de tes menaces,
 Dans un morne silence assemblé sur les places,

S'inquiète, s'agite, et d'un œil empressé,
 Interroge les murs où ton ordre est tracé.

Parmi les noms inscrits sur la liste sanglante
 Il en est un plus cher à la foule tremblante ;

Le nom de Claudius, de ce jeune héros,
 Vole de bouche en bouche au milieu des sanglots.

On vante sa valeur, ses talens, son jeune âge,
 Tant de hautes vertus qu'il reçut en partage ;

Il semble que les cœurs, de regrets déchirés,
 Perdent en lui les biens qu'ils avaient espérés ;

Et tout ce peuple, ému pour un ami qu'il pleure,
 Bientôt de Claudius entoure la demeure.

Leur voix, qui frappe l'air en invoquant Sylla,
 S'élève avec fureur contre Catilina.

J'arrivais en ces lieux, où d'une épouse en larmes
 Je cherchais vainement à calmer les alarmes.

D'une tête si chère elle ignorait le sort ;
 Son absence pour elle était déjà la mort,

Des cris se font entendre, et le peuple s'avance ;
 Valérie à l'instant vers la porte s'élance,

Et, les cheveux épars, sur le seuil, à genoux :

« Romains, au nom des dieux, rendez-moi mon époux ! »

A ce cri déchirant la foule est transportée ;

Sur un socle d'airain Valérie est portée ;

Et vers cette tribune où s'élève sa voix

Tous les yeux, tous les cœurs se fixent à la fois.

Que ne puis-je, Sylla, sans blesser ton oreille,
De sa fière éloquence étaler la merveille !
Mais le respect.—

Sylla. Poursuis—Elle a fait son devoir:
Je t'ai dit, Roscius, que je veux tout savoir.

Roscius. Citoyens, disait-elle (et l'accent qui l'anime
Sembloit ajouter encore à sa beauté sublime)
Pour vous Sylla n'a point de fléaux inconnus ;
Aujourd'hui de sa fureur nous voilà revenus.
Crois-tu que de ton sang il épargne le reste,
Rome ? tu subiras le destin de Préneste.
Contre ses volontés quel serait ton espoir ?
La force est le seul droit, mourir le seul devoir ;
L'excès de la terreur a banni les alarmes ;
Le cœur n'a plus de voix, les yeux n'ont plus de larmes ;
Le désespoir lui-même abjure ses transports,
Et la tombe sans bruit se ferme sur les morts ;
Près du corps de son fils la mère est immobile :
Sylla voit ce tableau d'un œil sec et tranquille,
Et compte, sans pâlir, sous les infortunés
Par son geste homicide à la mort condamnés.
Le passé nous apprend le sort qu'il nous destine
Allons compter nos morts à la porte Colline ;
Dans le sacré parvis, aux autels de Vesta,
Courons voir expirer un autre Scævola.
Ah ! c'est pour vous, Romains, que ma voix vous implore,
Ivre de sang, Sylla veut en verser encore.
Unis par les regrets, unis par le danger,
Qui de vous à mes maux resterait étranger ?
Qui de vous, en ce jour de honte et de misère,
Ne tremble pour un fils, ne gémit sur un père ?
Deux femmes, en plongeant un poignard dans leur sein,
Jadis de la patrie ont changé le destin :
Osez d'un pareil prix me donner l'espérance,
Tout mon sang va couler—A ces mots on s'élance,
On désarme son bras—et le peuple à grands cris
Fait serment dans ses mains de sauver les proscrits—
Les Gaulois ont paru, la terreur les escorte ;
Catilina conduit leur farouche cohorte :
A ce terrible aspect, la foule au loin s'enfuit,
Et ces flots après eau ne laissent qu'un vain bruit.—p. 29—31.

This is certainly magnificent writing—but how much greater would its effect be, if the scene which it describes were to pass before our eyes. The “fière elo-

quence" of the maddened wife—its deep and magical effect on the people—her aspect and voice—their increasing and, at last, tumultuous excitement—would not all this have tenfold force if placed before us in action?—and who can doubt that a poet, who can give such almost visual effect to mere recital, would invest its representation with all the power of a real occurrence? But, no;—that would necessitate *a change of scene*;—and for a paltry prejudice like this, are we debarred from the finest possible situation and subject for dramatic passion and display! It is true, that M. de Jouy does change his scene once during the play—but that is between two acts, and, once done, he returns no more to the former locale. It is some advance, however, to change the place of representation at all. It is to be hoped that the French dramatists will shortly cease to submit to be bound, like children, with a thread.

Valérie appears, however, in the next scene, and from the fervour and power with which she is here portrayed, we can gather what she would have been in the much finer situation which the speech of Roscius describes. Although our limits are already exceeded, we cannot resist giving the whole of this scene:—

Valérie, échevelée, et se débattant au milieu des licteurs.

Laissez-moi!—De ces lieux qui pourra m'arracher?
Je veux voir le tyran—

Sylla, froidement.

Elle peut approcher.

Valérie. Assouvis le besoin de ton âme odieuse;
Contemple-moi, cruel! Je suis bien malheureuse.

Sylla. Qu'on s'éloigne, licteurs! Laisse-nous, Roscius.

Valérie. Je connais trop Sylla, j'aime trop Claudius
Pour implorer ici le juge inexorable
Dont l'arrêt nous poursuit dans ce jour exécration.
Ta clémence aisément peut contenter mes vœux;
Apprends-moi mon malheur, c'est tout ce que je veux.

Je ne demande pas quelle fut notre offense :
 Le courage, la peur, les discours, le silence,
 Tout est crime à tes yeux, et je ne prétends pas
 Excuser mon époux et désarmer ton bras.
 Quand tu le proscrivais tu lui faisais justice ;
 Nous conspirions ensemble et je suis sa complice ;
 Je partage ou plutôt j'excite dans son cœur
 La haine généreuse et la profonde horreur
 Qu'inspire à mon époux ta longue tyrannie ;
 Tous deux nous implorions les dieux de la patrie,
 Et, tous deux loin de toi, dans notre obscurité,
 Nos vœux étaient pour Rome et pour la liberté :
 Unis dans nos regrets et dans nos espérances,
 Pourquoi nous séparer au jour de tes vengeances ?
 Oui, Sylla, Claudius est un garant pour toi :
 Tremble si je n'ai plus à craindre que pour moi.

Sylla. Je ne redoute point ta fureur vengeresse ;
 De ton sexe en tout temps j'épargnai la faiblesse :
 Mais ton époux conspire, et quand le dictateur
 Sur l'ennemi des lois exerce leur rigueur,
 Plus indulgent, Sylla pardonne à Valérie.

Valérie. Va, je crains ton pardon et non pas ta furie,
 Et des maux que sur nous verse ta cruauté
 Ton affreuse clémence est le plus redouté.
 Épargne-moi du moins cet horrible supplice :
 Auprès de mon époux suffre que je périsse.
 Tu seras, quelque mort qu'il nous faille souffrir,
 Moins prompt à l'ordonner que nous à la subir—
 Eh quoi ! Faustus, aussi tu gardes le silence ;
 Tu détournes le yeux ? crains-tu que ma présence,
 Dans le fond de ton cœur accusant la pitié,
 Ne réclame en ce jour les droits de l'amitié ?
 Rassure-toi : je sais ce que tu peux entendre,
 Et du fils de Sylla ce que je dois attendre.

Faustus. Valérie, en ces lieux, où tu portes tes pas,
 Contiens ton désespoir et ne m'accuse pas—

Valérie. Quand mon époux périt !—

Faustus. Peut-être il vit encore—

Valérie. Où donc est Claudius ? Ah ! parle !

Faustus. Je l'ignore.

Valérie. Tu l'ignores ? Non, non ! De ton front indiscret
 La pâleur me révèle un horrible secret ;
 Je t'entends, et j'abjure une lâche espérance.
 Les Marius ont eu leur moment de clémence :
 Sylla, l'affreux Sylla ne pardonne jamais.

Eh bien ! frappe sa veuve au sein de ton palais ;
 Si j'en passe le seuil, ma douleur frénétique
 Court armer contre toi la vengeance publique.
 Je n'invoquerai pas ces faibles défenseurs
 Que vient de disperser l'aspect de tes licteurs.
 Pour punir un tyran et pour briser nos chaînes
 S'il n'est plus de Romains il reste des Romaines :
 Ces mères dont ta rage assassina les fils,
 Les épouses, les sœurs, les veuves des proscrits,
 M'attendent ; et nos bras, à défaut du tonnerre,
 Du bourreau des Romains vont délivrer la terre,

Faustus. O Ciel ! où courez-vous ?

Valérie.

Me venger, ou périr.

Faustus. Gardez ! — Retenez-la —

Sylla.

Qu'on la laisse sortir. — p. 32—35.

We have now only space to give what have been esteemed the finest and most effective passages in the play : —Sylla's agitation in his sleep, and his abdication. The first necessarily loses much of its effect in the reading. We suspect the idea of it is taken from the tent-scene of Richard the Third, though we confess—for we are not blinded by national prejudice—that we think it is improved upon. It is so much more consonant to nature, and, therefore, comes home so much more strongly to the feelings, to see the agitation of the dreamer, instead of the embodying of the dream, that we cannot but prefer collecting what is passing in the mind, from the broken snatches of the sleeper's speech, than from the set maledictions of the spirits which appear to him—and to us :—

Sylla.

Est-ce vivre,

Que subir les tourmens où ma grandeur me livre ?
 Punir, verser du sang, étouffer des complots—
 La nuit, point de sommeil !—le jour, point de repos—
 L'esprit toujours porté vers des pensées funèbres,
 Comme un timide enfant avoir peur des ténèbres !—
 Restons sous ce parvis : plus calme, dans ces lieux
 Attendons que le jour vienne éclairer les cieus.
 Si je pouvais dormir !—Mais quelle est ma faiblesse !—
 Je tremble pour mon fils !—Vainement : ma tendresse

Ne saurait désarmer mon inflexible cœur ;
 Je suis père, dis-tu ?—Non ; je suis dictateur.
 Dictateur ! Quoi ! toujours marcher de crime en crime !
 Ah ! je suis fatigué de vivre sur l'abîme !
 Je veux—Ils me tueront—Tout puissant, glorieux,
 Que puis-je désormais demander à nos dieux ?—
 La terme de mes maux, la fin d'un long délire,
 Cette paix de la tombe, où quelquefois j'aspire :
 Mourir ! dormir enfin ! Que m'importe des jours
 Dont les profonds ennuis empoisonnent le cours ?
 Mais je sens que mon âme, enfin moins opprimée,

(Il se couche,)

Laisse en un vague heureux s'éteindre ma pensée
 Oh ! bienfait inconnu ! Mes yeux et mes esprits
 S'affaissent lentement, par le sommeil surpris.

(Il s'endort et rêve tout haut.)

Que vois-je ? et quel pouvoir—dans ces demeures sombres,
 De ceux que j'ai proscrits—a ranimé les ombres ?—
 Que voulez-vous de moi, transfuges des tombeaux ?—
 De vos corps déchirés vous m'offrez les lambeaux !
 J'ai puni vos forfaits—J'ai puni vos complices—
 Tremblez qu'on ne vous traîne à de nouveaux supplices !
 Je les vois tous, les bras vers mon lit étendus,
 Agiter leurs poignards sur mon sein suspendus.
 O dieux ! à me frapper leurs mains sont toutes prêtes.

(Il se lève en dormant.)

A moi, licteurs ! à moi !—J'avais proscrit leurs têtes,
 Je les revois encor ?—Chassez tous ces pervers !
 Et que vos fouets sanglans les rendent aux enfers !
 Sylla le veut—l'ordonne—obéissez !

(Il retombe sur son lit.)—p. 63—64.

This is certainly as finely done as French dramatic verse will permit—but—we do not mean to speak sneeringly—but does not the recurrence of the rhyme, and the unvaried cæsura of the Alexandrine, coming from a person asleep, in great measure mar the powerful conceptions of the author ? We are sure such men as Jouy and Talma must have felt this—in despite of habit—in the composition and recitation of this most finely-imagined passage.

The speech on the abdication is, perhaps, on the

whole, the finest thing in the play. It has not the rapidity and warmth of passion of the description of Valeria's efforts to rescue her husband, as given by Roscius, or as some of that which is put into her own mouth ;—nor do we think that it is so great an indication of genius in the author as those two, and, perhaps, some other, passages. But in these, the structure of the verse is far more felt ; and occasionally in some of the more rapid and passionate parts, we are, (to use a French untranslatable word) *impatientés* at its monotonous want of nature. But in a set speech, it is not nearly so offensive ;—in what is only fine declamation, it is sometimes even not unmusical—when the passage be not long, so as not to pall upon the ear by the unchanging cadence. For these causes, therefore, we are inclined to rate the following speech as the best *thing* in the play, as regards itself, though not as the greatest emanation of the author's genius :—

Sylla, debout sur les rostrs.

Citoyens, chevaliers, pontifes, sénateurs,
 Et vous, de la patrie illustres défenseurs ;
 Ecoutez : je vous dois, je me dois à moi-même,
 De rendre compte ici de mon pouvoir suprême,
 Et d'exposer enfin à vos regards surpris
 Les immenses travaux par moi seul entrepris.
 J'ai subjugué le Pont, le Bosphore, l'Epire ;
 Les eaux du Phalaris traversent votre empire ;
 La Grèce tout entière est soumise à vos lois,
 Et des bords Libyens j'ai chassé tous les rois.
 La chute de Carthage avait ébranlé Rome :
 J'ai réparé les maux qu'avait faits un grand homme,
 Jugurtha fut vaincu, Mithridate est soumis,
 Ma fortune a plus fait qu'elle n'avait promis.
 C'était trop peu pour moi des lauriers de la guerre
 Je voulais une gloire et plus rare et plus chère ;
 Rome, en proie aux fureurs des partis triomphans,
 Mourante sous les coups de ses propres enfans,
 Invoquait à la fois mon bras et mon génie ;
 Je me fis dictateur : je sauvai la patrie.

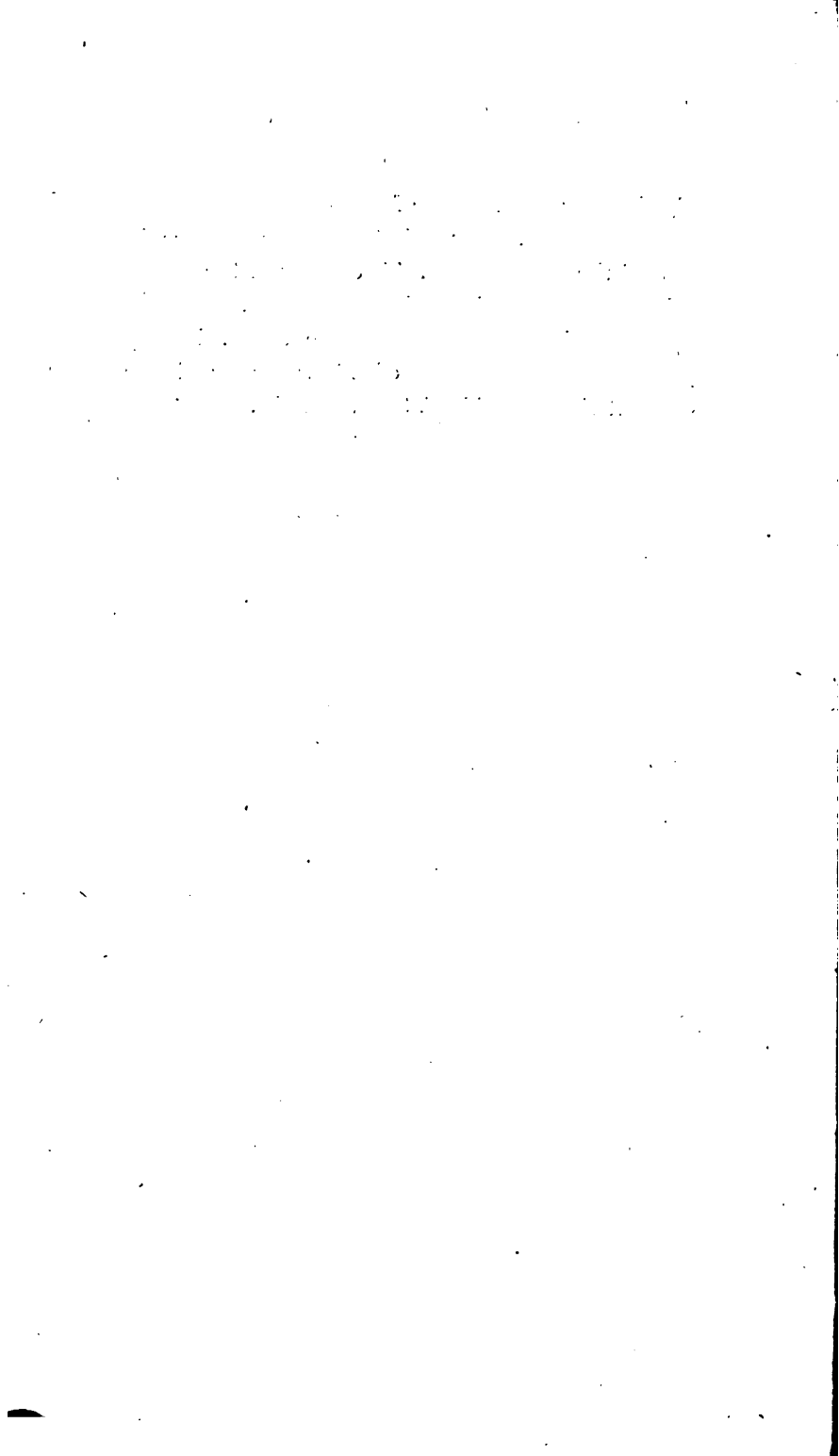
A l'antique sénat je rendis le pouvoir ;
 Le peuple mutiné rentra dans le devoir ;
 Jamais on ne me vit, esclave du vulgaire,
 Rechercher et trahir cet amour populaire
 Où Marius voyait le but de ses travaux.
 J'ai peu flatté ce peuple, et j'ai guéri ces maux :
 Je m'armai contre lui de rigueurs légitimes :
 Au salut de l'Etat j'immolai des victimes.
 Qu'on nomme violence et même cruauté
 Ce que j'ai fait pour Rome et pour la liberté ;
 Un reproche pareil ne saurait me confondre :
 Du sang que j'ai versé je suis prêt à répondre :
 Oui, de l'humanité si j'étouffai la voix,
 Ce fut pour vous contraindre à fléchir sous les loix
 J'ignore quel surnom l'histoire me destine :
 L'avenir jugera ce que Rome examine.
 Du poids de ma grandeur plus accablé que vous,
 Je viens briser le joug qui nous fatiguait tous.
 J'ai vaincu, j'ai régné ; maintenant je veux vivre !
 Je rejette la coupe où le pouvoir s'enivre.
 J'ai gouverné le monde à mes ordres soumis,
 Et j'impose silence à tous mes ennemis ;
 Leur haine ne saurait atteindre ma mémoire ;
 J'ai mis entre eux et moi l'abîme de ma gloire.
 Le dictateur n'est plus : je remets au sénat
 Avec l'autorité les rênes de l'Etat.
 Ecoutez !—Que ma voix remplisse cette enceinte :
 J'ai gouverné sans peur, et j'abdique sans crainte.—p. 72—74.

We have now gone through this most interesting and talented production. Its success has been of the most brilliant description, and though that may have been, in some measure, owing to political causes, yet a very large proportion of it undoubtedly arose from the distinguished merit of the piece itself. It gives indications of a genius which surely should not be cramped in the trammels of the French theatre—which—more than any we have ever met—is calculated to break them through, and found an era of higher power in the drama of its country. M. de Jouy has evinced in some of his works a strong, an unfair, disinclination towards England and the English—but we can

make allowances for—we may even say, we respect—the feelings which have given rise to this in the heart of *un bon Français*. This has, no doubt, influenced him in his judgment of our dramatic literature, for of all people, the bent of his genius will lead him to admire nature in preference to art;—as indeed is plainly evinced by the striking passage regarding M. Talma which we have transcribed. But may we not hope that as time passes, and unfriendly passions begin to cool—may we not hope that the veil of prejudice will fall from his eyes, and that he will devote his mind to naturalizing in his own language the more striking merits of our theatre. We are aware that this would need considerable modification;—but a full knowledge of our language, and much tact as well as judgment peculiarly fit M. de Jouy for such an office. We do not at all mean to recommend servile, or even close imitation—we are far from suggesting that to a man of genius. All we wish is that free nature should be substituted for narrow art. That genius should not be cramped and clipped by “rules,” “unities,” and such like-fopperies;—that in a word, it should shake itself free from prejudice of every sort and kind whatsoever. In French, we fear, blank verse is unattainable:—we would, therefore, certainly recommend the substitution of prose for the Alexandrine metre. Their plays would, thence, be ten times more natural, and consequently more effective. M. de Jouy is precisely the person fitted for this task. His fine genius and his wonderful command and choice of language would render such a production from his pen an invaluable gift. Executed by him, it would scarcely fail of success, in despite of the host of prejudices which would be arrayed against—and if it *did* succeed

it would do more for his true fame than fifty successes in the beaten road. It would place him at once in the rank of the Columbus of his country's literature—he would discover and give to it a new world.

In the mean time, we take our leave of M. de Jouy with the highest admiration of his genius, and the strongest anticipation of its future triumphs.



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No. IV.,

FEBRUARY, 1823.

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THE ALBUM.

No. IV.

LETTRE DE M. E. JOUY, MEMBRE DE L'ACADEMIE
FRANÇAISE, A L'EDITEUR DE L'ALBUM, OUVRAGE
PÉRIODIQUE ANGLAIS.

MONSIEUR,

Paris, le 21 Novembre, 1822.

Vous avez rendu compte dans votre intéressant ouvrage de ma tragédie de Sylla, avec une libéralité de critique, avec une abnégation de préjugés nationaux, qui honorent votre talent et votre caractère, et pour lesquelles je vous prie d'agréer mes remerciemens.

Toutefois, ce serait mal répondre à la bienveillance avec laquelle vous jugez mes ouvrages, et à la manière aimable et franche dont vous les critiquez, que de ne point avouer hautement qu'en plusieurs points vos opinions littéraires sont absolument opposées aux miennes.

J'écarte les préjugés dont la naissance, l'éducation, les habitudes, la position sociale, entourent presque tous les hommes. Français, je suis loin de nourrir "pour l'Angleterre et pour les Anglais" cette antipathie aveugle et illibérale dont vous m'accusez avec un peu d'amertume. Une marche usurpatrice dans les actes de votre gouvernement, une perfidie constante dans la conduite de votre cabinet par rapport

à l'Europe, une sombre concentration en soi-même, un mépris plus que Romain pour le reste du monde, le souvenir de nos derniers infortunes auxquelles votre ministère a si cruellement contribué ; voila, Monsieur, (je le dis avec franchise) ce qui m'afflige comme philosophe, ce qui me revolté comme ami de l'humanité, ce qui m'indigne comme citoyen de la France.

Mais c'est chez vous, Monsieur, que sont nés Bacon, l'Aristote moderne ; le sage Locke ; l'illustre Pope ; Hume, qui a porté le premier parmi vous la philosophie dans l'histoire ; Shakspeare, qui a précédé notre grand Corneille ; Burke, Fielding, Robertson, et une foule de hautes intelligences, de génies laborieux et créateurs. Votre patrie est celles des Newton et des Sidney, des Russell, des Thomas More et des Hampden, des Fox et des Sheridan ; je ne confonde pas les œuvres de génie avec les méprises de la politique, ni le caractère des individus avec le calcul des intérêts sociaux ; ni les crimes de quelques hommes avec la masse des idées, des sentimens et des mœurs de votre nation.

Tout en avouant que des trésors inconnus à la plupart des littérateurs étrangers sont enfouis dans votre littérature ; tout en convenant des nombreuses beautés de vos écrivains dramatiques, je défendrai sincèrement le système théâtral adopté en France.

Je suis persuadé que parmi nous les combinaisons de l'art dramatique sont de nature à mieux développer les caractères et les passions, à procurer des émotions sinon plus vives, du moins plus soutenues ; en un mot à plaire plus généralement.

L'effet d'une seule action, resserrée dans un tems, dans un lieu limités, d'un petit nombre de personnages principaux agissans dans un intérêt unique, d'une machine théâtrale à la fois forte et simple, dont les ressorts comprimés acquièrent par cela même plus d'énergie, et dont le levier principal repose tout entier sur le cœur humain ; cet effet, dis-je, doit être

nécessairement plus profond et plus infailible que celui qu'on essayera de produire par une variété confuse d'incidents et de caractères jetés au hazard sur la scène, comme ils le sont sur le théâtre du monde par la destinée.

La multitude des caractères distrait ; la multitude des évènements fatigue ; les passions entassées se nuisent entr'elles, et ne peuvent trouver leur développement complet. Comment approfondir un sentiment ? comment compléter un caractère ? comment peindre une passion dans ses écarts, ses transports, ses retours, ses sophismes, ses fureurs, dans toutes ses inconséquences, dans toutes ses phases, si par la simplicité du plan et de l'intrigue vous ne laissez dans votre drame un champ libre à son fougueux essor ?

C'est cette place que je cherche en vain dans votre système dramatique. Je ne nie point que votre Otway ne soit pathétique et naturel ; j'admire plus que personne en France les grandes conceptions de Shakspeare ; mais selon moi il manque à ces beautés ce qui manque à votre *St. Paul*, une place. Au théâtre, comme en architecture, un chef-d'œuvre perd son prix si l'ordre et la régularité n'ont présidé à la disposition des objets qui l'entourent. Vous connaissez le précepte d'Horace :

“ ———— Quæcum locum tenent sortito decantent ; ”

non seulement c'est la règle d'Horace, mais c'est la connue loi dans tous les arts.

N'en concluez pas, je vous prie, que je veuille repousser les innovations dont le génie pourrait encore enrichir notre scène. Consacrée à la peinture des passions, elle a élevé d'immortelles statues à l'amour maternel dans *Mérope* ; au combat de l'amour et du devoir dans le *Cid* ; au fanatisme religieux dans *Mahomet* ; à l'amour dans *Zaïre* et dans *Phédre* ; mais beaucoup plus occupé des nuances et des luttes de sentimens que d'une parfaite vérité de mœurs et de caractères, peut-être a-t-elle laissé à des mains hardies, sinon

des champs nouveaux, du moins des sillons parallèles à cultiver avec succès.

J'ai essayé dans Sylla, en me soumettant à la régularité du plan, et à toute la sévérité des règles posées par les grands maîtres, de tracer correctement le portrait de cette créature gigantesque. En jettant dans la forme convenue de nos ouvrages dramatiques un grand caractère tout entier, sans blesser les lois que je regarde comme les sauve-gardes de notre littérature, j'ai voulu tenter un nouveau genre de tragédie sans sortir des limites invariables que la nature et la raison ont posées.

J'ai signalé la comédie de caractère, portée à sa perfection, comme le chef-d'œuvre de l'esprit humain ; peut-être la tragédie de caractère, telle que je la conçois, est elle d'une exécution plus difficile encore. Vous voyez, Monsieur, combien je suis loin d'accepter le ridicule d'avoir voulu offrir un modèle d'une tragédie de ce genre : l'homme qui marche une toise à la main donne lui-même sa mesure, et ne peut être soupçonné d'avoir l'intention d'en imposer par sa taille.

Il est d'autres points sur lesquels il me serait trop facile de vous combattre. Vous opposez au caractère de Sylla tel que je l'ai tracé, le caractère de ce Dictateur tiré "de la Grandeur et de la Décadence des Romains," et vous en concluez que je n'ai point emprunté à Montesquieu, comme je l'affirme dans mon discours préliminaire, les traits principaux de ce grand caractère historique. Vous oubliez, Monsieur, que le jugement de l'auteur de l'Esprit des Loix sur lequel je m'appuie, se trouve, non dans l'histoire de la Grandeur et de la Décadence, mais dans le Dialogue d'Eucrate, chef-d'œuvre de cet immortel écrivain, dans le quel Sylla est représenté précisément sous les couleurs dont je l'ai peint sur la scène.

Quant au desir que vous témoignez de voir nos tragédies modernes écrites en vers blancs, ou même en prose poétique, cette proposition fut faite une première fois par l'ingénieux

Lamothe, une seconde fois par Sedaine, et n'obtint parmi nous aucune attention sérieuse : on se contenta d'appliquer à ces deux écrivains la fable du Rénard auquel on a coupé la queue.

Si l'art dramatique n'avait sa langue particulière, harmonieuse, régulière ; si le premier écolier pouvait coudre dans un dialogue vulgaire et facile les souvenirs de ses études ; si la mélodie du langage, la concision du vers, la difficulté de son mécanisme, ne forçait le poète à épurer son style, à concentrer ses idées, à polir, à terminer ses productions, l'art des Corneille et des Voltaire ne serait bientôt plus parmi nous que ce qu'il est partout ailleurs, un chaos mélodramatique, où l'on pourrait trouver de belles scènes, d'admirables situations, mais où l'on chercherait en vain une bonne tragédie.

Si je ne craignais de me livrer à une dissertation d'un intérêt trop peu général, j'essayerais, Monsieur, de vous prouver que notre vers alexandrin, sur la monotonie duquel vous vous récriez, n'est pas seulement, après l'hexamètre Latin, le plus harmonieux qui existe dans les divers systèmes de poésie, mais que la succession obligée des rimes masculines et féminines, et l'art, aujourd'hui si bien connu, d'en sauver, ou d'en déplacer adroitement la césure, lui laisse toute la liberté du vers blanc, sans le priver de cette noblesse, et de cet accent musical qui en font le charme particulier.

Les observations que j'ai l'honneur de vous présenter sont exemptes de tout préjugé, de toute antipathie nationale : l'amour de l'art, le sentiment du beau, sont les seuls guides aux quels je m'abandonne.

Vos poètes observent la nature ; leur imagination est vaste, et sait, comme dit l'objet de votre plus vive admiration,

“ ——— in a fine frenzy rolling
To dart from earth to heaven.”

Les ressorts secrets de l'âme humaine, la peinture des mœurs leur sont connus ; le *choix* seul me paraît leur manquer. Si le génie est l'âme des productions de l'esprit, c'est

le *choix*, peut-être m'entendrait-on mieux si je disais le *goût*, qui jette cette âme dans une forme, pour ainsi dire, plastique ; en un mot c'est le *choix* qui leur donne la *grace*, la *force*, l'*existence*, et la *durée*.

Je conviens avec vous, Monsieur, que la France littéraire a besoin d'essayer quelques nouvelles combinaisons dramatiques. Je suis de votre avis sur l'abus des narrations, tout en remarquant que sur votre théâtre on fait un abus d'action non moins condamnable. Il me semble, cependant, que la limite est facile à poser : mettre en action tout ce que le récit doit nécessairement affaiblir ; mettre en récit toute action trop vaste pour être représentée.

Un point sur lequel nous différons complètement c'est celui des Règles dont vous proposez l'abnégation entière, et qui selon vous réserveroit la gloire de Colomb à l'écrivain assez hardi pour l'adopter. Permettez moi de vous faire observer que si Colomb découvrit un monde nouveau, ce fut, non pas en secouant les Règles, mais en appliquant à de nouvelles découvertes les Règles et les observations déjà faites.

De mon côté, si ma voix étoit assez forte pour se faire entendre de vos poètes dramatiques, je leur proposerois d'enrichir la scène Anglaise de cette noble simplicité dont ils admirent les modèles dans Euripide et dans Sophocle ; de sacrifier moins souvent l'intérêt à l'action, le développement d'une grande situation au conflit des événemens romanesques ; je leur proposerois de joindre à l'énergie, à l'imagination qu'ils possèdent, plus de sagesse dans leur plan, plus de nuances dans leur peintures, plus de variété dans leur caractères : je me permettrais de leur demander encore un choix plus délicat dans l'expression des sentimens, une combinaison plus habile, et presque toujours un langage plus soutenu et plus élevé.

J'ai l'honneur d'être, avec une haute considération,

Monsieur, votre dévoué serviteur,

E. JOUY.

[In printing—which we do with great pleasure—the letter of our distinguished correspondent, we must be permitted to say a few words on the matters at issue between us,

We shall not enter at large into the question of the relative merit of the two schools of Tragedy. In the paper to which this letter is an answer, our opinions are expressed at some length—and the subject has also been of late so amply discussed in our ablest periodical works, that we consider our side at least to have been sufficiently advocated. We shall confine ourselves on the present occasion to replying to one or two points in M. de Jouy's argument.

In the first place, it seems to us that he has been more successful in attacking the objectionable parts of our system, than in defending that of his own country. We are willing to allow that many of our old plays would be more effective if a better taste and severer judgment had regulated, without cramping, the genius and imagination which they display. To a certain degree, we subscribe to the propriety of unity of action;—we do not mean, that the fable should be confined to one particular event or character;—but that the attention should not be divided and distracted by the irrelevant and almost unconnected under-plots which are so frequent in our older drama. We also would object to the tacking together a succession of stories merely by the tie of the occurrences happening to the same individual. For instance, we think *Romeo and Juliet* as it is at present performed exceedingly improved. The whole interest now depends on the fortunes of the two lovers, acted on, as they are, by the feuds between their houses; whereas in the original, all the first act and part of the second were occupied by the love of *Romeo* for *Rosaline* which led to

nothing but contempt and disgust at his fickleness and easy change. This is now all omitted, to the great concentration and consequent heightening of the interest and effect. We should be glad to see this pruning hand, if directed by the same taste, carried to some other of our old plays, those of Shakspeare included. We know this will sound very heretic to those catholic admirers of Shakspeare who regard him as infallible—but our reverence for him is that of reason, not of blindness. While we yield to *none* in our admiration of his beauties, we remain quite aware of his errors and defects. They are more those of his works than of himself—that is, they belong to the times in which he lived, and not to his own individual genius. Thinking, also, as we do, that it would be easy to remove the most and the greater of these blemishes, without the necessity of any interpolation, we naturally desire to see it accomplished. It has been done to considerable extent in *Venice Preserved*, and now in *Romeo and Juliet*;—why not continue it? One of the very finest of Shakspeare's plays—*Othello*—would benefit much by revision of this sort. We are persuaded—we hope we shall not startle our readers—that the omission of the whole part of Roderigo would be an infinite improvement. He has no sort of connection with the plot;—it is not him of whom *Othello* is jealous; neither does he in any degree contribute to the developement of the story, or the bringing about the catastrophe. He is a complete excrescence, and, in our view, like most other excrescences, unsightly. All he seems to do is to bring into stronger light *Iago's* villany, which is surely sufficiently displayed already.

We are aware that all this is a digression; but we have gone into it, partly to exemplify the degree to which we admit the expediency of the unity of action, and

partly to prove to M. de Jouy that we are not warped by national prejudice, even in this stronghold and hotbed of all the literary predilections of an Englishman.

Farther than this, however, we do not go. When the unity of action is carried to the extreme of its being considered necessary that the plot should be definable in one sentence, it becomes, like the other unities, mere foppery. Regarding the others, it is, at this time of day, scarcely necessary to speak. That of place it has been found necessary to give up even in France—and that of time never has been adhered to;—for the license of four-and-twenty hours has always been allowed, and that is as little consonant with real fact as the intervention of any time, short of that which would change the physical appearance of the persons of the piece. Within *that* period we admit that all dramatic time should be confined. We may observe in passing that the greatest practical authority of the age—Lord Byron—who so unexpectedly—may we not add so perversely?—declared for the unities, has, in less than two years' time from the date of his dissertation in their favour, utterly abandoned his submission to them, which, indeed, was never but imperfectly paid.

There is one other reproach which M. de Jouy makes to our drama, which we think totally unfounded—we mean the multiplicity of principal characters. Scarcely any of our plays have more than two:—most of them have only one. This is, indeed, strongly apparent, from the difficulty which is daily found to select plays in which two actors of equal claims will consent to appear together. There are Jaffier and Pierre, Othello and Iago, and even Castalio, Polydore, and Chamont—but then again we have Macbeth, Hamlet, Lear, Richard, Sir Giles Overreach, and a crowd of plays, in which all

parts but one are of an inferiority quite decisive. "*Une variété confuse de caractères*," is, indeed, one of the last blemishes with which our theatre is chargeable.

With respect to our suggestion that French tragedy should be written in prose, we never supposed—not thought that we should be so understood—that we were starting an original idea. We did not suggest blank verse, for we considered the French language, if not freed from original construction, at least from the influence on the ear of unvaried usage, quite unfitted for that species of composition. Our recommendation of prose was not, nor was it meant to be, original. We knew perfectly well that it had been suggested before by French writers, though we certainly did not regard its having been unattended to as any argument against its adoption. For instance, Grimm goes so far as to say that they have *no* tragedies in France, from this very want of a natural system of expression, "True tragedy, such as never yet existed in France, must after all be written in prose, or at least can never accommodate itself to the pompous and rhetorical tone of our stately versification." He goes on in the same strain to assert that all the celebrated French tragedies are in fact epic, not dramatic; and that the productions of Racine and Voltaire should still be read and admired as poetry, "as the first works of the first geniuses that ever adorned any country under heaven,—but not as tragedies—not as pieces intended to exhibit natural characters and passions speaking their own language, and to produce that terrible impression which such pieces alone can produce." He proceeds to heap on these idolized works, considered as dramas, every frozen and icy epithet which the language contains, and affirms that their stateliness and stilted dignity is utterly

inconsistent with all real pathos. Diderot, Grimm's still more celebrated roadjutor, echoes his sentiments on this head, and asserts that tragedy has yet to be invented in France. He says, that "the declamatory and inflated tone" of French writers and actors is wholly incapable of conveying that which is simply dignified, forcible, or sublime. In one instance, after setting forth, in strong terms, the total deficiency of their tragedies on these points, he concludes with this memorable sentence;—"Mettez la main sur la conscience, et dites-moi s'il y a dans nos tragédies un mot du ton que convient à une vérité aussi haute et aussi familière, et quel air pourraient avoir dans cette bouche ces sentences ambitieuses, et la plupart de nos *fanfaronnades à la Corneille*?" These opinions are pretty strongly opposed to the established French taste; so much so, indeed, that both the writers enjoin their correspondent to secrecy, for fear that they should be stoned to death in front of the temple of the offended divinities—the Théâtre Français.

To M. de Jouy's argument that the increased ease which prose would give to dramatic composition, would overwhelm us with a flood of crude and faulty plays, the answer is quite obvious. Every thing of this kind always and very speedily corrects itself. If bad plays were written, they would get no readers or spectators; and they would thence soon cease to be written at all. The ease with which a commodity may be prepared does not in the least reconcile the consumer to its being bad. If it be, the demand will cease, and as in all other cases of manufactured goods, the demand regulates the supply. Who will buy, or who will go to see acted, miserable scenes of the nature M. de Jouy describes? And, if

nobody buys or sees, need we fear that there should be any alarming number written?

Though these remarks have stretched to a much greater length than we at first intended, we must say one word concerning our misapprehension of M. de Jouy's meaning with regard to the character of Sylla, as drawn by Montesquieu. We saw from the first that there must be some error, for it was impossible that he should copy at such length a portrait which never was drawn. We now find our mistake to have been the most natural possible. M. de Jouy begins his sentence in these words: "Sous la plume de l'auteur immortel de la Grandeur et de la Décadence des Romains, Sylla devient," &c.:—now, as Sylla is treated of in that work, we of course imagined it was that to which reference was made, else why style Montesquieu "l'auteur de la Grandeur et la de Décadence?" If he had been spoken of as the author of "l'Esprit des Loix," we should have understood at once that he was merely designated from his chief work; but why name him by one which, though distinguished, is yet of inferior note, unless peculiar allusion to it were meant? We should as soon have expected a passage from Julius Cæsar to be quoted as by "the author of the Merchant of Venice."

As it is, the charge of contradiction must rest on Montesquieu himself; for, we repeat, no two things can be more dissimilar than the character in the "Grandeur et Décadence," and that in "le Dialogue d'Eucrate." We repeat also, that we consider the latter fantastic and unnatural—in discordance with the facts of the case, and the general principles of human nature. But even genius is not free from that love of paradox which sacrifices being just to being ingenious.

In conclusion, we must express to M. de Jouy our gratification at the notice which he has given to our observations, and our sense of the candid, unprejudiced, and gentlemanlike manner in which he has replied to them.]

HAGAR ;

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

Persons.

ABRAHAM,	HAGAR,
ISHMAEL,	THE ANGEL.

SCENE I.—*Before the House of Abraham.*

ABRAHAM, HAGAR, ISHMAEL.

HAGAR.

AND is it come to this?—will you,
 You whom I've loved with that full fervent love
 Which virgins feel towards him to whom they yield
 Their maiden selves—will you, with whom I've shared
 That heaven which is created in the heart
 By the first parent feelings—oh will you
 Who *once* at least were used to cherish me
 With fondness on your bosom—will you now
 Thus cast me forth to perish?—*can* you cast
 Your child forth too?—him on whose new-born head
 You dropped the heart-o'erflowing tears which rise
 Deliciously from deep affection's joy?—
 No—no—you cannot have forgotten *all*

That we have felt together ;—you will spare
Oh surely, surely, you will spare my child,
Your child, and me.

ABRAHAM.

I do not seek your death :—
I wish that you may live, and long be happy.
I hope, I *know*, from HIM whose mighty word
Is truth and goodness, that your child will thrive
And be a lusty warrior, and give birth
To a great nation ; as our Eastern tree
Shoots forth its boughs till they again take root
And flourish in a multitude of trees
As goodly as itself. But other claims,
Higher than thine, and of more just affection,
Enforce that I should bid thee hence. Yet 'tis not
In wrath I send thee forth ;—No, Hagar, still
My heart is softened at your voice, and yearns
With tenderness and sorrow as you fix
Your eyes thus in complaint upon me ! Still
It swells with the remembered throb which erst
Beat with an unknown thrilling, as I gazed
Upon my infant's face :—but 'tis in vain
To think of these things now :—they are all passed
For ever !—and I may not without guilt
Dwell on their thought. Another child has now
Been borne to me by Sarah ;—she has right
To claim my undivided love for him.
In him my name will live—my seed be raised
In honour, number, and in might. Then go,
Go, Hagar, with your child—I still will think
With fond remembrance of you, but we *must*
Part, and for ever !—Take this scrip—there 're food

And water to support you in the waste,
Till you reach other dwellings.

HAGAR.

Oh! never
Shall we find other roof to shelter us
Since this is taken from our heads! Here—here
My hopes and all my best affections grew
And 'twined around this dwelling, like the vine
Whose broad abundant leaves o'er-curtain it!
Here have I lived in love and reverence—
Here did my bosom bear to thee this child—
Here did I nourish it at my fond breast—
Here did I nurse it in my doating arms—
Here did I watch its first young tottering steps,
And heard its earliest voice lisp forth “ My mother !”
And am I now, when youth has waned and gone,
And drawn its plastic spirit from my heart,
To wander forth to seek another home
In distant lands ? Oh never, never more
Will human roof-tree rise above this head !

ISHMAEL.

Nay, father, do not send us forth! indeed
I will be yielding to my little brother,
Although he scorns me, and says I'm his slave
And bondsman. Do not send us forth! I'll love him,
And Sarah too; though she despitefully
Entreats me and my mother! See she weeps
And sobs as if she'd choke with agony!
Oh! let us stay!—dear father, let us stay!
Spare my dear mother—and your child!—

ABRAHAM.

Sweet boy,
It wrings my heart to see your tears, and hers !

But you *must* go. Sarah demands, and justly,
That none should share my love and heritage
With Isaac. Yet I fondly love thee, child;
And for thy mother, Heaven can bear me witness
That I am grieved even with grief like hers,
To part. Oh, Hagar, think not hardly of me!—
Believe not that my heart is grown more cold
Or cruel than when first it beat for thee!
Think not I have forgotten all thy love,
And fond devotion, and long sufferance;
Alas! they are recorded in my soul
Too deeply and too well! That soul itself
Bleeds that we part thus!—But alas it *must* be,
Hagar, and thus staying lingeringly
Serves but to deepen the heart-wounds of both!

HAGAR.

What boots it thus to mock me with the words
Of fondness, while your deeds are those of hate?
You send us forth to wander in the waste,
A feeble woman and a tender child,
And yet you talk of love! Ah! 'tis the love
Which man so often bears to woman, which
Springs at the first from selfish lust, and ends
In selfish recklessness. We both shall perish!
Will Sarah's life be longer for my death?—
Will Isaac thrive the more that Ishmael dies?—
Oh! weak and cruel man, who thus art driven
To deeds of death against your wish—to kill
Those whom you *say* you love, that you may please
The hate and rancour of a jealous woman!
We both shall perish,—and 'tis by *your* deed.

ABRAHAM.

The Lord will have you in his keeping, and

His mercy will preserve your lives.—Farewell!—
 You wrong me, Hagar, thus to think me cruel;
 I have HIS license for the deed I do.
 Still, does my heart smite me, and the salt tear
 Springs gushingly to my eyes as they rest
 On your beloved face for the last time!
 Forgive me, Hagar—dear, dear, Hagar, say
 That you forgive me, ere you go! Once more
 Place your soft hand in mine!—Once only more
 Let me enfold you on my heart!—

*(She looks at him for a short time in mingled fondness
 and reproach, and at last falls upon his
 neck and weeps.)*

Farewell,
 Dear Hagar, fare thee well! May the great God
 In his all-merciful goodness succour you!—
 Bless you!—bless you!—bless you!—

*(He rushes into the house.—After a long pause,
 Hagar takes the scrip and bottle with water,
 and sets forward with Ishmael towards the
 desert.)*

SCENE II.—The Desert of Beersheba.

HAGAR, ISHMAEL.

ISHMAEL.

Mother, dear mother, I can go no farther,
 Here must I sink and die! I faint with thirst
 And weariness unbearable. My feet
 Are burst and bleeding with the hard hot sand—
 My stiffening knees ache at each step I tread—
 And, oh! this terrible consuming drought!—
 The camel's proverb'd sufferance of thirst
 Would fail him here! I burn—I burn—
 My tongue is swollen and hardened; and my throat

Is burning as though 'twere itself a fire!
 All, all, is burning in me!—my hot eyes
 Ache with this glazy mist of sand and sun,
 And feel as if their lids were heated iron!—
 This dreadful sun strikes on my scorched-up brain
 As if my head-top were already burst,
 And all within were bared to its fierce rays.
 Oh! for one bough of shade to screen my head—
 One drop of moisture to relieve my tongue!
 Is none, none, left?

*(He takes the bottle, and strives to drain water
 from it.)*

Alas! it is as dry
 As my own lips!—Mother, is no help near?
 I'm perishing!

HAGAR.

Bear up, my child; bear up
 A little yet. We cannot fail to meet
 One of those blessed spots where shrubs and springs
 Refresh and save the fainting wayfarer.
 Where shade gives coolness to his throbbing brows,
 And in the bubbling wells he revels greedily!
 I know that here are many such;—bear up,
 My own dear child!—we'll meet with them anon!

ISHMAEL.

Oh, mother, 'tis too late! I faint—I sink—
 If Jordan rolled its ample wave within
 An hundred paces from my panting lip
 I could not reach it now—But see! oh see!
 Yonder is water, mother! see it gleams
 In the bright sun!

*(His strength seems suddenly to return, and he
 springs forward.)*

Oh! help me, mother, help me
 To gain the blessed bank! my strength returns
 To see the water glisten! oh how cool
 It looks! how sweet! on mother—on—on—on—

*(They press forward—the scene changes to another
 part of the desert; after a pause, they re-
 enter.)*

ISHMAEL.

Oh, God! it flies us!—It is that false glare
 Which mocks the agony it makes—which strives
 To add fresh anguish to our maddening pain
 Then, as it were, derides us!—I am spent—
 That last exertion called up all my strength,
 And now it fails me quite!

(He falls exhausted.)

Oh mother, cast

My garment o'er my head to shield my eyes
 From this accursed sun!—it burns! it burns!
 But kiss me, mother, first—kiss my hot lips
 For the last time on earth!—dear, dear, mother!

(He faints.)

HAGAR.

Oh! he will die in this wide wilderness,
 Where there is none to help! No living thing
 Can sojourn here;—the burning earth—the air
 Of fiery sand—the boundless waste unwatered,
 E'en by one merciful drop—are no abode
 For any thing that lives;—the very beasts
 That fly from man to deepest solitudes
 Never prowl here;—the desert-bird itself
 Belies its name, and dwells not in a place
 Which is *all* desert!—Can I marvel then

That man with fear and care should always shun
Regions so enemy to life ?

(She looks anxiously to every quarter of the horizon.)

Alas !

No one is nigh—no troop of voyagers,
Or e'en a single wanderer, comes here
To save us at our need ! My child ! my child !
Must I then see thee die ? thee, whose young life
Thrilled with such rapturous pleasure at my heart,
And brought that flood of exquisite joys which rise
With the new feelings of maternity !
Oh ! how I've watched the dawn of infant sense
In those sweet eyes, which beamed and brightened on me !
And are they closed for ever ? And that smile
Which spoke the 'waking consciousness within
Of life and love, ere yet the tongue could tell them,
Is it grown stiff in death ? and have I seen it ?

(She bends over him.)

There still is life !—and sudden help might yet
Preserve my child—Oh ! let me shelter him
From these unmerciful rays, though my own brain
Is sick and giddy—

*(She strips off some of her clothing, and spreads it
over him).*

Oh ! this thirst and heat
Devour and consume me too !—but my child
My own dear Ishmael requires my help,
And I will still endure !—were I to sink
We both should perish then beyond all hope.

*(She looks around eagerly, and after a pause she
suddenly starts up).*

Oh God ! what is't I see ?—the moving sand
Speaks a large band of travellers on its way !

Oh ! blessed Lord, I thank thee ! see it comes—

It comes—it comes——ah me ! it comes *too fast* !

It is *not* help—it is destruction !

'Tis the devouring whirlwind of the waste

Which tears the sand up in a mighty stream

Whose vortex overwhelms and swallows all !

Oh God of goodness shield me, shield my child !

*(She falls on her face, and remains on the earth till
the whirlwind is passed.)*

'Tis gone !—my child, my child, my child,—Oh blest

Be Heaven in its mercy—he still lives !

*(She raises him from the sand, and places his head on
her knees.)*

How his brow burns and throbs ! and his parched skin

Almost seems cracking with the withering heat !

How often have I nursed him thus upon my lap

As he has slumbered in the heat of noon,

But sheltered by the green and shadowing palm-trees !

And did I think that e'er the time would be

When the dear office would become a curse ?

—Alas ! alas ! he dies !—his hands and feet

Are chilling cold as clay—and a black shade

Spreads o'er the deadly paleness of his face !

I cannot bear to see him die.

(She places him on the earth.)

Oh God ! Oh God !

Have I deserved this ? Ishmael ! Ishmael !

My child !

*(She presses her lips to his in a long kiss ;—then goes
to some distance, and out of sight of the spot
where he lies.)*

My child is dying, and my own life

Is ebbing fast ;—oh 'tis a dreadful death

To perish in the desert thus by thirst !—

And my child too, my child ! Oh Lord of Heaven,
 How have sinned that I am punished thus ?
 I loved my master, as his bond-maid should—
 I loved him, as a woman loves her lord—
 And oh ! was this a sin ? When my full heart
 Yearned into his in soft abandonment,
 How knew I 'twas a crime whose penalty
 Was thus to perish with my child through *his*
 Unkindness ? and e'en when he turned me forth
 He mocked me with the promise that the boy
 Should live and prosper.—Even now he dies !—
 And I am perishing too !—But my last words
 Shall not be those of guilty murmuring !
 Into *His* sparing hand let me commend
 My spirit ! (*She kneels and prays.*)

Merciful and mighty Lord,
 Look on thy sinning servant ! look upon my child
 And spare, oh ! spare, his young and innocent life !
 If I have sinned against thee, let *me* perish,
 But spare my child—my dear, my sinless, child !
 Arrest the life-breath flitting on his lip—
 Quicken the pulse fast sinking in his heart—
 Give back the lost strength to his failing limbs—
 Preserve—restore his life—and let *me* die !

(*She bows her head to the earth, and remains in
 intense devotion. After some time a voice is
 heard—Hagar !—Hagar !*)

(*She slowly raises her head. The Angel appears in the
 midst of a body of pale and beautiful light.*)

THE ANGEL.

Why weep'st thou, Hagar ? why is thy loud wail
 Thus raised unto the throne of Heaven ? The Lord
 Has heard thy prayer, and hearkened to the cry .

Of the young lad ; He has stretched forth his hand
To spare thee and thy child—Behold !

*(The Angel descends to the earth, and stamps with his
foot upon the ground.—A gushing fountain
rises.)*

HAGAR.

Blessed

Be the Lord in his great mercy ! Oh my child
Is saved !

*(She eagerly scoops up some water in the hollow of her
hands, and runs to where Ishmael lies.)*

Oh ! let me pour and spread
The heavenly moisture on his burning brow
And blackened lips ! Look up, dear Ishmael !
We are saved—look up—here's water—blessed water !
*(Ishmael slowly uncloses his eyes,—he drinks the
water, and by degrees recovers.)*

ISHMAEL.

Blessings on you, mother ! Oh how delicious
Is this cool water ! more, mother ! more !—more !

HAGAR.

Dear child, here is a full and gushing spring—
Arise—come—come—

*(She assists him to the fountain—he plunges into it,
and drinks.)*

ISHMAEL.

Oh ! I could plunge and plunge
And roll for ever in this cooling wave,
And drink it in at every pore as well
As with my lips ! But, mother, you too thirst—
Drink—drink with me.

HAGAR.

I thought not of myself,
But I *do* thirst—severely— (*She stoops and drinks.*)
(*Ishmael looks up, and sees the Angel—he rises from
the water, and bows before him.*)

THE ANGEL.

Ishmael,
Thy mother's voice has reach'd the heavenly throne
Of the All-merciful—and He hath spared thee !
Be grateful unto her—be thankful unto Him !
Behold how Power and Wisdom thus bring good
From evil. Thou wast turned into the waste,
And laid thee down to die. But here, e'en here,
Thy seed shall rise into a mighty tribe
Which shall o'erspread and people all this land.
They shall not dwell in cities, nor shall roofs
Be built above their heads ; they shall make tents
And pitch them on the face of this wide waste
Where'er their pleasure bids ;—and they shall be
Mighty in archery and horsemanship.
Their steeds shall be as fleet as is the wind,
And bear them as that bears the racking cloud.
They shall be many in the land, and thou
Even thou shalt be their founder. But bethink thee,
When children shall spring up, and rustic riches
Shall flow in plenty round thee—of this time—
When faint, and sinking with fatigue and thirst,
God sent me to thy help, and bade me raise
Water from out the dry and sandy earth
That you might drink and live ! Remember too
That 'twas thy mother saved thee !—She supplied
Thy failing strength with her's though failing too—
She stripped the cov'ring from her burning brow

To shelter thine—she thought not of her thirst,
Fierce and devouring as a furnace flame,
Till thine was satisfied ! And when old age
Shall make her helpless as her child once was,
Then cherish her, as she has fostered thee.
The utmost measure of a son's affection
Never can even to the half repay
The force and fulness of his mother's love.

A PANEGYRIC ON MELANCHOLY.

Who would exchange melancholy remembrances for the apathy of him who thinks only of the present ? Who would exchange for unfeeling contentment that creative memory which peoples the present time with past joys, past friendships, past love, although the recollection carries sadness along with it ?—THE LOUNGER.

Who would ?—No—I disagree with Dante, Lord Byron, and all those poets who would fain persuade us that the recollection of past joys only produce painful feelings. If I am miserable, I still find satisfaction in thinking I once enjoyed happiness ; the contrast may add a pang to present suffering, but still it calls off attention from the actual moment, and brings a ray of light which, like a wintry gleam, may indeed impart but faint heat, yet gilds and throws a bright tinge on the mind that lay in previous gloom. The pleasures of memory have been sung, and they have been considered a poetical fiction ;—its pains have been more frequently the theme of remark,—and the reason is obvious. In most constitutions, pain produces a much stronger effect, and leaves a much deeper impression than joy. Men remember “ what breaks their hearts or heads,” but their days of social ease, of quiet

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happiness, glide by unrecorded.. And, even the stronger emotions of joy are too speedily forgotten, or obliterated by a slight or trifling sorrow. We can describe every kind of pain, from the most dignified suffering to the most pitiful vexation, in glowing colours. We can easily excite sympathy for griefs and sorrows; we are naturally complaining and murmuring, and never appear so self-satisfied as when we exhaust all our talents and eloquence to portray evil—to shew that which but for our exertions would scarcely be noticed;—as when we aggravate our own complaints, or point out those of others. We perversely add a barb to every sorrow, we teach those to writhe with impatience who, but for our misdirected genius, had almost turned their griefs into sources of satisfaction, so meekly had their spirit bowed, so gently had they submitted; and, meek and gentle souls know a joy which belongs not to the redresser of evil, or rather the crier out against evil—for evil is the warp in the stuff of life—it cannot be eradicated but with the destruction of life itself. All turn eagerly to the voice of lamentation, and discontent excites our attention and pity, while happiness we too frequently judge unworthy of regard. Our virtue prompts to this as much as our disposition to complaint; it should, however, also turn our attention to the softening and inspiring views of happiness. But even poets rarely choose her for their theme—none will listen to her voice; she is considered as dull to think of, dull to associate with, and so sufficient unto herself, that we pass her by with marked inattention—and she is all sufficient unto herself! Still we are so vain and senseless that, unless in the first delightful hours of her visit, we almost prefer being in her search, and possessing the power of exciting the attention of our companions

by complaints and sighs, to the unnoticed and quiet enjoyment of that peaceful and gentle calm which precludes all desire of change, and yet is so distinct from the raptures which can be described with effect, and whose essence is to be transitory, that half the world say, "if this be happiness, I despise those who can be happy."

The pursuit of happiness is "our being's end and aim," but few form any decided idea of what happiness may be:—they blindly follow the impulse of their various passions, and change their designs more from the modification which time brings to their feelings, than from real change of purpose. Happiness, such as youth aspires to—such as youth always thinks that, by some fortunate exception from the general lot, it shall realize—such happiness is indeed a visionary imagination of good—a plant whose blossoms are lovely, but so truly an exotic; that all our cares, all our prunings, our diligent waterings, and the warm fires in which all our fuel is prodigally expended, fail in succeeding to ripen it into fruit. Many will refuse their assent to this—many desire not better than the usual train of life, and wonder how we can desire other fruit than the hips and haws which are to them so sweet. They exclaim that they wish not for more enjoyments than the abundance which courts our daily acceptance; they do not, like the Roman emperor, require the invention of new pleasures; they ask but to taste those they see before them. The active man says that he finds sufficient satisfaction in trying to attain—that the pursuit is the true prize—that new objects always arise to replace those which fail or cease to allure. The enthusiastically religious seek no present happiness; their wild fervours bring no peace; and, whether they lead a stumbling life from sin to

repentance, suffering the most terrific terrors,—or with the spiritual pride of a cold temperament, exult in their virtue, and reckon the joys of futurity, as the milk-maid did the products of her eggs,—they, equally with the others I have mentioned, would refuse my views of life. But, there is a large class who seek happiness and find her not ; who quarrel with her handmaids because they are not the beauty they desire ;—who waste their powers in the cultivation of those high aspirations which the sanguine are apt to believe the portion that is to begin for them to-morrow, and which the melancholy render the cause of bitterness, turning even former pleasures into present sorrows, if they are unassailed by others. Memory which should be the nurse of joy, they teach to be the slanderer of the present, exciting envy of the past, and distrust of the future.

Is melancholy then the source of suffering ?—certainly in many cases it is our worst foe,—but it is the attribute of man. He has been variously defined, “ a cooking animal,” “ an animal that laughs,” “ an unfeathered biped,” and half an hundred things beside ; but, I should define him rather an animal occupied with the past and the future—an animal subject to melancholy :

“ We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught ;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.”

The extremes of cultivation and of savage nature equally present man disturbed with imaginary terrors, hanging his head with grief and gloom, which arise from feelings he neither can define, nor at will shake from him. The busy and active are the least subject to this

attribute of humanity, and they frequently deride those whose temperament exposes them, or whose situation renders them strongly liable, to melancholy. But, even for them there are seasons when Nature asserts her claim, and sheds on their unreflecting heads the vapours which weigh down to the earth those brighter spirits who most nearly reach the heavens.

But melancholy is not purely an evil infirmity ;—its excess, like every other feeling or faculty of man when encreased beyond its due proportion, carries terror and devastation. When melancholy becomes the settled habit of the soul, it distorts symmetry,—it turns light to darkness, happiness to misery ;—it overthrows the reason, or renders it but the purveyor to bitter and cankering grief. Shall we, therefore, blame our mental conformation—condemn, shun, and hate all melancholy feelings? If we do so, we throw away all the good and excellent things she could create for us, while in vain we strive to elude her grasp ; she will clutch us at some period of our lives with an iron hand, and wring us with her sharpest and most lacerating pangs. It is said that we can be gay or melancholy in spite of our tempers—that it is affectation to be “ sad as night,” when jollity and mirth inspire every hour. I know that this may be objected to the theory which draws from the right cultivation of gentle melancholy, as from one of the best springs of happiness within our power ; but, it may equally be objected against any and all moral cultivation of the disposition and faculties. The gay, I do not desire to become sad ; but, I tell them not to stigmatize those who are so, for they shall at one time or other bow to the irresistible power ; I tell them that an occasional intercourse with the deprecated-sentiment would add to their pleasures, and moderate the passions

which will lead to greater sufferings than any melancholy occasions;—I tell them that deep reflection in all right feeling hearts necessarily engenders melancholy,—but a melancholy which excludes all bitter sadness,—which gives a pure, serene, and temperate warmth to the spiritual atmosphere,—which exalts and ennobles, yet prevents our becoming fastidious, the natural tendency of too great refinement. For the melancholy I advocate is far distinct from the sentimental whining which commonly is mistaken for it, or that fierce and bitter disdain for the weaknesses and sins of our species which Lord Byron has so powerfully embodied in poetry that almost wins us to misanthropy.—The active and busy treat the contemplative man with just contempt, when he entirely abandons his faculties to musing, and dreams away his time in visionary enjoyments. But the nature of man is to unite both; without contemplation, action loses its dignity, and becomes merely the uncertain result of restlessness as likely to be hurtful as beneficial;—the perfection of our nature is to unite them in their due proportion, and none can do so who slights the cultivation of the serious and reflecting powers. The gayest are visited by the gentle approaches of my favourite, but they so studiously fly from her that at last she returns no more till she comes irresistibly to seize in her wrath those who have neglected her in her charming and peaceful hours, when they will bitterly change their opinions and cry aloud with Petrarch, “*Ahi! null’ altro che pianto al mondo dura!*” And why will they refuse to entertain those feelings which all nature and their own souls declare to be part of the vast circle which man is privileged and confined to tread? They prefer mirth—but mirth cannot last;—the day is closed by evening, bright and beautiful

tints accompany her ending—the year sinks through glowing autumn into winter—life itself into the grave.—Then “hail, divinest Melancholy,” thou wert given to form us for eternity, to fill our souls with lofty joys, to preserve our moral identity. Passions—all, even the basest, of passions—are eloquent, and it needs thy deep and soft persuasion to teach us to resist. We suffer disappointment, and our tempers change; apathy thrusts its icy fingers into our breast—the warm and generous pulses of virtuous youth are contaminated by intercourse with the world—their own heat leads astray—and it is by divine melancholy, which revives our souls to their first thoughts, which gives back youthful feelings to the heart chilled with social indulgence, that we are enabled to deem “goodness is no name, happiness no dream.”

To cultivate the pleasures which belong to the mind is the wisest course; for if the philosophy of the present day attempt to prove that our mind is as little in our power as the other elements of nature, it only teaches us to forego all cultivation, to let our lives be a common of existence; and *that* nature is too powerful ever to permit to be the case. I believe we have little power over any thing in the world, but what little we have I think lies within ourselves; and to exert it there is the part of wisdom, as there alone may its exertions prove successful. The Fate or Destiny of the Ancients, the Predestination of the Calvinist moderns, were high and poetic systems; they might, as the case stood, exalt to the greatest possible pitch of virtue and happiness, or sink to abandoned misery; but even in the utmost degradation, they carried a greatness along with them;—they did not meanly debase man, like our present system of Necessity, which teaches man that he is like the wood which the turner forms into bowls and platters. The philos-

phers of the present day, allow the difference of timber; a man may be hard-grained or soft, of a white or dusky colour; but circumstances, like the lathe, equally mould the beech into the bowl, and the ash into the broomstick. Reason, they tell us, should not be offended at *facts*; reason should not presume to know any thing but what facts and experience teach, and this they pronounce the only reasonable and demonstrable system. Alas! and can this be so? They have philanthropy in the person of Mr. Owen on their side, and poetry in the works of Mr. Shelley; they may quote the fine lines of his Prometheus:—

“ ——— Hark! the rushing snow!
 The sun-awakened avalanche! whose mass,
 Thrice sifted by the storm, had gathered there
 Flake after flake, in heaven-defying minds,
 As thought by thought is piled, till some great truth
 Is loosened, and the nations echo round,
 Shakened to their roots, as do the mountains now.”

And they may reason till they bewilder the weak, but they may not convince even where they are not successfully answered.—It is a moral truth “ *que le battement du cœur nous apprend mieux que toutes les discussions théoriques,*” and our boasted reason frequently is a most ar-rant deceiver. There is no absurdity that she will reject as extravagant. She has persuaded some there can be neither God or future state; she has taught some that virtue and vice are the same; she has convinced many that there can be no such thing as free will, in opposition to their own experience—some that there can not be such things as soul or spirit, contrary to their natural perceptions—and others that there does not exist either matter or body, in defiance to their senses. By analyzing all things she can prove to the satisfaction of her follow-

ers that there is nothing in any thing; and by shifting about, she can reduce all existence to the invisible dust of scepticism. Are we not content with misusing our passions,—must even reason be made, although “a light from heaven,” a light to lead astray? Melancholy would never give this “heart dry as summer dust;”—she would preserve and shield us from these fatal mistakes;—she teaches the insufficiency of our faculties to penetrate the mysteries of the universe, while she fills us with admiration for all we can behold and comprehend, and with reverence for the “great First Cause” which remains “least understood.”

The known power which we possess of singling out any one of our thoughts, of detaining it, and making it the particular object of attention, is sufficient to prove that we may nurse the faculty of contemplative musing, bring the less obvious relations of things into notice, create new pleasures of reflection, and give our minds the habit of any train and disposition of thought we may desire. A particular associating principle may be so much strengthened as to give us a command of all the different ideas of our mind which have a certain relation to each other, and thus we may despotically rule our most constant thoughts—for, of course, I am not wild enough to contend that there exists the

“ ———Place whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not.—”

Shall I be accused of wishing to introduce gloom? Am I to be told

The lark shall mount the sapphire skies
And wake the grateful song of gladness
One general peal from earth shall rise—
Is man alone to droop in sadness?

I would not change the sweet rebukes of melancholy for all the boisterous joys which ever shook the air with clamour ;—besides she brings encouragements still more numerous and sweet—

When to myself I sit and smile,
With pleasing thoughts the time beguile,
By a brook-side or wood so green,
Unheard, unsought for, or unseen,
A thousand pleasures do me bless
And crown my soul with happiness.
All my joys besides are folly,
None so sweet as melancholy—
Methinks I hear, methinks I see,
Sweet music, wondrous melodie,
Towns, palaces, and cities fine,
Now here, now there ; the world is mine.
Rare beauties, gallant ladies, shine,
What e'er is lovely or divine.
All my joys to this is folly,
None so sweet as melancholy.—*

These are her least sweets ;—but she has also deep and holy thoughts which may not be profaned by public expression. The kingdom of melancholy is within us. Its altar is our heart, and the fires lose their pure lustre when taken from the shrine of our breasts to be held up even to enlighten a perverse world. Mackenzie is her worthy priest—and I cannot conclude with a finer sentiment than the latter part of the quotation I began with—

“The most melancholy reflection which an old man can make, when he looks around him, and misses the companions of his youth, the associates of his active days, and exclaims in the natural language of Petrarch, *Ed io pur vivo!*—even in this to one of a good and pious mind, there is a certain elevation above the world, that sheds (so to speak) a beam of heavenly light upon the darkness around him.”—

* Burton—Lines prefixed to the Anatomy of Melancholy.

ON THE CHARACTER OF THE DARK AGES.

CICERO has observed that history amuses in whatever manner it be written. Historians, improving on the idea, seem to have considered amusement as its only purpose. Hence the annals of all nations are filled with the strangest and most improbable events; the gravest writers have not disdained to load their pages with narratives which belong more properly to the department of fiction. The legends of the saints which the patient and praiseworthy credulity of the Benedictines have brought together in so many volumes, hardly deviate more from the ordinary course of nature, than the more secular compositions which have been dignified with the name of history. These holy narratives less challenge our scepticism, as they are less tied down by the common rules of probability; they always treat of matters miraculous in their nature, which, as they profess to be at variance with all experience, are not fit subjects for the exercise of our reason. If we can once persuade ourselves of the special interference of Providence, a great miracle taxes our faith not more than a small one. He who can believe that St. Denys after his martyrdom picked up his head and put it under his arm, will not be startled by the distance he carried it. In these cases it has been wittily remarked, all the difficulty is in the first steps: a mile is as easily done as a yard.

This reasoning may satisfy us when we have to do with the adventures of holy men, but it is not equally convincing when we are engaged in the investigation of mere worldly passages. In the history of nations we do not look for miracles. We are accustomed to see their

destinies governed by general principles, we expect the same consequences at all times to result from the same causes, and we feel reluctant to believe what runs counter to the lessons of experience. We are staggered when we find events which in most times and places seem quite impossible, are in others classed among the every day occurrences of ordinary life. We know, for instance, that the numbers of a nation must necessarily be limited by its means of subsistence; and, that the inhabitants of a barren country will be but few when commerce does not enable them to make up for the deficiencies of their own soil. Yet history does not always confirm the conclusions drawn from observation. There are passages in the story of every nation which no ingenuity can explain, which, turn them in what way we will, must still set at defiance all probability, which no weight of testimony can induce a thinking reader to believe.

The *Agro Romano*, the country in the immediate neighbourhood of Rome, from its poverty of soil and its almost total want of water, seems doomed by nature to at least a partial sterility. Nothing, it is clear to those who have examined it, but the wealth and luxury of a great city which turns all around it into a garden, could ever for a moment have withdrawn it from its actual employment of feeding cattle. It must have been at all times a mere pasture-ground thinly covered with beasts, and almost destitute of inhabitants. It is the natural breeding-ground of Italy. Yet ancient historians have asserted, and their successors have unhesitatingly repeated the tale, that when Romulus founded Rome, when the country was so little inhabited, that it was open to whoever chose to occupy it, ten powerful nations dwelt in less than two hundred thousand acres of this

desolate country, deriving their subsistence from its produce.

If in a poor country, thus thickly peopled, the Romans could once gain a footing, their subsequent greatness has indeed nothing to surprise us. With such powerful neighbours so closely surrounding them, the inhabitants of the eternal city could not but become a warlike people, distinguished for their policy and foresight. Their valour could never relax for an instant whose bread could only be obtained at the point of the sword. Their vigilance was not likely to slumber, who from the height of the capitol could keep watch on all the designs of their enemies. To them ambassadors were wholly useless. They needed no spies among their neighbours; without stirring from home, they could see all that was passing in the surrounding nations. As for visits of ceremony, his majesty himself on his pony might in one short morning have paid his round of visits to the whole college of sovereigns. Nor can we marvel that the establishment of Rome should have been displeasing to the already existing states. When nations were thus closely packed, Romulus could not stir in his bed without disturbing the slumbers of all the neighbour kings.

Such is the manner in which the early history of Rome has been handed down to us, such the strange tales which every writer has for two thousand years undoubtingly repeated. There is scarcely a passage in the first six hundred years of the stern republic that does not set at defiance all reasonable criticism. Yet, the Roman story, more than that of any other people, has engaged the attention of learned men. Their hair has turned gray, and their eyes have grown dim, whilst they have

pored over its annals. No patience has been wanting to collate manuscripts, and to dig from the rubbish of libraries every passage which might throw light on the subject. But the warmth of their admiration has overpowered their judgment. They have forgotten that no weight of evidence can render that probable which is in itself impossible. Instead of correcting the exaggerations of former writers by facts which could not be mistaken, they have endeavoured to fashion the parts according to the proportion which their heated imaginations conceived to belong to the whole. They have accepted of testimony by the weight, without any regard to fitness. The loose assertions of rhetorical declamation have been considered as sufficient evidence of facts, and every testimony has been admitted as authentic which did but fall in with their pre-conceived notions of Roman greatness.

From this perversion of intellect the consequence has followed which might naturally be expected. After all the pains bestowed on it, the history of Rome is entitled to little more credit than the adventures of Amadis de Gaul, or the memorials which the worthy Archbishop Turpin has preserved of the court of Charlemagne, and of his dozen peers so famous in arms.

If such be the obscurity which involves the most brilliant period of history; if we are still at a loss to know how much we may believe of the achievements of a people whose fame has been echoed through so many ages and so many nations, which so many writers have laboured to elucidate with all the patience of scholars, all the fondness of children, and all the enthusiasm of worshippers, we cannot feel surprised that the story of the middle ages should be enveloped in more than

common darkness, that seen as it is through the mist of prejudice, its swoln countenance and distorted features should excite nothing but loathing and disgust.

This portion of time authors have viewed with abhorrence. They have poured out on it all the vials of their indignation. Looking on it as the great Serbo-nian bog in which had perished all the knowledge and civilization of antiquity, they have never approached its borders but with dread. They have painted its habits and manners in the darkest colours; they have deepened all its shades, that by the contrast, their favourite, and in their eyes more splendid, period of history might stand out from the canvass, and win the favour of beholders.

What have been called the dark ages have indeed been hardly dealt with. They have been described with all the zeal of ignorance, and all the acrimony of hatred. The most contradictory qualities have been brought together to add to the long catalogue of their faults. They are supposed to have joined all the profligacy of refinement to all the coarser vices of barbarous times. All distinction between right and wrong seems to have been rooted out of men's minds; the most disgusting excesses excited no abhorrence; the people of these times, we are told, were wicked for the pleasure of being so. Virtue and knowledge had bid adieu to the earth. No sacrifices were offered but on the altars of ignorance and vice.

They who have been loudest in the praises of Christianity, they who have most earnestly directed men's gratitude to the benefits which its doctrines have conferred on human nature, have been most anxious to persuade us that its establishment in the world was immediately followed by ten centuries of brutality and

crimes. They would fain make us believe that the peace and harmony it inculcates were unfavourable to the happiness of the human race; that at the approach of the messengers of God the arts and sciences and all moral feeling fled from the dwellings of men; that the mild lessons of the Gospel only the more disposed them to violence and war and bloodshed. If we place implicit reliance on the assertions of history, we must believe that the heathens greatly surpassed their Christian successors in every praiseworthy quality; that theirs were knowledge and virtue, and all the attributes which add dignity to the name of man, whilst the disciples of Christ were only distinguished for brutality and ignorance.

But Christianity does not deserve the reproach. Religion has not to justify herself from the foul aspersion. Neither were the days of Augustus so resplendent with light, nor were those of Clovis wholly without their gleam. The change, which the fall of the Roman power brought about in the condition of men, was less injurious than is generally supposed. It changed their political relations, but it did no harm to their civil rights. Indeed it can hardly be doubted, that the great body of the people was more wretched, its treatment more abject under the imperial government, than when ruled by their Gothic conquerors.

A long continuance of power in the same hands had produced its usual effect. Society required to be new cast, for all its institutions had been turned away from their original purpose. The establishments framed for the protection of the people had been perverted into instruments of oppression. The rights of the poor were every where sacrificed to the interest of the rich. The exactions of property had almost annihilated industry.

The possession of the land had fallen into very few hands. Whole provinces went to form the estate of individual senators. Africa with its 300 bishoprics is said to have been the patrimony of five families, who cultivated its soil not by their farmers, but by their slaves. This unhappy condition was that of the great body of the people ; their toil was without benefit to themselves.

The extortions of the exchequer completed the wretchedness of those whom individual oppression had spared. The officers of government were deeply imbued with the legitimate doctrine, that the people are made for the convenience of their rulers ; that they have nothing to do with the laws but to obey them ; and they measured their exactions more by the fancied and ever-growing wants of their masters, than by the ability of the people to bear them. It was better in their opinion that the peasant should want bread, than that the imperial court should miss any part of its splendour.

Justly suspicious of the fidelity of men with whom they had no relations but those of tyranny and oppression, their rulers no longer intrusted the defence of the country to the courage of its citizens ; the people was disarmed, and in their stead hordes of mercenary strangers were hired, not so much to defend the frontiers against enemies, as to support their masters against the hatred of the people.

This policy had its natural consequences ; it left the empire wholly without defence. When the hour of danger came, the soldiers were found false, and the people unused to arms had no confidence in themselves, and with their skill had lost their courage. The vices of the government rendered the conquerors of the world an easy prey to whoever chose to attack them.

It would be vain to look for knowledge among a people sunk thus deep in misery. When all are either masters or slaves, there is no room for the exertion of intellect. Men's minds soon fall to the level of their condition, and he will not long continue to think, to whom thought can bring nothing but pain. Luxury is not less than misery, an enemy to mental greatness. It cares but for that trifling literature which may fill up a leisure moment, which serves rather for amusement than instruction. It cherishes letters but to destroy them.

Long before the subversion of her empire, the literary genius of Rome had dwindled almost to nothing. From the Thames to the Nile, from the Tagus to the Danube, we search in vain for its productions. In these extensive regions, which now count their authors by thousands, Claudian alone survives to tell us that in two hundred years the Roman empire had brought forth a poet.

Rome, indeed, in her happiest days can boast of few authors. Though the eternal city long survived her thousandth year; though she saw pass away forty generations of men, scarcely twenty names can be mentioned of those whom the white swans have picked up from the stream of time, to deposit them in the temple of Fame. Yet, to this small number, scattered over so long a period, almost every country of Europe has furnished its quota. The world was not less tributary to the literature, than to the luxury, of its metropolis. The capital of so vast an empire naturally drew to itself all the talent of its provinces. There was the seat of power; within its walls were distributed all favours. The natives of France, of Spain, of Britain, of Africa, no less than those of Italy and Rome, are inscribed on

the muster-roll of her authors. Roman literature, so resplendent when our deluded imagination restricts it to one generation and one city, loses all its lustre, and becomes faint and dim when spread over ten centuries and a hundred provinces.

What strongly marks the composition of society in ancient and modern times, the talent for writing, which is now so seldom found in company with high rank, was then almost entirely restricted to the upper classes. Most of the writers of Rome were distinguished for their birth, and the high employments they had held. Knowledge was then the birth-right of the few ; it was never communicated to the people, who were scarcely considered as forming part of the nation.

What is a privilege can never be generally useful. The boasted civilization of Rome brought no improvement in the condition of her subjects. The arts and sciences owe to her no discoveries. They seemed to slumber under her rule. Scarcely an invention can be traced to the genius of the imperial city, unless we yield to the doubtful claim of her architects, and assign to her the merit of having first used the arch in building. Little praise is due to her political system, which left her always a prey to bad government. Hardly a good prince can be named in the long catalogue of her sovereigns. A dreary succession of bloody and sensual tyrants is only occasionally relieved by the insipid virtues of a few old men, whose love of gossiping and patience of flattery have been dignified with the name of philosophy ; whose few good qualities were not those of their station. The Antonines might have made a respectable figure among the loquacious disputes of an academy, but what was the world the better for their power ? Lost in the idle and endless discussions of the

philosophers, neither they nor their countrymen gave any heed to the calls of useful knowledge. They busied themselves but with words.

Even in the days of Cicero and Augustus a taste for literature was wholly unknown to the people, and amongst the great it was for the most part little more than a sickly affectation. We cannot believe that they were much moved by a love of philosophy, who listened to long lectures in metaphysics during a dinner for which they had prepared themselves by a vomit, and who repeatedly retired from table that they might enable themselves by the same filthy means to renew their enjoyment. This passion for good eating they had indeed in common with the other great luminaries of antiquity. The most eminent philosophers of Greece were almost all diners out by profession. Both nations were sunk deep in all the abominations of sensual indulgence. Their philosophy and love of letters brought no check to their vices.

These two celebrated nations, who have been so long held up as objects for us to admire and imitate, were so little smitten with the love of real knowledge, that even in their literary pursuits, neglecting what is useful, they confined themselves almost wholly to subjects of taste and amusement. The studies of their learned men contributed nothing to make the world happier or wiser. Their arts added nothing to the comforts of life. But, this ignorance of their duties is not to be attributed to any particular depravity of their nature. They were led to this perversion of intellect by the unnatural state of their society. They were nations of gentlemen who lived by the labour of others; who had no common interest with those from whom they derived the means of their extravagance. The luxury of Athens was

supported by the contributions of the allies, which were made a source of income to her citizens, and the vices of Rome were fed by the full stream of tribute which flowed into her bosom from every quarter of the world. Sparta long retained her greatness, because her chiefs had not known how to procure themselves an income from the plunder of her allies. She shared the fate of her rival as soon as a more liberal system was introduced into her politics. Her liberties and her virtues did not long survive the discovery, that gold not iron forms the sinews of war.

They who can dwell with complacency on the fruitless studies of antiquity; they who consider the arts of amusement as more praiseworthy than useful inventions; they who look to no higher employment of intellect than scanning verses and turning periods, will hardly be brought to relish the merits of the dark ages. The virtues of these times are of quite another description. They were more skilled in things than in words: they could act better than they could write. But in all useful knowledge they were not deficient. It is impossible to shut our eyes to the fact, that to this period of imputed ignorance, we owe all the discoveries and inventions which have given to the general complexion of modern life so decided a superiority over the vaunted but comfortless civilization of the ancients. The whole history of the world cannot bring together, in an equal number of generations, so many men so perfect in all the lineaments of human nature, and who have contributed so much to all that tends to the improvement and happiness of their fellow-creatures.

There is a grandeur in the character of this part of the history of Europe which is found in no other. Men seem to move with that elasticity of frame, that joyous

step which marks the buoyancy of renewed health, when first escaping from the restraints of a sick bed. Nothing seems impossible to their courage. Their light-heartedness was not without cause. These savages were the first to find out that man has no natural rights over his fellows ; they were the first people in the records of history amongst whom slavery ceased to be the ordinary condition of the great body of the nation. Instead of speaking of such men with contempt, we ought to feel proud that we can trace up our ancestry to their virtues.

The change which the overthrow of the Roman empire brought about in the moral character of men, is one of great curiosity and importance. As we are not much smitten with the virtues of savage life, as we do not believe that wisdom loves to dwell in woods, or is anxious to be wooed in wildernesses, we are not disposed to attribute its beneficial influence to the habits and institutions which the barbarians brought with them from the forests and morasses of Germany. We cannot ascribe much to Odin's skill as a legislator, nor are we inclined to think that rules, designed for the guidance of a few families when wandering in the steppes of Tartary, could be the fittest code of laws for the government of a great nation. Legislation is never prospective ; it grows out of the real or fancied wants of society.

Though the alteration in men's condition was effected by the agency of these people, it does not belong to them. Its spirit must be sought in other causes. The fall of the Roman power was one of those revolutions in the world which its moral diseases from time to time render necessary. It was one of those sharp fits of sickness which clear the constitution from the insidious

effects of slower, and more lurking, disorders. The continued exactions of property had broken the spring of industry;—the want of motive had palsied all the exertions of men;—they ceased to struggle when their utmost efforts brought no alleviation to their misery,—when wretchedness was the only barrier they could oppose to the never-ceasing claims of their masters. The great and the rich fell from their height when oppression had undermined the supports of their wealth and power,—when a broken-hearted people, relaxing from their exertions, no longer supplied the materials of their greatness. The air of the world, which had been rendered pestilential by the sultry influence of long-continued authority, could only be cleared by a storm in its atmosphere.

History would persuade us that this revolution was not confined to the condition of men,—that it changed even their existence,—that, whilst it swept away the ancient inhabitants of the empire, it peopled its provinces with a new race of men. But there is no reason to think that the number of invaders was so great as to make it either desirable or practicable to root out those whom they had vanquished. Germany and the neighbouring countries were not sufficiently peopled, to have supplied the exhaustless myriads to whom popular belief assigns the overthrow of the Roman greatness. Woods and marshes covered the greater part of their surface; the Hercynian Forest stretched from the Rhine to the Vistula,—the sands of Mecklenburg and Pomerania were then covered with water, and many other tracts might be mentioned, hardly less extensive, which abounded more in wild beasts than in men. The Germans, the most polished of the barbarians, were still in that state of society which requires a wide extent of

country for the support of a small population,—they were still for the most part herdsmen. Tillage was only partially known and practised among them.

But there is better evidence of their scanty population than conjecture, however well founded, can establish. Cæsar has left us a detailed account of the number of the Helvetians, one of the most populous nations of the barbarians. The same country now contains more than ten times as many inhabitants. If we take as our rule this proportion, which is probably too great, we shall find that the whole extent of country, whence proceeded these scourges of civilization, could not have contained four millions of people. Yet it does not appear that the emigration was so large as to cause any sensible reduction in the number of inhabitants. Germany was not left destitute of men. In a few years, we are told, she was able to pour out as many Saxons by sea as she had sent forth Goths by land ; and yet so little broken were her forces by this constant drain of men, that the remnant of the Saxons was able to combat for many years, with doubtful success, all the power and military skill of Charlemagne.

This continued flood of emigration has, indeed, been brought in proof of the once redundant population of Germany, but it is surely better evidence, supported as it is by so many concurring circumstances, that the armies she sent forth were never very numerous.

The argument raised on the change which their invasions are supposed to have brought about in the language of the western nations of Europe, is not of more weight. The Firbolg, who had long inhabited the eastern parts of Britain and Gaul, spoke a dialect of the German. The western provinces of these countries were alone peopled with Celts, whose descendants still con-

tinue to speak the language of their ancestors ; nor must it be forgotten that the Greek and Latin languages are both children of the Gothic, and there is reason to think that the speech of the country inhabitants, even of Italy, had at all times retained much more of the parent tongue than is generally believed. Certain it is, that in the wild recesses of the Apennines many words are yet found, which though lost in the lowlands of both countries, are yet familiar to the mountainous districts of England. It may be doubted if the change of rule brought about a greater alteration in the language of Europe than is always taking place from the mere lapse of time. Of all the distinctions of nations, language is the most stubborn in its principle,—the most yielding in its details. Its substance remains for ever the same,—its form is always undergoing change.

It is likewise singular that, in the history of the destruction of the Roman empire, we can trace few invasions from without. Hostile armies are continually starting up in every province, in Italy, in Spain, in Africa, and in Gaul, but we seldom discover them on the frontier. The defences of the empire are passed by some magic charm. The legions do not fly to secure the borders. It is in the heart of the country they fight for its safety. The provinces least exposed are those which first bend to a foreign yoke, and the borders of the Rhine and the Danube still yielded obedience to the sceptre of the Cæsars, when the shores of the Mediterranean had been for ever snatched from their dominion. It was not in a war of nation against nation, that Rome fell from her greatness. They were her hired soldiers who over-turned her power ;—she sank before her own eagles. It was quite natural that the instruments of her tyranny should grow enamoured of empire, and that they should

feel little respect to an authority to which the people yielded an unwilling obedience, and which they saw was only supported by their own swords. To this struggle between their rulers and the soldiery the people was wholly indifferent. They could not be attached to the Roman name, who knew it only by its oppressions;—they could not be averse from change, to whom a continuance of the existing system held out no prospect but that of undiminished wretchedness.

The more independent character of the middle ages was generated, not from Europe being filled with a new race of men, but from the change which now took place in all the relations of society. As the great masses of property were broken in pieces, the domestic slavery which accompanied them was abolished. It is only in large establishments that slaves can be cheap workmen. To make their labours profitable they must work in gangs. The palaces of the great ceasing to be manufactories, a field was opened for the exertion of independent industry. A new class of men was created, who, looking only to their own industry for their support, cared nothing for the frowns or favours of the rich. The same causes operated equally in the country. The subdivision of property rendered the cultivation of estates, by means of slaves, too expensive. A regard for their own interest, as well as for their comfort, induced the new proprietors, when they came to reside in the country, to adopt the same system with agricultural labour. Instead of cultivating their lands by the labour of slaves, as had been the usual practice of the ancients, they granted them out to independent labourers on payment of a part of the produce. Slavery, though not legally abolished, ceased, except in some few instances, to exist. So quietly was this most important change in

the condition of men brought about, that it is impossible to fix in any country the precise period when men recovered the most sacred of their rights.

The unsocial habits of the Germans, and their fondness for the chase, as they contributed in some measure to the change, were, on the whole, beneficial to the interests of the people. The Romans lived wholly in cities;—as they had no intercourse with their estates, but for the purpose of receiving their produce, their cultivators were in a manner strangers to the owners. The armies not being recruited from their numbers, they were neglected by the government;—as they had no duties but to their masters, to their mercy they were entirely left;—the law took no cognizance of their wrongs.

But when the new proprietors, who felt no affection for towns, came to reside in the country, some improvement was naturally produced in the condition of its inhabitants. They could not be wholly indifferent to the feelings of the people who depended on them for their safety and power. There was then no general government to which they might appeal;—no hired force to protect their injustice;—the power of the sword was wholly with the people. Every kingdom of Europe became in reality a federation of small republics;—every manor was a separate state, of which the lord was not the owner, but the head. Justice was administered,—its military force was levied and commanded by officers appointed by the people. In its courts-baron all its interests were discussed and decided, and in this court, in which, in fact, all power resided, and in which all questions were determined by a majority, every freeman, that is almost every man, had a voice.

It is probably owing to the popular constitution of

these courts that we find the people, as a class, so slightly represented in the different states-general, which at one time existed in every kingdom of Europe. The deputies of the towns only appear to represent the third estate, because their inhabitants were wholly of this class. The states-general, or parliament, were, in fact, only a deputation from the particular states whose federation composed the kingdom. They were in some sort a meeting of ambassadors, held, not to determine on the interests of particular classes, but to conciliate those of the different republics, who were left to regulate for themselves what appeared to belong more properly to the internal policy of each. Every manor established its own customs and laws; and if a sum of money was to be levied for the service of the state, no uniform rule of taxation was adopted, but to the discretion of each was left the manner in which it should be raised. This system continued to be acted on in the United Provinces long after it had yielded to power in the greater kingdoms of Europe; it was to the last moment of their existence the principle of their government.

The establishment of municipalities is indeed of earlier date. They every where existed under the Roman government, but they resemble the corporations of the middle ages in nothing but in name. When the proprietors of land resided in cities, and all arts and manufactures were carried on by their slaves; if there was any class of freemen living by their industry, they must have been poor, and wholly without consideration. As the citizens were all gentlemen, their influence was never exerted in favour of the people, who, delivered over to slavery, were not looked on as forming any part of the state. But when the proprietors of land retired to the country, and arts and manufactures, no

longer exercised by slaves, came to be carried on by independent industry, the complexion of municipalities received a new colour. They were every where composed of traders and artisans,—of persons who lived by the continual exercise of their industry. By degrees these associations, so humble in their beginnings, acquired power, and, as their interests were identified with those of the people, they became their steady defenders. So jealous were they of property, that, to be admitted to a participation in these rights, it was necessary to have exercised some handicraft; gentlemen were in many specially excluded from being members; they saw the absurdity of leaguings themselves with men whose interests were necessarily in opposition to their own. When, by admitting lawyers and physicians to the rights of citizens, they had received every species of industry within their bosom,—they completely fulfilled all the conditions of Mr. Burke's definition of Jacobinism,—they were perpetual combinations of industry against property.

Nothing, indeed, was ever so well devised for the protection of industry, against the constant and unceasing encroachments of property, as these much vilified corporations. We speak of them in their original constitution, and not of what they have become, since, by the culpable connivance of courts of justice, their office-bearers have been enabled to outlaw their constituents, and, usurping to themselves all power, have used it for the basest purposes of venality and corruption. When every corporation was a confederation of so many republics, each consisting of a separate art, no man could be so mean in his condition as not to find a protector; his guild was always ready to take up his quarrel. As the rich of every country are bound together by a tacit assor-

ciation, arising from a community of interests—when men are left in their general character of men, power and property are always too strong for industry. The poor man has none to whom he can tell his afflictions—none who feel an interest in his wrongs. He is always an individual against a host. It is otherwise when men are brought together by corporate associations; of all the necessities of life none binds men so strongly as the professional spirit. The lawyer is always alive to every attack on the humblest member of his profession;—the weaver feels for every injury done to a brother of the craft; and tinkers are ever ready to brawl in defence of an injured tinker. The wrongs of the individual are resented by his guild, the guild stirs up the corporation, and the whole city is put in motion to protect from oppression the lowest of its burghers.

How much these associations have contributed to the advancement of intellect, and to the increase of human happiness, may be learnt from the history of the times. Every where the burghers assumed a deportment superior to that of their cotemporaries. They were the patrons of literature; to them the fine arts owed their protection; their buildings were distinguished for splendour, their entertainments were more sumptuous than those of kings; the aldermen of London ranked with the barons of the realm; the magistrates of the Italian cities looked with contempt on their neighbouring nobility. No soldiers could dispute the palm of bravery with the trained bands of the cities, and their banners were always unfurled in defence of the popular rights.

To the corporate spirit, and to the whole people being trained to arms, we may ascribe the vigour of character and the love of liberty which shone out in the middle ages. The humblest individual grew erect in

mind, for he felt that he was strong in the strength of his fellows. The age of chivalry was an age of daring; the adventures of Sir Bevis or Sir Tristan are indeed fabulous, but the fable is sketched in conformity to the spirit of the time. Their hardihood of character, their contempt of danger, they had in common with all the men of their age. History records as many deeds of daring as ever warmed the imagination of a poet. Her heroes are not a whit inferior to those of romance. The English who fought at Cressy and Poitiers were no longer the cowardly provincials who, when abandoned by the Roman legions, found no resource but in tears and lamentations; who could only complain that the barbarians drove them on the sea, and the sea again threw them on the barbarians. Though the same blood still ran in their veins, they were no longer the same people. The arm of a woman was now found strong enough to check the inroads of the once-dreaded Picts and Scots.

We have seen how favourable were the institutions of the dark ages to the freedom and happiness of men; let us now see how far the fruit was worthy of the tree. As the best seed will not luxuriate but when it falls on a fertile soil, so genius will only flourish when the spirit of the times is in harmony with its nature. Men rarely rise above the measure of their age;—giants are not born in a land of pigmies. Individual merit is therefore no bad test of the merit of the times. But, if measured by this standard, what period can be put in competition with those we call the dark ages. Their whole course is marked by extraordinary men, who stand forth as so many land-marks, to guide our search amidst the obscurity which history has thrown over this portion of time. Half the globe obeying one sceptre, and speaking one lan-

guage, indeed, no more opened the whole world to the fame of authors. Had a star arisen in the firmament of literature, brilliant as the cross of the south, it could no longer have fixed the regards of an entire hemisphere. The fame of a great man was now limited by his country and his tongue. But there was a galaxy of luminaries which, though distance renders them dim to our eyes, then shed each in his own horizon a steady and a useful light. The public men of those days are almost all distinguished for ability. Kings were then not unworthy of their rank. Roncesvalles, and Orlando's unheeded horn, will for ever echo the disgrace of Charlemagne. Yet, though he yielded to the base suggestions of the traitor Ganelon, and abandoned his dying nephew, he was a great and good prince. In all the qualities of a sovereign he may be weighed against the united virtues of the whole series of Roman emperors. Philip Augustus, and St. Louis, to whose mild and peaceful virtues we forgive the intolerance of his faith, will not shrink from a competition with the wisest and best of those who succeeded them on the throne of France. Germany may yet glory in its Saxon and Suiabian monarchs : it would appear but mockery to compare them with their drowsy successors of the Austrian race, who have so long slept in the imperial robes, useless to themselves and the world. He must have more of the courtier than of the patriot in his composition, who will venture to contrast the merits of the more modern possessors of the crown of England, with the Alfreds and the Canutes,—with the Conqueror or the Second Henry. The praise of a great king cannot be denied to the first Edward, though the curse of the bards lays heavy on his fame. Every feeling of patriotism grows warm at the mention of that

imp of chivalry, the conquering son of Bolingbroke; and where is the Englishman who does not glory in the gentle and heroic virtues of the Black Edward, and mourn his untimely bier? The monarchs of Lombardy were not unworthy of the iron crown. Almamon, the virtuous son of the illustrious Haroun, did not fall away from his father's fame. He loved, when sometimes relaxing from the cares of royalty, to wander with the muses in the myrtle groves of Bagdad; and Abdelrahman, who, reclining in the luxurious bowers of Cordova, counted fourteen days of happiness in fifty years of conquest and empire, may surely be numbered with the wisest, if not the happiest, of kings.

The dignities of the church were not less ably filled than the secular thrones of the world. We cannot read the names of Hildebrand and Gerbert, nor go through the long list of so many popes and so many eminent men, who, in England, and France, and throughout Europe, did honour to the highest ecclesiastical stations, without being obliged to confess that, if in reality there was then among churchmen much less of virtue and talent than in our days, they who possessed them were much more sure of obtaining advancement.

Of truly learned men—of those whose minds were really employed in improving the faculties, and bettering the condition [of their fellow-creatures, history, it is true, has not retained many traces. But we must not therefore suppose that they did not exist; these divine natures have at all times been too much neglected by writers. Even the most important discoveries,—those which have most altered the condition of men,—have never engaged their attention till the name of the author, almost forgotten, had become an object of frivolous curiosity. Literary men have always been disposed to

underrate useful knowledge ; it has been too common to deserve their notice. Their admiration has been reserved for those gifts and acquirements which are only rare because they are useless. The name of the most trifling poet is carefully treasured up,—the inventor of paper, to whom he owes his immortality, is left without any monument to his fame.

The inventions and discoveries of the middle ages are, however, decisive proofs that they were not without science. Except in objects of elegance and amusement, antiquity had never advanced beyond the arts of first necessity. The comforts of life were wholly unknown. The splendour of the Roman buildings, and the beauty of their statues, ill assorted with their sordid habits of living. Augustus, it has been whimsically remarked, when at the height of his greatness, and when receiving the homage of half the world, neither knew the luxury of a glass window, nor the pleasure of clean linen. The buildings which the magnificence of Rome displays with most pride,—her aqueducts and her baths,—betray at once her ignorance of the useful arts, and the poverty of her comforts.

The genius of the middle ages gave birth to all the extraordinary inventions, which have totally changed the complexion of society, and given to modern life its vast superiority over antiquity. It would be endless to go through all the discoveries which then first saw the light. They are more numerous than is generally supposed. But we cannot pass over some which have, in a manner, given new faculties to man, and changed the very nature of his existence,—whose consequences are felt by even the humblest individual in almost every action of his life. The discovery of the mariner's compass has subdued new elements to our

service ; it has opened out to our industry new worlds and new creations,—it has added to our store of knowledge,—it has multiplied our enjoyments,—it has given a new cast to our mind, new activity to its powers,—it has raised us in the scale of thinking beings. The advantages derived from the invention of gunpowder are not so wholly without alloy. If it has rendered warfare less bloody,—if it has secured civilized nations from again becoming the prey of savage hordes,—it has, by the superiority it gives to discipline over numbers and strength, encouraged the employment of a mercenary force, and thus opened a way for the inroads of tyranny, and removed the surest safeguard of liberty,—an armed people. But the most glorious of all the discoveries on which the genius of the dark ages may lay his hand and proudly say, this is mine,—is the invention of printing. This is a boon of unqualified good,—its possession is entirely beneficial. It has multiplied the faculties of our minds,—it has enlarged the limits of our resources, by giving to each individual the knowledge of the whole human race. It has added to the dignity of our nature, by giving birth to public opinion. Man no longer suffices to himself. His incentives to virtue are increased, as the whole world is become his theatre. He feels that he is acting in the presence of ages yet unborn. This, more than any other cause, has given to modern life the correctness of moral conduct, so entirely wanting to antiquity. By directing men's thoughts to the consideration of their duties and their rights, it has strengthened the assurance of their liberties. Tyranny derives all its strength from ignorance ; it must quit the field when opposed by freedom of discussion.

These are some of the claims which the dark ages possess to our admiration and gratitude : nor will these

feelings be lessened by reflecting, that on their platform have been raised all the discoveries on which the philosophy of later times so much and so justly prides herself. Had not an unknown burgher of Middleburgh found out the use of spectacles, the world had probably never heard of the sublime systems of Copernicus and Newton. Their alchemy is the parent of our chemistry. Their eager pursuit of astrology opened the way to our knowledge of the heavenly bodies. It is from them we have borrowed the wings on which we have soared into the regions of science, so much above the most daring flights of antiquity.

There is nothing in which the superiority of modern times shews itself so clearly as in the arts of living. It is the glory of our age that it has rendered the sublimest discoveries of science conducive to the comforts of our every-day existence. Knowledge is no longer kept as an object of idle curiosity, merely to be gazed at; its value is doubled by being made subservient to the business of life. Philosophers, withdrawn from their useless abstractions, are again brought within the pale of society.

But much as the middle ages fall below the refinements of modern luxury in all the arts and conveniences of life, they do not seem to have been in any way inferior to those of Greece and Rome. If their houses were mean in their construction and inconvenient in their arrangement,—if their rooms were small and almost deprived of light,—the remains of Pompeii may assure us that these were evils they had in common with the masters of the world. It was not in their dwellings, but in the splendour of their public buildings, that the cities of Italy and Greece sought to display their magnificence. Their temples and their theatres were the objects on which they exhausted their genius and their wealth,

They were the monuments they erected to the envy of their neighbours, and the admiration of future times. It is impossible not be delighted with the chaste elegance of their design, and the beauty of their proportions; but how much do these diminutive fanes,—these roofless theatres,—fall below the sublimity and vastness of conception which tower in the gigantic erections of Gothic architecture? To these stupendous works ancient taste must yield,—these modern skill must despair to rival. They impress our minds with quite another feeling. When sitting on the broken arches of the Coliseum, or straying among the desolate columns of Pæstum, we contemplate these remains of ancient greatness, our minds turn to the instability of all human institutions,—to the fall of empires and the change of nations; our thoughts are all of men. But when we pace the long and gloomy nave of a cathedral,—when we raise our eyes to its fretted roof hanging in vacant air,—when we follow its lofty spire, disdaining all earthly attraction, and proudly seeking the regions of space,—we forget all times, all seasons and their change. Men and their works vanish from our thoughts; earth and all its vanities disappear from our sight,—heaven alone fills our eye. We think but of Him to whom all nature owes its existence. Our admiration swells into religious feeling. The most passionate admirer of antiquity cannot view these buildings without being forced to confess that there is nothing barbarous in their contrivance,—that they were no ordinary men who conceived and executed these prodigies of art.

We do not feel disposed to dwell much at length on the literature of this period. Mere literature has contributed little to enlighten or improve the world. Its cultivation is but the amusement of idle minds. Its

flourishing existence has always marked a feeble age. It is most luxuriant in a falling empire. Like those of the swan, its sweetest notes are just before its death. When all read and most write, then we may be sure that change is nigh at hand. Not that there is any revolutionary spirit in the votaries of the Muses, though disappointed vanity makes ready instruments of ambition; not that the affairs of the world are much influenced by the dreams of poets and philosophers; they partake more of the nature of theameleon; they receive their colour from surrounding objects, but do not bestow it. It is that a strong attachment to such frivolous pursuits shews the political system of such a people to be deranged,—that its idle classes are grown too numerous,—that its property has increased too fast for its industry. A literary taste is the diagnostic, not the cause, of the disorder. The florid colour which too great civilization gives to a people, is only the hectic of consumption. Its exquisite nicety of feeling is but morbid sensibility,—the more delicate its complexion, the nearer its dissolution; its loveliest blush is the sure forerunner of death.

The most brilliant period of Grecian literature immediately preceded the fall of its power. Scarcely a hundred years had elapsed since the assembled majesty of its different nations had listened in ecstasy to the sublime effusions of Pindar,—many were still living who remembered when Euripides and Aristophanes formed the delight of the Athenian theatre,—the songs of Anacreon still enlivened the banquets of Greece, and covered with the mantle of the Graces the foulness of their debauchery,—the thunder of Demosthenes yet pealed in men's ears, when the Macedonian phalanx came up amidst the barbarism of the North, and at Chæroneæ

laid low the glory and liberties of Greece. The greatest of the Roman poets, Virgil, Horace, Lucretius, kindled the flame of their genius at the smouldering embers of expiring freedom. It was then the philosophy of Boetius seemed for a moment to give new life to the literature of Rome, when the imperial bird, so long master of the world, drooped his wing, and cowered in dismay beneath the iron talons of the Gothic vulture. The delicious strains of the voluptuous Hafiz yet quivered on his lip,—that lip so often moist with the dew of love,—when the sands of Arabia sent forth the sword of Islam, pestilent as their own zamoom, to blight and wither all the civilization of Asia. The muse of Sadi was the harbinger of the Turkish hordes,—their cymbals, wildly calling to war and havoc, filled up the chorus of his plaintive song. Sannazarius, and Bembo, and Sadolet were scared from their trifling, but classical, studies by the loud din of Luther's angry polemics. The sour Puritans, who rescued the liberties of England from the oppression of the Stuarts, were all nurtured among the dulcet sounds of Spencer, of Shakspeare, of Fletcher. The most literary period of France, that of the misery and slavery of its people, was quickly followed by its revolution. The age of Louis XIV. sowed the seeds, of which his grandson gathered the fruits. The present has with much truth been called the Augustan age of England. It abounds, beyond any former example, in literary talent of every description. Poets, historians, philosophers, all equally decorate its chaplet. No species of merit is wanting to its fame. But he must be blind indeed who does not see the growing storm. A cloud, somewhat bigger than the hand, is already above the horizon. Every part of our system shews that the air we breathe is loaded with blight.

Already the gaping earth reels under our feet, and the dull heaviness of the atmosphere, and its oppressive heat, bid us prepare for the eruption of the volcano.

The healthy constitution of the middle ages did not indeed allow them to feel this morbid excitement; their society was too young to be yet afflicted with disease; but literature, though not universally cultivated, was by no means neglected. They to whom learning was useful in their profession, shewed no want of eagerness in its pursuit. At no time were the schools so filled with aspirants,—at no time did the name of a scholar draw to itself more reverence,—at no time was the reputation of learning so sure a passport to dignity and honour. As men of the world had themselves no literary pretensions, they felt the less jealousy of scholars. The encouragement so liberally bestowed on learning filled every university with students. Oxford is said to have counted 30,000 within her walls. The children of her rival sister, who courted the Muses on the banks of the Cam, were not less numerous. The foreign schools were still more crowded with those who built their hopes of fortune on their literary acquirements. The professors of Bologna almost sunk under the fatigue of giving lectures to 80,000 scholars. If these numbers be not overrated, the proportion of the population which then received instruction at universities, was forty times as great as it now is. As the gentry, dedicating themselves entirely to arms, left the civil professions open to men of humble birth, these seats of learning were not then mere pretexts for idleness, they were not filled with the sons of gentlemen only seeking to wile away their time, but with poor men whose sole chance of preferment was in their diligence. From the lower

classes almost exclusively proceeded the priests, the lawyers, the physicians, the merchants.

This disposition was highly favourable to the happiness of the great body of the people. The severity of their toil was lightened by the hopes they might form for their children. There was no situation to which genius and industry might not aspire. The influence of property was held in check by the influence of place. The poor always found friends in the ministers of the crown.

The nobility, though they disdained the learning of the schools, were not insensible to the charms of poetry. Every court was proud of being the resort of the Muses. Scarcely a castle but counted a bard among the number of its retainers. Monarchs did not think it beneath their dignity to be enrolled in the list of poets. The romances of the Emperor Frederic II., and of our Richard Cœur-de-Lion, have outlived most of the compositions of their rivals. But, this is no proof of their superiority; for the distinction they are probably more indebted to the rank of the authors than to the goodness of their poetry. The bards of this period were not without merit; and, though the alteration of language has doomed their works to forgetfulness, their spirit yet survives, and breathes in all that is most excellent in modern poetry. The romantic poets are the legitimate descendants of the Troubadours. But, it is in a still darker age that we must look for the inspiration of poetical genius. Cold must be the imagination that does not grow warm with the wild conceptions of the Scaldic muse; and, who is he that can refrain the tribute of his tears from the childless sorrows of the son of Fingal? The energy of this poetry has made it outlive the language in which it was written. Dante

likewise belongs to the dark ages. His divine poem in its conception and execution is wholly Gothic.

It is not, however, by their learning that we must judge of the knowledge of the times. Reading is only one of the many modes by which instruction may be gained. Men made up for their want of literature, by the habit then so general of visiting foreign countries. They could spare the wisdom of other times, who supplied its want by their own observation. Few were without motives for gratifying their curiosity. Though knight-errantry never existed but in romance, the life of the warrior was one of rambling; he was continually wandering from court to court in search of employment. That of the scholar was not much more sedentary; he was seldom content with the instruction to be gained in the schools of his own country. He could not hope to fill the world with his fame who had not disputed in all its universities. The insecurity of trade most commonly induced the merchant to accompany his commercial adventure. It was only under his own eye that his property was secure. Even the lower classes, whom no other motive could induce, were led, by a mistaken piety and a love of pilgrimage, to wander to distant lands. This passion was not confined to one sex. Devotion we are told had filled Rome with daughters of Albion, who by their conduct led strangers to form a higher opinion of the beauty than of the virtue of our countrywomen. Religion was indeed too often a pretext for idleness. The Palmer's staff seldom failed of assuring a subsistence to those who loved rambling better than labour.

This familiar intercourse among nations must have tended greatly to enlarge men's minds, nor was learning wanting to complete their knowledge. The names of Alcuin and Bede will never be mentioned without vene-

ration by scholars, and Roger Bacon is justly looked on as the father of experimental philosophy. He was not unworthy to bear a name which the illustrious chancellor of James has for ever connected in our minds with the ideas of wisdom and knowledge. Even the schoolmen, whom it has been so long the fashion to ridicule, were no common men. In vigour and acuteness of mind they have had few rivals, and their industry and perseverance are wholly without example. If they have erred, they have been misled in the choice of their studies by their admiration of antiquity; if they have gone astray, it has been in following the footsteps of Plato and Aristotle. If they have fallen short of their masters in eloquence, they have with a less manageable language, and which to them was only acquired, surpassed even the subtilty of the Greeks in nicety of distinction. They failed because they attempted to determine by argument matters which are beyond the reach of human reason. But in this they only followed the example of antiquity. It is hard that their merits should be entirely overlooked, and that they should be laughed at for qualities which we admire in the philosophers of Greece.

The value of Grecian literature, and its importance in restoring a good taste in Europe, have surely been much overrated. What has been called the revival of letters in the West has been too hastily ascribed to the influence of the few scholars who fled from the sword of the Turks, when the banner of the crescent was installed in the seat of imperial greatness. It is not likely that these unknown men should have been able to do among strangers what they were unable to perform at home. The inhabitants of Constantinople were no strangers to the literature of the Greeks. The lan-

guage of its writers was still that of the people; their stores of learning were yet entire, and were open to whoever chose to study them: nor were they neglected. Did the strength of a state depend on the number of its scholars, the walls of St. Sophia had never re-echoed the words of the Koran. But this profusion of learning did not prevent the spread of barbarism throughout the eastern empire. The Greeks were not more enlightened than the other nations of Europe. They who could write and they who could read with pleasure such works as the Meadow and the Ladder of Paradise, could not with justice reproach their western neighbours with any deficiency of taste. Knowledge indeed became more common, a disposition to read was more generally spread throughout Europe immediately after the taking of Constantinople, but it is in no way connected with its fate. The invention of printing, by rendering books more common, by bringing them within the reach of a greater number of readers, really brought about the change. When the difficulty of reading was removed, men soon found out its pleasure. This important discovery had preceded the fall of the Cæsars. The same year that saw the standard of the prophet waving on the walls of the city of Constantine, beheld a splendid edition of the Psalter issue from the presses of Mentz. Let learning no longer claim the merit of genius. Let not a few grammarians obstruct the praise so justly due to the talents of Füst, of Gutterheim, and Koster. Had the children of Othman never crossed the Bosphorus, had their idle and endless disputes still continued to occupy the Greeks, Europe had not made less progress in knowledge and virtue.

But, if Europe owe little to Grecian literature, that is not without its obligation to the inventions of the dark

ages. It is probable that the writers of Greece and Rome are indebted for no small portion of the fame they now enjoy, to their works having been popular at the moment when this noble invention, by extending the circle of literature and increasing the number of readers, rescued the hitherto fluctuating taste of nations from the caprice of fashion, and gave it stability and permanence. The first productions of the press got possession of the schools, and thus gave a direction to the studies of all future generations. All other learning was neglected. Eastern literature was despised only because it was not understood. It is perhaps more owing to the crabbed character in which they are written than to any fixedness in our principles of taste, that the sparkling conceits and glowing descriptions of eastern poetry have never come in for their turn of European admiration. We have, indeed imitated, but we have never ventured to praise them. Our minds, subdued by inveterate habit, dare not even question the right of the ancients to be the sovereign arbiters of taste.

Though the claims of the middle ages to learning are not inconsiderable, it would be unjust to judge of their merit by the books they have produced. Literature is not the highest employment of intellect: it seldom engages the attention of those master-minds who sway the destiny of worlds; it is more often the resource of the feeble spirits who shrink from the struggle of active life. It is more indebted to memory than genius. Books do not escape the law of our nature; they are not new creations, they only modify what already exists; they but record what men have thought, and too often what has been already written. The substance remains the same, the form alone has undergone change. Bacon

has observed, that if all that is original were brought together from all the books of the world, it would not fill ten volumes. Since his days the number of books has probably been doubled, but who will venture to assert, that all the new matter they contain would add one volume to the set? Authors are like village-ringers; however much they may vary the changes, they bring out but the same sounds, which have so often delighted their fathers' ears.

Our ancestors were not contented with such scanty praise; their claims are of a higher nature. By their discoveries and inventions they enlarged the circle of knowledge, they added many a bell to the set which had come down to them from antiquity. If they did not write themselves, they gathered materials for future writers; they heaped up stores to feed the leisure of less active ages. Succeeding generations owe them much of gratitude. They have made us what we are. The love of liberty gave a hardihood to their character, which displayed itself in all their institutions. Freemen legislating for freemen, they first created civil liberty. By abolishing slavery they first brought the great body of the people within the pale of society. By creating a middle class of men unknown to all former times, who, neither masters nor slaves, were to fix their own rank in the world by their industry and activity, they gave new energy to the human mind, and called forth all its latent faculties. By raising women from the degraded state to which antiquity had sunk them, and from which even Christianity was unable to relieve them, and by making them not the mere instruments of man's pleasures, but the friends and companions of his virtues and his talents, they gave to all the social relations that tone of politeness and sentiment which we should in

vain look for among the most illustrious of the Greeks and Romans. They were surely not barbarians who first gave dignity to the intercourse of the sexes, by bestowing on it the delicacy of feeling which constitutes the charm of love. Thoughtless women, little do you know how large is the debt of gratitude you owe to the age of chivalry!

If modern times have any advantages over the classical days of antiquity, and who will dispute their vast superiority in morals and knowledge?—their origin may be traced up to the character and institutions of the dark ages. They are the parents of modern science. Their discoveries led the way to our intellectual greatness. On their foundations are built the vast edifice of modern philosophy: as the activity of the human mind is always pushing forward the limits of knowledge, we have indeed gone beyond them in all useful acquirements, but we have not surpassed them more than they have surpassed the ancients.

Let us not be led away by the notion that our ancestors were rough in their manners, and coarse in their habits. The mere politeness of form is so much a matter of convention, it varies so much in different countries and in different ages, that it is unjust to measure other times by the standard of our own. In kindness of heart, in attention to the feelings of others, the heroes of Joinville and Froissart were not behind their descendants. The Old Campeador might yet serve as a model of courtesy. If these times were wanting in that artificial breeding which arises entirely from a vast inequality of fortune, they fully made up for their deficiency by more valuable qualities. Ornament is only valuable when it does not interfere with what is useful. The frost which congeals water adds much to its bril-

iancy, but destroys its utility. Children may admire how it sparkles in the sun, but men will reflect that it slakes no thirst, it revives no fainting heart.

THE SICKNESS OF THE POOR.

S——, Dec. 22, 1822.

MY DEAR ———,

You have often heard me say how fond I am of hard weather, and how much I regret the encreased mildness of our late winters. My maxim, you know, is, that a hard frost out of doors, and a blazing fire within, form the pleasantest of all possible temperatures and atmospheres. But I have, during this last week, witnessed a scene of such distress, aggravated in an extreme degree by the severity of the season, that my heart must be as cold and as hard as the ice of which I am so fond, if it were not to feel with keenness that the same causes which add to my pleasures, encrease, in an equal, if not a greater, proportion the sufferings of those who seem born, alas ! only to suffer.

Of course, it is of the poor, the very poor, I speak,—for it is they alone who physically feel the severities of our northern seasons. I know there are many who shrink when the weather-cock points from the East,—who affect to be living conjunctions of the thermometer and barometer, feeling inwardly and intensely every gradation of heat and vicissitude of weather. But it is the very absence of real suffering from the elements that causes this affected, or, at any rate, trivial sensitiveness to their minuter changes. When these victims of ideal delicacy and imaginary illness do venture to go forth, they are enveloped in a multiplicity of casings

which preserve their bodies, like mummies, from the least touch of the outward air ; and at home they have all those means and inventions to create heat and exclude cold which luxury has, of late years, superadded to comfort. But the poor have none of these ;—their coarse and insufficient covering has no winter encrease, and their ill-built dwellings—with their creviced walls, broken casements, and doors that do not close,—remain unheated by the miserable fire which is scarcely sufficient to cook their scanty and unsavoury food.

Most of us are apt to be hard upon the poor, and nearly all, I think, are too careless concerning them. We are earnest in preaching to them content, and look little to what causes they have for it. We strictly enforce their duties,—are discountenancing and harsh towards their few relaxations and pleasures,—and if they sink into misdoing, justice, severe and unpitying, is the utmost they have to expect. These assertions are not sweepingly and hastily made ;—you yourself, though not living much in the country, must, I am sure, have seen many individual instances of all of them. Whenever—and heaven knows it is sufficiently rarely—the labouring man indulges at the village wake, or the market-town fair, are we not in haste to call him idle and dissolute ? Do we not say, “ He complains of the hardness of the times, why is he not at his work ? No wonder he should be poor, if he spends his time in diversion and debauchery ” ? Alas ! should we call him who labours through the day idle if he pause one moment to wipe his throbbing brow ? Should we be in haste to withhold the one honey-drop in a full-measured cup of bitterness ? Look at the life of a country day-labourer in England, and say whether it be one in which the duties are too few, and the pleasures too many. As long as toil, severe and

continual,—and poverty, intense and unremitting—are reckoned evils, so long must the condition of our working poor be considered one which demands at our hands the utmost compassion and forbearance. A poor man is a man still ; he has the same impulses, appetites, and affections that we have ;—but to us they give enjoyment by their indulgence,—to him suffering, by their denial and restraint. It is said, for instance, that it is worse than improvident for a labouring man to marry, until he has acquired some probability of being able to support his family, or at least has laid by some small sum to set him afloat in the world. In this case, marriage would be denied to him altogether,—for, if he were to wait till he could marry with prudence, he could never marry at all. And are we to expect that a man is to lose his nature because he is poor ? Are we to enforce in his case a forbearance which the very beasts of the field are not called on to practice ? The passions are coarser, perhaps, in lowly bosoms than in ours, but they are not less strong. It has been much the fashion of late to sneer at the loves of clowns and country-lasses, but I have known as deep instances of attachment,—I have known affection as intense, as fervent, and even as morally, though not perhaps as socially, refined—in humble life, as ever was felt in the highest.

If we go lower in the moral scale, and from innocent suffering descend to guilt, still we find almost as many causes to pity as to blame ; at all events, we have strong reason to be thankful for our own more happily-cast lot. For, the same impulses which lead us into venial error, sink them into serious crime,—the same passions which cause in us only moral mis-doing, occasion in them offences of deep guiltiness, visited by severe and ignominious penalty. Why is it that so many crimes are committed among the

lower orders of society, in comparison with those in the richer ? Because they have such infinitely more temptation. A rich man has around him the necessities, the comforts, the luxuries of life ;—what excuse has he to commit those offences which, as directly injurious to society, have been branded with shame, and made liable to punishment ? The poor man is starving, and he steals ;—then the cry is raised of depravity, and the necessity of severe example—and he is hanged. Ought we not to bless that better fortune which has placed us beyond the reach of temptations, under which, it is very probable, we also might have fallen ? But the contrary is the case ; whenever a man in the condition of a gentleman commits an act which is visited by legal punishment, all manner of pity is excited by his misfortune,—all kinds of influence are exerted to procure his pardon. The poor man who sinned, perhaps—probably—in consequence of the extremity of temptation, is punished, without a question or a remark, as a matter of course,—while the gentleman, who has had comparatively no temptation, meets with all consideration and leniency.

It is this very matter-of-courseness which renders us so blind, or, at least, so insensible, to the sufferings of the poor. Many persons, who are naturally humane, think slightly of what is of such every-day occurrence. But this every-day occurrence, which renders the compassion less, makes the suffering the more. That which is constant, and to escape from which there is no hope, is surely the severest to endure. The representation which is given us of the punishment of another state is, that it is unremitting and eternal.

There is also another class of persons who do not pity the poor, because they have been taught to consider them more worthy of envy. Their ideas of poverty are

a white cottage, woodbine, and contentment,—brown bread, innocence, and clouted cream. In the estimation of such persons, those cares, anxieties, and passions, which create a storm in our hearts, leave unrippled the current of rural life. Alas! they exist there equally, if no more, and to them are superadded evils of which these dreamers of the golden age have no idea. The mental inflictions of those in humble life are not a whit fewer or less than those of higher station, and their physical sufferings are exclusively their own. But indeed physical sufferings always add increased sharpness and intensity to those of the heart and mind. Crabbe is the only one of our poets who has painted the poor as they are; and his pictures are in consequence such that it gives, to me at least, shrinking pain even to look on them.

But I have wandered far from my original point, which was, to give you an account of a scene of poverty which I witnessed last week in my own village. On coming home the other day, I found at the gate a poor woman, who had come, she said, to beg a little wine for her husband, who was ill. The appearance of the woman herself was not a little melancholy and painful. She appeared to be under thirty, so it was not from age that the beauty which she evidently once possessed had faded almost entirely away. Her features had become pinched and sharpened. I say had *become*, for, as I am sure you know, nothing is more easy than to distinguish when this appearance is natural, and when it is the effect of later and severer causes. Her eye was sufficiently bright,—but, if I may so speak, it looked querulous and peevish, as if the spirit had become acrid in struggling with evils which it was too sensitive to bear meekly, and had too much strength to sink under. Her

cheek was pale, not from the paleness of disease, but that dry whiteness which is produced by the effects of want. The skin was wrinkled, not with the furrows of age, but as if the flesh had fallen away from beneath it, and it now hung loose upon the bone. Her voice was much what might be looked for from her person—sharp, thin, and (somewhat doggedly) complaining. I was much struck with her appearance, and the story of extreme wretchedness which she told me; and, after giving orders for her to be supplied with what she wanted, I determined to go myself the next day to her husband's house, both to convince myself of the truth of her statements, and to give that personal aid of consolation and kindness, which is one of the greatest which a rich man can bestow on a poor one. If country gentlemen, and, still more, if the wives of country-gentlemen, knew the degree of good which they would do, merely by a little *personal* enquiry and relief, I am very sure that no selfish or falsely-sensitive feelings would withhold them from visiting the sick-beds of the poor. I have often seen the different estimation in which the poor held those who were equally charitable to them in strict essentials, because the one visited them and the others did not. When a person of rank speaks soothingly, and, with the expression of interest, to one in poverty and sickness, he knows that *all* around him is not destitution and abandonment,—he sees that those whom he is used to look up to with reverence and respect, have some sympathy with what he feels—some compassion for what he suffers;—and his eye re-kindles, and his heart again grows warm, with the gratification of one of the first wants which nature has implanted within us—that of fellow-feeling and condolence. As one of our greatest masters of the heart has said, it is not

"the bit and the sup" alone, but the giving them with "the look o' kindness, which gars them digest sae weel," that is among the foremost of the good deeds by which the rich have it in their power to succour and to comfort the poor.

In sickness, Heaven knows, how much kindness and comfort of all kinds are needed? You, my dear M—, and all of us, must, I am sure, have felt what very wretches sickness makes us, even when we have every aid and alleviation which money can buy, and which "troops of friends" can tender or devise. Figure to yourself, then, what it must be in poverty. When the poor man is what he considers to be but slightly, but what we should regard as being severely, ill, he painfully continues his labour—for he knows that with the cessation of his labour his means of subsistence cease also. We all know what lassitude and loathing of exertion illness brings with it—imagine what it must be to be then exposed to the unpropitious weather, and to active bodily toil,—when fever makes the head burning and dizzy, and the frame relaxed and tottering, to continue long hours at labour. When he can hold out no longer, and is driven to his bed in despair—what is his condition then? His wages cease with his work, and at the time when he needs comforts the most, he is obliged to pinch with even more than usual severity. His wants encrease and his means diminish;—fuel to procure tolerable warmth,—food, such as sickness can alone tolerate, and without which it is additionally wretched, but which is far more costly than his decreasing means can afford—medicine and medical aid;—all these things are added sources of necessary expense, at a moment when his wretchedly scanty pittance is entirely cut off. The probable consequence is that he goes without all—or at

the best, that he procures them in a miserably inadequate degree. Then, if his illness lasts, he sees his wife and children hungering before his eyes,—he himself suffers with the utmost rapidity of increase,—and it is well if he do not perish in this state of unutterable wretchedness, leaving those who are still dearer to him than himself to starve.

These feelings rose, as you may suppose, with some vividness in my mind, as I paced my way to the cottage of the sick man. It is at the extremity of the village, at the corner where the road turns to W——. The situation is, as you know, considerably exposed, for the wind blows right over the heath, from the eastward, upon those houses which are too much up the hill to be sheltered like the rest of the village. It was then, (as, indeed, it still is,) an intensely hard frost,—a *black* frost,—bitterly cold, and accompanied by an easterly wind, which almost cuts you into two. When I entered the hut,—it can scarcely be called cottage—a scene of wretchedness presented itself, such as, though I have seen many, I never witnessed before, and such as I devoutly trust I never may witness again. The man lay extended upon the miserable bed, the ragged coverlid and blanket of which, of unspeakable filth, were eked out with his own clothes, which were also spread over him :—the fire consisted of two sticks, placed point to point, and the feeble heat that they gave seemed to go up the yawning chimney, which admitted the freezing air. There were not any very obvious rents or dilapidations in the walls, but the cutting wind appeared to enter all around. I had on my great coat and, of course, my hat, and yet I never suffered more severely from cold in my life, than during the ten minutes or quarter of an hour that I remained in the cottage. The wife was heating

a little of the wine she had got the day before—and there were four children, all quite young, in different parts of the room, the only one of which the house consisted. In one corner was their bed—that is, there was some straw, which I should not have thought good enough for my pointers to lie on. The low prices have prevented the farmers from thrashing out their corn, and consequently there is a scarcity of straw. This is most severely felt by the poor—for, alas! you have no idea how many there are who, like these wretched children, have no other bed. They all were with naked feet, and their clothes seemed thin and scanty. They had that look also, which, though you do not know the age of the children, tells you that they are undersized;—their skin was blue and mottled, and their whole frames were pinched with the cold. Each had a bit of the coarsest bread in its hand, on which had been smeared the least morsel of lard—and this was their dinner!—The woman seemed completely soured by poverty—she spoke once or twice sharply to her husband, and harshly to the children—and yet evidently restrained herself on account of my presence. Notwithstanding this, there was something about her which made me assured that she was not naturally shrewish, but that it was poverty and suffering which had made morose a disposition originally kindly.

The sick man himself was an object of unmixed compassion. He had been a fine manly fellow in his person, and still was so in mind, and bore his sufferings, bitter as they were, with a steadiness and resignation of endurance, which might have done honour to higher philosophy. He had received a hurt in the harvest-season, which, without causing any definite disease, had undermined and finally destroyed his

strength. He had struggled for a long time,—longer, perhaps, than in prudence he ought,—and he had now been confined to his bed upwards of three weeks. Though want had operated so fearfully, his mind had revolted from asking what he considered alms; and, it was with much reluctance that, the day before, he had permitted his wife to beg a little wine, to relieve the extremity of his weakness. Though not in my own employ, I had previously known the man by sight; but, I certainly should not have recognised the strong stalwart fellow he had been, in the emaciated wretch who lay before me. His hand—the hand of a mature labouring man—was as thin and delicate as that of a girl of fifteen; his cheeks had literally formed a vacuum on each side between the jaw and the cheek-bone, and his voice was husky, and almost extinct. The dirt which his extreme poverty rendered remediless, independently of its own disgusts and inconveniences, seemed to cause him shame; he apologized, repeated times, for the annoyance which it must occasion me, and appeared, while he suffered from so many causes, to be ashamed only of that.

I asked him if he had had no medical advice. He said he had—that he had sent for Mr. F——, who had been with him once, and had sent him “some stuff,” but that it had done him no good. He added, that Mr. F—— asked him a few questions, but did not seem much to understand his case. That he had wanted him to examine his side, (where his hurt had been), but that he said there was no occasion for it; and, that he hurried away, promising to come back the next week, but that he had never been there again. I confess I was a little indignant with this fellow for his heartlessness and inhumanity, but I believe that such

instances of both frequently occur. I remember one, when I sent an apothecary a second time to a poor lad who was dying of consumption, and he almost frightened the little remaining life out of his body, by scolding him for "his forwardness in making gentlemen write notes to him, when he had given his case full attention before,"—though in fact he had treated him much as F—— did this poor fellow the other day.

This poor man's case was like that of an hundred others, but it appeared to me cruelly severe nevertheless. His utmost and never-ceasing labour could procure only a shilling a-day, that is six shillings a-week, and on this he had supported,—in extreme penury, certainly, but still supported,—his wife and encreasing family. Let those who are enclined to think harshly or with recklessness of the sufferings of the poor, just reflect for a moment what it is to support a family on six shillings a-week. There is lodging, food, clothes, and fuel, to be procured out of a sum which with us would not pay for one dinner. The consequence is, that they have all of them of the meanest kind, and in the scantiest quantity. The common invocation of the beggars in the street, though I know it to be only by rote, has often touched me deeply, and wrung alms from me in despite of my better judgment,—“ You have never known what it is to want !” Alas ! what must it be, indeed, to be without those things which we have enjoyed as of course, until, like health, their value becomes disregarded, till we know what it is to need them. Take even the last necessity which I have named—fuel,—let us conceive what it must be, in weather like this, to be compelled to stint ourselves to the narrowest point in this, if not to be entirely without it. The chill of the limbs sinks into the heart, and our

prospect never appears so gloomy and unhopeful, as when we are undergoing bodily suffering—that of cold especially. The man whom I was visiting had experienced all these wants to their extremity—he had toiled with that unremitting labour which is the only inheritance of the poor—he had seen his family encroaching around him in a state little short of famine—he had seen his wife, whom he had married in the full gush of early affection, grow faded in person, and soured in mind—he had seen all this, and yet he had kept on with perseverance, if not with cheerfulness—in resignation at least, if not in contentment. But at last, when illness became added to poverty, his spirit, as he told me, sank within him at once; as the sturdy tree which has been unmoved by storms, is felled to the earth at once by one stroke of lightning. When he was laid on his bed, disabled by weakness and disease, and beheld—the reverse of the widow's cruse—his handful of sustenance growing daily less;—when he saw the scanty portion of his children being progressively meted out with a more niggard hand;—when he saw his wife, whose heart remained uninjured, however her temper might be touched, stinting herself that those children might want the less—alas! were not these things sufficient to sink the stoutest spirit into the utmost depths of hopelessness and despair?

Those persons who adopt the worst part of the stoical philosophy, and steel themselves against compassion, by denying the existence of pain (in others),—always reply to cases like this—“Why does he not go to the parish?” Alas! they, and such as they, have succeeded but too much in eradicating that fine spirit of independence which was the truest and noblest English quality,—and which was, more than all else,

a stimulus to virtuous and honourable exertion ;—why will they sneer and carp at it in the few instances in which it still exists ?—I can recollect, though still a young man, when an English peasant considered being on the parish nearly as great a disgrace as being in gaol—when he would almost as soon have owned himself a felon as a pauper. But this has nearly all vanished now—and there are very few who do not take the parish alms with equal, if not greater, readiness than the stipend of independent labour. But there are some who still nourish the old feeling on this score—and this poor man was one of them. I do not mean to say that he would rather have starved than applied for parochial relief—but I do say that he would have postponed it so long, that in all probability he would have perished from the lateness of the succour.

I have, of course, had every assistance given to this poor fellow, and I trust he will get about again,—and by Spring be able to return to his work ;—but, I assure you, the impression which the whole scene has made on me is of no slight force, and I think, will be of no short duration. We have a large party at this Christmas time ;—most of the usual Christmas revelries are going on,—and I cannot help dwelling in my mind, on the contrast between my home and his. There are many young people in the house, and we have music and frequent dancing ;—and last night the old oak-room was lighted up, and garnished with holly and ever-greens—there was a blazing fire in the chimney—every thing spoke of brightness and gaiety and joy—the young faces looked radiant and beaming with youthful happiness—and the young hearts seemed to beat in joyous accord with the light and lively music. I looked on the scene before me, and I thought on that which I had so lately left—

where Cold, Darkness, and Hunger were the daily guests, and Sickness was now an added visitant ;—where, while our hearts beat with the excitation of sociality and revelling, theirs ached with the gnawing pain of unvaried want and wretchedness ;—where, while we were enjoying all that this world gives to enjoy, they were suffering every infliction which God has doomed his creatures to suffer ;—where, while the crackling blaze of the Christmas fire was giving warmth to our limbs, and gladness to our eyes, they were shivering in the severity of the season ;—where, while we were feasting in the abundance of luxury, they were hungering unto death.

I would only wish, that, at this time, when the house of almost every rich man throughout the land resounds with encreased hospitalities,—he would think upon the enduring poor. This is the period which to him is the happiest of the year ;—the ties of kindred and of friendship are drawn closer ;—friends, at other times apart, meet now—families, at other times separated, are now re-united ;—it is the season of the heart. But let him reflect, that to the poor man it brings no new comfort or enjoyment ; on the contrary, the cold of the winter is added to the severities which he already endures. For him there is no Christmas-feast or was-sail-cup—at his board there are no faces bright with the enjoyment of unaccustomed union, or of that expansion of heart which seasons of affection bring with their return. His enjoyments are fewer, rather than more—his want is greater rather than less—than at other times. Let the rich man call these facts to mind—and let him ask himself whether any misery exists of his creating, or within his power to relieve ;—whether his oppression, or even his selfish carelessness, has

made one heart sad at this period of gaiety—one fellow-creature suffering at this season of enjoyment ;—let him ask himself whether he has, as far as in him lies, fulfilled those purposes for which Providence has put wealth into his hand—the diffusing succour and kindly relief among the lowly, the poor, the suffering, and the sick ;—let him rigidly ask his heart these things, before he permits himself to enjoy the pleasures and happinesses which are clustered beneath his better-fortuned roof.

I scarcely know, my dear M——, why I write to you in this manner, for you have always had a warm heart to feel, and a ready hand to relieve, the distresses of those around you ;—neither are you in that situation to which I now more particularly allude—that of a country gentleman. But I feel warmly on this subject,—and you know I always write to you with perfect unreserve. Would to God that those who do come within the scope of my observations, would lay this matter seriously to heart. I am far from saying that there are not many who are all that can be demanded or desired as landlords and country gentlemen,—but, neither can it be denied that there are *some* who from want of feeling, and more who from carelessness, overlook, and leave unrelieved the sufferings of their neighbouring poor. I only wish that they had your heart, or you had their fortunes.

Ever believe me,

Most truly and affectionately yours,

MY SPORTING-BOX.

I AM a man of gentle habits and kind affections, and not at all given to violent antipathies ; but never again shall I behold the bird called a magpie, without bestowing a hearty curse upon him. I have no doubt that this bitter hostility to such a respectable body of the feathered community will seem somewhat unreasonable, until I explain the extent of the provocation which I have received from an individual belonging to it. Nor, indeed, am I sure but this explanation may, *primâ facie*, appear rather insufficient to apologize for my extreme rancour, for all that I can allege against him, in this early state of the proceedings, is the crime of having made an error in judgment, respecting the proprietorship of a certain cherry-tree ; but the consequences therefrom have been such as will justify my utmost malison. Had he never been addicted to cherries, I should never have sent him to his long account ; consequently, I should never have felt the thrill of a sportsman ;—consequently, I should never have left my peaceful home at Islington, to look out for a Sporting-Box ;—consequently, I should have escaped all the miseries which I am about to relate.

“ It is quite impossible,” said I to my wife, “ that I can endure the air of the suburbs any longer, and I shall take a house with a manor, and so forth, and turn sportsman without delay.”

“ My dearest love,” she replied, “ take time to consider, or take another shot at another magpie, for I am persuaded that you overrate your talents for a country life ; you look just like what you are, and not at all like a sportsman.”

This allusion to the counting-house was rather grating to my feelings, but I must freely own that there *may* be a certain mercantile cast in my physiognomy, which might in some degree justify my wife's waggery, and I sat very passively while she recounted to a posse of friends, how I had watched a whole week in the cow-house with the blacksmith's gun, peeping through the crannies at my unsuspecting foe,—how he hopped from twig to twig, without suffering me to take a level at him—how he at last hopped upon the muzzle of the gun, which had been all day protruding from the cow-house, like the spout of a tea-kettle, and how I was a full half hour before I could summon resolution to pull the trigger. The laugh was against me, but my mind was made up; and the next day, when I mounted my nag, at the usual hour of attendance at my office, instead of turning towards the city, I ambled away very complacently to a celebrated house-agent's. “Pray, Sir,” said I, “have you such a thing as a sporting-box to let? I don't want it very far from town—only just a pretty distance, so that I can run down and kill my three or four brace of birds, and then return to my—hem!—to the opera.” A book was immediately handed to me, containing the descriptions of about twenty, which seemed precisely calculated for my accommodation. Were it not rather foreign to my present purpose I should direct the notice of the “Society for the Suppression of Vice” to this identical book, for it was written with a flow of language and depth of poetical feeling, which gave a semblance of truth to fictions of a most injurious tendency. The residence which particularly struck my fancy was, “An elegant cottage, at the extremity of a delightful village, with beautiful lawn, surrounded with odoriferous shrubs and exotics of all descriptions, stables, and stable-yard,

pig-sties and pig-yard, coach-house, and hot-house, and green-house, and tool-house, and hen-house, and various other appurtenances, too numerous to mention. Over and above, a manor well stocked with game, and the right of fishery on one bank of the river Mud." Was ever any thing so totally and altogether entrancing? I instantly demanded a ticket of admission, walked off to the White-horse Cellar, and mounted the coach for this fairy-land without delay. It never struck me till I got half way, that my wife would be waiting dinner for me; but "hang it," thought I, "sportsmen never care for their wives—she's beneath my notice."

When I arrived at the delightful village, I immediately proceeded to the elegant cottage, which, if I must speak the truth, was not quite so elegant as I had been taught to expect. The beautiful lawn could not possibly accommodate above one quadrille at a time, (for, be it known, I had cogitated over a *fête champêtre*, to celebrate my *entrée*,) the green-house was of about the dimensions of a cucumber-frame, and from a small stove in the middle I concluded it was to answer the description of the hot-house likewise. The rest of the premises were in proportion; but I will not enter into particulars. "A sportsman," I thought, "should never care how he is housed, by the side of a 'well-stocked manor, and the river Mud.'" I rang the bell with a heart full of expectation, and was answered by a brace of pointers, and a man with a ram-rod. The sight augured well, and I stalked into the presence of my future landlord with the importance of a dead shot. He was a tall thin man, and wore a shooting jacket, red face, and spindle shanks, and altogether presented just the wiry appearance of an old sportsman. Having laid aside his gun-barrel, which he was in the act of washing, he wiped his hands, and

received me very politely. My errand was soon told, and his politeness encreased. He assured me that, "if I was fond of shooting and fishing, there was not a place in the county which would suit me so well. To be sure the house was a little out of repair, which was partly owing to his being a bachelor, and living like Robinson Crusoe, with only his man Friday; and partly to his excellent sport, which scarcely left him leisure to observe what was going on within doors." The house was indeed, as he observed, a little out of repair, the walls being somewhat tattered, the ceilings a little stained with the damp, and the furniture sinking into the vale of years; but every observation which I made on these heads was instantly overpowered by some seemingly careless enquiry which he made of the man Friday respecting the abundance of the game. "I am afraid, Sir," said I, "that this parlour will require fresh papering!" "Oh, say no more about it, my dear Sir, my man shall patch it up. By-the-bye, (turning to Friday,) how many covies are there in the three turnip fields?" "Thirteen, Sir," says Friday. "And these chairs," I continued, "are rather ricketty." "Very true, very true, my good Sir,—they shall have a nail or two.—By-the-bye, do you see that old oak tree yonder, by the side of the Mud? That is where I watch for the ducks in the winter-time.—How many ducks did I kill at a shot there last winter?" "Sixteen," says Friday. I expressed my astonishment, but my landlord-to-be merely answered with Hotspur, "A trifle—a trifle, Sir." The conversation kept twisting so continually from the subject of the house to that of the game, that I soon totally forgot all the objections to the first, to listen to the astonishing feats which had been performed by this Robin Hood and Little John; for at that time I knew so little of old sportsmen, that I

had no conception of the master and man being aware that they were dealing with a cockney, who, of course, is fair game all the world over. I am a little surprised, however, that I was not let into the secret, when Robin "presumed that I was a good shot;" for when I put on a look of becoming mystery, and replied with a nod of the head, "that I brought them down now and then," I saw him decidedly wink at Little-John, who grimed outright.

The fishery was by no means an unprolific subject. There were trout, and there were carp, and there were tench, and there were perch, and there were pike. In short—there were all things, and there was every thing, from minnows and tittle-bats, to turbot and lobster-sauce. How I fancied I felt my rod bending with the own brother of the twenty-six pound pike which Robin caught last Saturday week! How I sniffed at the glorious pudding in his belly!—and how I triumphed in anticipation over my cockney friends, whose sports were confined to the bobbing for white bait at Blackwall!

Before I had been an hour in Robin's company, we were bosom friends. He showed me all his rods and his lines, and his guns, and his dogs, and told me all the secret super-excellencies connected therewith. He gave me a beef-steak of Friday's cooking, and a bottle of port from the Red-Lion;—and moreover, he gave me the refusal of a brace of celebrated pointers, and a notoriously known gun;—for in the course of conversation he had discovered my deficiency in these respects, and drawn from me the candid confession that my kennel was not quite so staunch as it ought to be, and that my patent detonator was certainly not upon the most approved principle. "Look there, my dear Sir," said he, "there is a brace of dogs which cannot be matched; and you,

who are so good a judge, are the only man for whom I would part with them, for you know how to estimate them.—Look there, Sir,—when did you ever see a sporting dog with such a famous thick stern as that?—why, his tail is as big as a sheep's, and bends over his back like a bugle-horn! And look at the other,—he is none of your lop-eared, heavy-headed ones;—that short bull-nose of his will find you more game than all the dogs in the county,—and then that natural grin shows at first sight what an excellent temper he has.—But his ears, Sir,—his ears are the handsomest point about him;—they stand bolt upright, like a brace of sentry-boxes!”

The gun had no reason to complain of the character which its affectionate owner bestowed upon it; but I shall say nothing of its merits, save and excepting that it would kill a goose at an hundred yards, and that its make was so extremely delicate and beautiful, that the barrel was absolutely not thicker than a sixpence. Of course, I became the happy purchaser both of dogs and gun; likewise of all the hooks, flies, nets, fishing-rods, and other piscatory apparatus; likewise of all the traps, whether for rat, robin, mouse, or man; likewise of all the ammunition, flints, turn-screws, powder-horns, and shot-belts;—and finally, I became the proprietor of the man Friday, who, in consequence of his master's secession from business, and intended trip to the Continent, would otherwise have found himself a gentleman at large.

“God bless you, my dear Sir,” said he, as I wished him good afternoon, after having arranged to take possession of my new abode for one year, commencing from that day se'nnight,—“God bless you, my dear Sir, I shall not be here when you come, but Friday will shew

you the bounds of the manor, and will; I am sure, take care that you have good sport.—Take my word for it, you have the best bargain to be met with.”

I was in high spirits to coincide with my landlord;—shook him heartily by the hand,—bade my *game-keeper* look sharp after the poachers, and jumped upon the stage-coach again to astonish my wife.

It was past nine o'clock when I arrived at home, and I found the partner of my past joys and future afflictions consoling herself for my unaccountable absence with a *coterie* of insatiate tea-drinkers. I found them all in high glee, of which it appeared that I was the subject, for, as I advanced up stairs, I could plainly distinguish my name in conjunction with that of the cursed magpie.

My heart burned to relate the feat which I had performed, but somehow I was puzzled how to begin. I felt like a mean fellow who has accidentally achieved a great action, and finds himself ashamed of it. At last, when the merriment had a little subsided, and my wife began to enquire seriously the cause of my absence all day, I gained courage to demand how long she thought it would take us to move house.

“Move house, my love! and where are we to move to?” “To our residence in the country,” I replied; “it is not above twenty miles from town, and is really the prettiest thing in the world.” My wife looked in amazement.—“What, then, you have positively taken a *sporting-box*?” I answered in the affirmative, and, having fairly embarked in the subject, determined upon swaggering it out, and manfully described my bargain, item by item. At every period, when I expected the astonishment due to my surprising good fortune, I could distinguish nothing but a sort of smo-

thered titter, which I thought extremely ill-bred. But when I came to the eulogy upon my dogs and game-keeper, the mirth would really have been past the endurance of ordinary minds. In this generalization, however, I beg not to be included, for the only mode in which I condescended to show my indignation, was giving them timely notice that all trespassers on my property would be prosecuted as the law directs.

Of all the blessings in the world, there is none so calamitous as the attentions of your worthy friends and sagacious advisers. It has been my happy fate to inherit the kind counsel of all my kith and kin, together with that of all the friends, relations, and acquaintances of each and sundry, ever since the day of my christening, on which joyous occasion there goes a legend of my having been hugged into convulsions. It is no wonder, therefore, if, after having finished my tale of triumph to a circle which included three generations of maiden aunts, I incurred a due share of tender solicitudes, respecting the perils I was going to encounter. Every misfortune which had been occasioned by fire-arms for the last forty years, was raked up as a precedent for what was likely to befall me; and though I endeavoured, with great vehemence, to assert that my patronage of a simple fowling-piece could not possibly have any thing to do with the bursting of a Tower gun, or the wilful explosion of my uncle Tom's pocket-pistol,—it was out of the nature of things to allay the fears which my desperation had occasioned. I cannot remember half the catalogue of my predicted woes.—My gun burst—my dogs went mad—my river overflowed,—and I was doomed to undergo the various operations of amputation, dipping, and reanimation;—my skull was trepanned,—my wits were bewitched—my

arm was be-crutched, and, altogether, I cut a more glorious figure than any battle-battered pensioner since the foundation of Chelsea Hospital. Such was the opinion of my friends, and so firmly was it expressed, that I really believed any failure in their predictions would cause them sincere disappointment.

I will not dwell upon the regret, which, in spite of my happy destination, I could not help feeling at my departure from dear, romantic Islington. I will not enlarge upon the compunction which was almost rising to my eyes, as, after having carefully disposed my powder and shot, and re-folded my new shooting-jacket, I looked back and saw the last twig of the cherry-tree which had been the scene of my first exploit, vanishing in the distance. It was not long, however, before I remanned myself. The day was fine and the country delightful, and our road, moreover, lay by the side of the Thames, into which the river Mud empties itself, so that I felt the pride of a sort of joint proprietorship in every fish that jumped. My wife, indeed, was not quite so aristocratical in her notions; she was not excited by the expectations which throbbed in the bosom of her lord, and appeared to be in a very abstruse reverie respecting the means of subsistence in our new abode, which, she maintained, would be very precariously supplied if my gun and fishing-rod were to be the only resources. For, it was not to be denied that, independently of my lack of practice in the use of these weapons, and the possibility that the removal of that deficiency might leave me pretty nearly as skilful as before, the fish were not always willing to bite, or the partridges to be shot. In the event of these dilemmas, she only hoped and trusted that our neighbourhood would furnish a poulterer and fishmonger, for, it was

quite impossible to suppose that the numerous friends whom we had invited to stay with us, would consent to be fed entirely upon mutton. I bade her be of good cheer, and promised to supply the table in such a manner as to obliterate the above-named tradesmen from our weekly bills altogether.

It was evening when we finished our journey. One of those soft dewy evenings when the breeze speaks of nothing but love and honeysuckles. The little dilapidations of our cottage lay hidden in the friendly twilight, and the banks of the Mud, which were somewhat too appropriate to the name, had melted into a claude-like blue. It was just the hour for a first entrée, and my wife confessed that the bargain was "not so bad after all," considering that she had not been consulted in it. I had an idea, however, that the readiness with which she praised every thing that I shewed her, seemed rather dictated by an amiable resolution to be satisfied, and an unwillingness to damp my delight, than by a thorough conviction of our good fortune. But whether this was the case or not, I had not leisure to enquire. Mine was the real unsophisticated cottage contentment; and the romantic complacency with which I accompanied my man Friday to trim the [night-hooks and set the eel-pots for the next day's supply, will never depart from my memory. This event occurred in the first hour of my domination.

Having placed all these engines of destruction in the most destructive situations, I retired early to bed that I might be enabled to reply to the summons of the man Friday, who had orders to call me at four o'clock next morning, which I thought was the proper hour for a sportsman to rise; besides which, I was anxious to procure a good show of fish for breakfast.

I was already awake when the fist of Friday beat four o'clock upon my door. I had passed a restless night. About the mid-watch I hooked a mighty jack, who had played me till half past three, when I landed him amidst the shouts of an immense concourse of spectators. The agony of my nerves during the dubious contest was indescribable. Sometimes the stupendous animal shot from his element into upper air, as though he meant to take wing; sometimes he flounced downwards as deep as the Bay of Biscay; and, then he ran me along the banks, till I had well nigh dropped from fatigue. At last I brought him to the shore, and, seizing him with the Herculean grasp of despair, flung him victoriously upon the grass. I awoke in a profuse perspiration, and in the act of tossing my wife out of bed. "My dearest love," said she "what is the matter?" "Bless my soul," I replied, "I beg a thousand pardons—I took you for a fish."

Our first care was to examine the night-lines, which, from some strange cause which Friday was unable to define, had, each and several, nothing at the end but the bait we had placed there the preceding night. The fish were evidently more knowing in this river than in any other; and Friday assured me that it required a very clever fellow to catch them. I began to think so too. We next had recourse to the eel-pots. The river Mud was full of eels, I had been told; but, however this might be the case, it was not so with the eel-pots. One after the other, we hauled them into the punt, till I was over the shoes, and up to the elbows in mud, but the eels had not gone in, and all the grigs had got out. "Why, Friday, what *can* be the reason of this?" "Very odd indeed, Sir," said Friday, "I am afraid you have come rather too late in the season." My

thoughts again coincided with Friday's, and I considered it high time to produce the infallible tackle which I had purchased from my landlord. It was impossible that *this* could fail, for I had heard it eulogized till I almost believed that it would catch fish where fish were not. It *did* fail, however; and, though my game-keeper boldly volunteered to be responsible, that when I *could* catch one, it should be a bouncer, I own I felt somewhat chagrined that I could not take a few of the small fry in the mean time.

At eight o'clock, my stomach being as empty as my basket, I desired to be put on shore, and arrived at home in excellent time to hear the departure of the fishmonger, who had been cavalierly informed that his future attentions would be unnecessary.

"My dearest love," said my wife, as she met me at the door, "I have been waiting breakfast for you—come in—and, Friday, take the fish to the cook." Friday looked quite crest-fallen, and so did I, as she continued with a very mysterious smile: "The fishmonger has left a message for you, my love. He says, with his kind compliments, that if you have any mode of passing your time besides fishing, he would earnestly recommend you to have recourse to it; because that, in consequence of our landlord and the owner of the opposite bank of the river having drawn off the water three days ago, and sent all the fish to market, it is unlikely your success will be equal to your exertions. He advises you likewise to give permission to any one who may apply for a day's angling, because it is not civil to be too tenacious." I was petrified!

"'Twas strange, 'twas passing strange.

"'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful."

But what was I to do? I turned all my wrath upon my

game-keeper. "Friday," said I, with a reproachful look, "why did you not tell me this?" Friday said I had never asked him, and persisted that there were still three or four very fine fish in the river. Pardon me, reader—my choler rises, and I can say no more upon this subject.

I now turned my thoughts entirely to the shooting, and determined upon losing no time in ascertaining my confines, and exercising my pointers. My heart misgave me even before the commencement of my pilgrimage, for, when I desired Friday to supply his pockets with a day's provision, he appeared not to understand me; and, upon farther explanation, assured me that there was no sort of danger of our returning too late for luncheon—a reply which, as may be supposed, gave me no very favourable idea of the extent of my dominions. I was likewise considerably daunted by the sight of a very tremendous whip with which Friday had found it necessary to provide himself, which led me to believe that my dogs were rather suspicious characters, and not quite so well educated as they ought to have been. But I said nothing, and determined to trust to nothing but my own observations, for Friday had evidently a hankering kindness for his old master, (with whom, perhaps, he had the promise of being re-established whenever it should please God to make me sick of my bargain,) and seemed totally unwilling to be called in evidence against any little accidental misrepresentations which might have a chance of passing with me.

The region about my château de chasse was composed chiefly of rushes and red clay, with, here and there, an interesting variety of swamp, occasionally ornamented with a straggling alder, or stunted willow-tree. The first step I placed upon it was quite sufficient

to establish its reputation for wild ducks, for I marched "into the bowels of the land" nearly up to those of a person for whose comfort and costume I have a very high respect. Friday very obligingly helped me out, and kindly advised me to mind where I stepped, or I should certainly get wet and take an ague, for which the marsh was scarcely less celebrated than it was for the ducks. My course was more cautiously regulated, and we marched steadily onward for about half a mile, to the tune of a long story respecting Friday's late master and a certain marvellous wild goose, when our ears were suddenly arrested by a duet on the part of Dido and Ponto, or rather by a simultaneous bravura, which was instigated by an animal of the very species which had been occupying our conversation—save and excepting that he was not *wild*—I can safely affirm that I never before saw a respectable gander in such peril.—Ponto had fairly snapped out his tail, and, as he rose in loud expostulation to abdicate the marsh, Dido made a jump at his long legs, which had well-nigh proved mortal. The sagacious bird seemed to be perfectly aware of this, and encreased his altitude to about six feet, which was just high enough for his personal preservation, and just low enough to tempt his assailants to the pursuit which lasted to the next farm-house, (a distance of about a quarter of a mile,) each stretching out its neck to the utmost extent, and apparently using its voice for the purpose of cursing its carcass which could not follow with greater expedition. Friday seemed to undergo considerable perturbation at this little incident. He whistled till he was black in the face, and cracked his whip till he wore out the lash; but Ponto and Dido did not find it convenient to pay him the smallest attention, and continued the sport till

dogs and goose were no longer visible. Friday saw my look of astonished enquiry, and hastened to reply to it.—It was, he confessed, very extraordinary behaviour for such well-bred dogs, but they wanted practice, and he had no doubt that a few lessons with the whip would make them all-accomplished; in the course of which assurance, he mentioned incidentally that they were two of the best rat-catchers in the country—a branch of the canine profession for which I began to think them peculiarly qualified.

We pursued our pilgrimage for about three miles, through the same delightful interchange of scenery which I have already described, and without any particular event or moving accident, excepting now and then the injudicious deposition of my foot in some meandering mineral stream, which crawled like a reptile across our path, all glittering in its green and yellow fith, and seemed prepared to fly in the face of all improvident travellers.—Friday continued to enliven the walk by expatiating on the sport which this morass would afford me, till we arrived where it was terminated by the turnpike-road, by which he proposed our return home. I bade him be under no alarm lest I should knock up, for I was, in fact, a very excellent walker, and intended, before I returned, to explore the partridge-ground.—Friday looked rather daunted as he pointed to the quagmire, and informed me that we had already explored it.—“What,” said I, “would you make me believe that the partridge is an *aquatic* bird? nothing but ducks and geese could live here! where are the three turnip-fields, and the thirteen covies?” Friday pointed to them on the brow of a hill which ascended at a short distance from the borders of the bog, and I immediately began striding off for a nearer inspection of them.—“I beg pardon,

Sir," said Friday, "but we must not go there."—"Not go! and why not?" "Because, Sir, you have not got leave." "You rogue, do I not pay for it?" "No, Sir—only for the ground I have shown you.—Those fields belong to Mr. L——, and he is a very particular gentleman." At this information Friday observed my cholera rising to a very alarming degree, and did not, as I thought, anticipate any very abundant pleasure from the conversation which was likely to ensue. The result of it went to prove, that the "manor, well stocked with game" which had seduced me from the purlieus of the metropolis, consisted of the bog, and the bog *per se*. That the three turnip-fields, with sundry coppices and stubbles of various descriptions, belonged to Mr. L——, who had been some time abroad, and had bequeathed the deputation to my landlord. That Mr. L—— had at length returned to re-possess his own, which occasioned the advertisement of the "elegant cottage," and the departure of my said landlord to more auspicious regions.

It was some time before I had sufficient command of myself to trust my voice. This it is, I thought, to run away from one's business, in the vain-glorious pursuit of distinctions beyond one's attainment! How could such an arrant cockney expect to deal with an experienced sportsman without being humbled in spirit, and ruined in reputation. My chief difficulty was how to support myself under the ridicule of my wife, and the friends whose predictions were in such a fair way of fulfilment. My sporting-box would form a tale which would outlive my epitaph. The only expedient I could devise was to confine my calamities to my own breast. To reprieve the friends who lay under sentence of sporting with me on the first of September, and to

persuade my wife that it was a bad breeding-season, and totally unproductive of birds. The thought in some degree patched up my wounded pride, but the wound in my expectations was incurable.—“Friday,” I said, “do you know any one who wants to purchase a fowling-piece, and a brace of thorough-bred dogs?” Friday still persisted that I should have occasion for them myself, for, that in the heat of the day when Mr. L—— was firing in the turnip-fields, the birds would fly directly for refuge into my “well-stocked manor,” which would sometimes give me three or four shots a-day—and then the winter-shooting! The snipes and the ducks! Friday was an able orator, and used the gift to the best of his ability, whilst I was a disappointed and desponding man, and felt anxious to be re-assured.—Under these circumstances I suffered myself to be persuaded that things were not quite so bad—walked home as patiently as circumstances would permit—assisted in the castigation of my dogs who had preceded me in my arrival—and met my wife with something like a smile of complacency.

It would be endless to narrate with what alternate hope and despondency I completed my preparations for the first of September. The chagrin which I felt on the sham illness which excused me from the visits of my friends; the exultation with which I inflicted a mortal wound upon the partridge I had chalked against the garden-gate; the dismay with which I contemplated the capacious game-bag which my wife had taken care to provide; and the comfort which I derived from the reflection that fishing was, after all, but a mawkish amusement, and not to be compared with shooting,—all these sensations served to keep me in a continual ferment, till the arrival of the day of slaughter.

It was my intention, when I entered upon this dolorous history, to give a circumstantial detail of the occurrences of this grand epoch of my life, which placed the first of September in the front-rank of days, and made it co-equal with those famous grenadiers, the first of August and the eighteenth of June, who gained so much renown at the Nile and Waterloo. My limits, however, are already overstepped, and I must, perforce, spare the feelings of the reader and my own. I will only say, that, during the last night of August, like that which preceded my invasion of the river Mud, my nerves were in a state of considerable irritation. Every attempt which my eyes made to close, and my senses to reel, was disturbed by the buzzing up of a partridge under my nose; and on every such occasion I was startled into a feverish sense of existence by the electric report of my gun. I was in the field two hours before daylight,—took my station in the middle of the bog, to watch Mr. L.'s turnip-fields, and did not return till after sunset. My wife rushed into my arms, to congratulate me on my safety,—the game-bag was unbuckled from my shoulders and examined;—and, oh, ye Gods! what was the result? An empty bottle, the remainder of a half quartern loaf, and the nibbled fragments of a Dutch cheese! What! not *one* bird! Not a feather,—by all the Gods and Demi-gods, from Jove to the Lord Mayor! The wind had been in an unfavourable quarter, and all Mr. L.'s birds had flown the wrong way.

My wife did not upbraid me—she did not ridicule me—she was all kindness and consolation—she told me the best of sportsmen would sometimes have blank days, and bade me be of good cheer, for it happened very luckily, since I had been unsuccessful, that she had just received a very fine bird from London. The vixen!—The cold-

blooded insulter of her liege lord! Reader, what bird doest thou think it was? It was the magpie!—The never-to-be-sufficiently-execrated magpie, stuffed and stuck upon the chimney-piece, and looking as vivacious as on the day from which I date my calamities.

This was the most crying shame of all;—I would have been angry, but I found that justice, as usual, had sided with the opposite party, and I knew that any complaint would be answered by an enquiry respecting the divine right of man to transport a poor forlorn woman into a wilderness, and expose her to all the horrors of solitude and starvation. All that I had to do, therefore, was to acquiesce in the opprobrium which was heaped upon me through the medium of *espiègle* glances and mock congratulations, and to humble myself like a truly repentant sinner.

Days and weeks passed away, and still the rising sun found me upon the large flat stone in the morass, gazing wistfully upon Mr. L.'s turnips; but never did the rising moon behold a bird in my bag. The new year came, and still I was as constant to my watch as a broker upon 'Change, or a beggar upon his walk,—but still my game-book exhibited nothing but ciphers. I mean this, however, merely with respect to act of parliament game, for my evil genius knew his trade too well to leave me wholly without encouragement, and led me on from month to month with petty successes, which were few and far apart, till all remedy, in the way of a fresh abode for the sporting season, was too late. Thus, on the 10th of September I administered a few grains of patent shot to an owl, which was sorely troubled with the hooping-cough, and broke in upon the nocturnal harmonies of Dido and Ponto. On the 15th of the following month I inflicted condign punishment upon "twa corbies,"

who were keeping the passover upon a lamb which had been mired in the bog. And on the 5th of November, I particularly distinguished myself, in conjunction with certain bloody-minded boys, in the pursuit of a family of squirrels, who had made a lodgment in a row of chesnut-trees hard by. They afforded excellent sport, and

“ Ere a blow was struck,
An arrow from my bow had pierced their chief,
Who wore that day the arms which now I wear;”

for I converted his skin into a purse, of which the teeth form the clasp, and the tail the tassel. The 17th of December, however, was the most eventful day of my sporting annals, for as Friday and I were sitting, as usual, upon the large flat stone, just about day-break, our attention was arrested by the approach of a most enormous bird, which appeared to be of the Rock species—better known, perhaps, to the readers of Fairy Tales than the sportsman, or the student of natural history. Such a dish, I thought, never administered to the cravings of an alderman, or flourished at a coronation feast. He spread his broad sails directly over my head, at the distance of about twenty paces, and I placed my finger upon the fatal trigger. The report was like a clap of Jove’s thunder,—and he fell like a Titan. In my haste to secure my prize I had well nigh encountered the fate of Lord Ravenswood in the Kelpie-flow. I was, however, only up to the neck, and by dint of a persevering grasp on the bird’s windpipe on my right, and the notable exertions of Friday on my left, I emerged without injury. Neither I nor my keeper could divine the species, but we both agreed that it was

“ *Rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cygno.*”

It was, indeed, *very* like a swan ; but, of course, it must

be something else, for to kill a Thames swan, I had heard, was transportation, and that I should do any thing worthy of such a catastrophe was out of the nature of things. My wife, however, was seriously alarmed, and advised me to call in one or two of our neighbours, who were versed in such matters, to hold an inquest upon the body. One gentleman, who was the oracle of the rest, and known to be infallible, made his appearance with a volume of Buffon under his arm, and assured me that he would at first sight prove fully to my satisfaction, whether the bird was a goose or a swan ; or, in other words, whether I was to pass the next seven years at home or in New South Wales. The corpse was laid out upon the dining-table, and the men of science commenced their enquiry. It was measured from head to tail, and from wing to wing, and turned from back to belly, a dozen times—opinions varied, and Buffon was called in as umpire, when the foreman gave his firm decision that the defunct was neither a goose, —nor a hopper,—nor a Muscovy duck,—nor any other bird in the creation, than a *tame swan*, and moreover, a *king's swan*, which was made manifest by the royal mark upon his beak. I was advised to skin and devour it without delay, as there was every likelihood of my castle being subject to the investigation of a search-warrant, which might be productive of much inconvenience. But my appetite was gone, and as soon as the inquisitors had departed, I gave Friday a guinea to keep the secret—took a spade from the tool-house,—laid the royal victim, without tomb-stone or elegy, in a corner of the kitchen-garden, and dreamt of Botany-Bay and the Tread-mill for a month after.

At last one day, as Friday and I were on the old sta-

tion, and agreeing, for the twenty thousandth time, that it was very odd, the waters began to rise around me, and place me very much in the predicament of the famous king Canute. The sight verily rejoiced the heart of Friday as much as it dismayed that of his master. The river, he said, had swollen, and the country would be overflowed, and then there would be an influx of snipes and ducks, such as never was known. The snipes would be found on the islets, and the ducks would be swimming round them.

Alas ! that ever I should live to say that I have seen as much as Noah ! I saw the last spot of land swallowed up in the bosom of the waters, and I saw my abode insulated within a space which gave it all the horrors of an ark. Where now are the snipes to be found ? On the islets !—Woe is me, there is not such a thing to be seen within five miles ! But the ducks !—True ; I can shoot them from my parlour window—when they come.

I went out in the punt every night for the first week of the flood, to take my position under the old oak-tree, from which my wondrous landlord massacred the sixteen ducks,—but none of their brethren ever came to enquire after them during *my* vigils. If any one is inclined to find fault with the shortness of their duration, I would only invite him to watch *one* night for about six hours, as I have done, with no comfort but an east wind and a sleet storm.—I have rubbed my frozen fingers till the skin has peeled off like that of a boiled potatoe ; and I have stamped against the bottom of the punt till I have well nigh kicked it out, and committed myself and gamekeeper to the mercy of the midnight elements. Sometimes I have climbed the old oak, and lain *perdu* as cautious as king Charles,—and sometimes I have

waded up to the waistband, more fearless than the Old Man of the Sea. I will ask all the sportsmen that ever died of a sore throat, or a broken bone, what mortal could do more ;—yet I failed—I never shot a duck.

As all, or nearly all, of the foregoing narrative is written, like Cæsar's Commentaries, in the *past tense*, the reader will naturally conclude that my griefs are over. It concerns me exceedingly to contradict him.—At this present writing Friday is punting himself to the village (in which the houses look less like houses than rocks in a rapid river), for our daily bread. The few trees which enrich my prospect are every moment growing shorter, and the retiring hedge-rows, like experienced lawyers, seemed determined to confound the property of all the farmers in the neighbourhood. In the midst of this external desolation, I am threatened with destruction from within,—for a land-spring has burst in the cellar, and advances every hour a step nearer to the kitchen, from whence it will, no doubt, be promoted to the parlour where I am sitting, in which it will probably take permanent lodgings. If it were not for this memoir, which has occasionally given me something to think of, I verily believe that the next dead shot I should make would be myself. I expected that all my time would be taken up by sporting, and all my wife's by witnessing my skill; consequently, I have no books, but the "Art of Shooting Flying," and no music but the howling of my dogs,—I dare not look out of the window for horror,—I dare not turn to my wife for shame,—and I dare not sit in the chimney-corner for the magpie ;—what will become of me, now my paper is finished, I know not. I will subjoin a couple of advertisements, and trust in Providence.

TO SPORTSMEN.

TO be disposed of, considerably under prime cost, the entire equipment of a sportsman, retiring from the field ; consisting of a celebrated gun, and brace of bran new pointers, which have never been used ; also, of every engine for the capture or destruction of every species of game, wild-fowl, or vermin ; likewise, of a variety of man-traps and spring-guns, for the detection or annihilation of poachers ; likewise, a punt, and couple of decoy-ducks in excellent voice ; likewise, a considerable store of ammunition of all sorts ; and lastly, the most complete collection of fishing-nets, hooks, flies, and rods, that ever were submitted to the public. Should any gentleman have taken a fancy, from the foregoing account, to the advertiser's Sporting Box, he has no objection to under-let it for the remaining six months of his lease, which would give the tenant the benefit of the floods, and likewise of all the spring fishing in the river Mud.

WANTS A PLACE,

AS Gamekeeper, a Young Man, who thoroughly understands his business, and can have an undeniable character from his present master, who only parts with him because he has no farther service for him. As a preserver of game, inspector of fisheries, and breaker of dogs, he is perfectly unrivalled, having lately had large concerns of this nature on his hands. Wages not so much his object, as a place, the advertiser having a particular objection to working upon the roads.

THE DESTRUCTION OF OLD TREES.

I HAVE a passion for trees and forest scenery.—In happy fanciful moods, I have imagined that the soul of a Druid has through various transmigrations passed into me:—several of the different states of existence in which it has sojourned make up my other propensities, but the Druid predominates,—and I go forth in the bright days of summer to admire my oaks—to pay the tribute of veneration to those majestic trees which have been the pride of my ancestors, and which I hope will be preserved in their hoary grandeur, to delight and embellish the residence of my children. There is a charm in groves of green trees, that belongs not peculiarly to

those fervid climes where shade is at once the first necessary and greatest luxury of existence, but our colder Western Isle has vied with the East in love of the forest. The "green trees," which tempted even the chosen people of God to idolatry, awakened religious feelings as strongly in the breast of the Briton, in a country where the sun should rather have been hailed as the Deity—where to bask in his genial rays would on slight consideration have appeared the most inviting. Man was first placed in a garden, and the love of foliage has ever remained. We instinctively pant for the innocence of our first condition. The green herb of the field, and the trees that were pleasant to the sight of our first parents, still touch the hearts of their latest posterity. In the little sickly plants on the window-sill of the poor girl confined to the close streets of the city, whose daily toil or erring life proclaim her the descendant of Eve,—in her melancholy attempt to rear some emblem of vegetable life, while condemned to live surrounded with dingy bricks, I most strongly see the innate longing for Eden, which neither guilt nor ignorance can wholly obliterate. The English have preserved this instinct more fully than any other people—but in none is it totally extinct.—Even the ferocious Bush Ranger of New South Wales, loved his woods and jungles for their beauty, as much as for the security they afforded:—in the rude diary which has been preserved of one of those desperate beings, we see written in the blood of some animal (the ink of the desert), his intention, or rather desire, to procure the seeds of some peculiar flowers.

Flowers delight the eye, and the senses revel in their perfumes—but trees awaken far loftier emotions. The savage bends in awe before the tree whose ample branches have sheltered all his race, beyond the tradition

of their brief antiquity. In comparison with the tree which defies the storm, what is his strength,—his stature—the duration of his existence? He needs the refuge of the oak, its acorns are delicious food to him, its branches are his castle of defence, his ambush. He looks on it as it stands proudly immoveable, and confers its benefits without cost to itself. He flies to it for shelter; with awe he perceives how impotent is the storm he quails beneath to injure the lofty head which needs not the homage his gratitude pours forth;—to his ideas self-existing, he bows before it as his God. This was, I imagine, the first cause of the worship of the ancient Britons;—but man, however uncultivated, soon arrives at the higher notion of a Spiritual Deity—*“ L’homme n’est qu’un roseau le plus foible de la nature; mais c’est un roseau pensant;”* and we accordingly find the Druids, while worshipping the sacred groves, had ideas of a God, besides those material objects of their reverence—of a Spirit to be propitiated with sacrifice.

Enlightened as we now are, pure and spiritual as our religion is, still to me trees are holy things. I should never choose a being like myself for my patron-saint. The Catholics have been accused by ingenious writers, of having followed the Pagan fashions—of having grafted many of the ancient Roman superstitions on the gorgeous worship of the Vatican. Authors have shewed the slight variation in several of the present religious shows and customs of Rome from those practised in the time of Cæsar. I should prefer to follow, in the poetry of my faith, the Grecian fables, and adopt the sacred groves of Dodona as my pattern! Each tree should have its protecting Faun and Dryad, and my propitiatory saint should be the spirit of my favourite—of the majestic and spiral pine—of the broad and rich ches-

nut—or the pride of my woods, the indigenous and vigorous oak, whose massy branches spread into all the fantastic and graceful forms of nature.—This may be fanciful—but the feelings which trees awaken in my heart are not fanciful. The grief with which I witness their destruction is real ;—and who that has ever ridden over an Englishman's park where timber is felling, but has participated in such feelings ? The very boors employed in the labour mourn the trees that fall to free the involved estate—to furnish money to the spendthrift or the careless squanderer—to be swallowed up in the vortex of the gaming-table, or wasted in the hollow shows and heartless pomps of the London life of a man of pleasure. In vain the destiny of the timber would try to gain pardon for its destruction—the sailor's glory, the wooden walls of England, cannot reconcile the peasant to the loss of the trees which have been the pride of his country, which he has known from his birth, and pointed to the stranger with something of the pleasure of possession. Young plantations are made to hide the nakedness of the land, but in vain do we try to veil the devastation. Man may plant,—all who love trees and their country do plant,—but the life of man is as the morning mist to the age of trees. He is born, grows up, flourishes, decays, and sinks into his kindred dust, ere the vegetable life has approached to its maturity. We instinctively venerate all length of duration. “ The Ancient of Days ” is the first appellation of the Great Spirit of the universe ; the oak that flourishes years before our birth, and will continue long after we have mouldered away, partakes of the feeling which we attach to all things whose existence exceeds our own narrow space. We grieve for the destruction of what is *irreparable* with peculiar emotion,—and we moralize over the power of

man, who in one short hour can cut down the strong tree, that has stood for years beyond his numbering, but which he in vain may desire to restore;—in every sense, how great is his power of evil, how limited his capability of doing good!

Oh may the axe never approach the trees I love!—may the storms spare them! My woods, the scenes of my boyish sports—where I have passed the most delicious hours of youth, in those sweets of the imagination which no words are adequate to describe—the haunts of the walks of love and friendship—the shelter in the hours of solitude and contemplation—the refuge of my grief, where I have hidden myself to weep alone,—how can I describe your charms! Chateaubriand knew the heart, and the delights of forests, when he said, “*Les sons que rendent les passions dans le vague d’un cœur solitaire, ressemblent au murmure que les vents et les eaux font entendre dans le silence d’un desert, on en jouit mais on ne peut les peindre.*” The music of the full-pealing organ, even the wild voice of the ocean in its wrath, or its gentler and more lulling tones, cannot compare in soul-awakening effect with the winds of heaven sighing or roaring through the trees, whose branches, ascending aloft, shew the sky in chequered compartments, adding to the enchantment of sound the beauties of softened and varied light.

Delighting thus in trees, I must more than others grieve for their loss; and a storm awakens in me almost the fears of those whose friends are mariners. I dread to see the shivered tops and the scattered boughs. The great tree torn up by its roots, lying in gigantic length along the ground it yesterday shaded—rending the green-sward into an unsightly broken mound—shewing the strong-hold in the earth which it had firmly grappled,

now broken and for ever destroyed,—is to me a sight the most mournful; it seems to me almost the overthrow of a living being of power and might, so long had it stood erect and nobly immovable in the war of elements. The pride of its foliage, the majesty of its leafy head, now low in the dust, are, indeed, piteous to behold. The storm it has so often braved at last prevail; and by one dread gust, it falls before the breath of heaven—that invisible agent, which then appears even yet more awful than in its howling terrors, that shake even the just to hear,—that fill the mind of the most hardened with ideas of avenging power,—that awaken deep thankfulness for our own shelter, while the heart rises with commiseration for the seaman, and for the inhabitant of the poor thatched dwelling, whose roof flies before the blast like stubble, and leaves him shivering in misery and affright. “The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth.” How truly does the poet Burns express the impulse of religion in the winter blast; he felt what all must feel whose hearts and minds are alive to Nature; we bow in adoration before the Being who “rideth on the wings of the wind.”

These are the most striking effects of the music of the storm upon the forest, the Eolian harp of nature. But there are as deep, though more gentle, feelings called up

“When the sweet wind doth gently kiss the trees,
And they do make no noise.”

The benign mercy of the Almighty then comes to our breast with a sweetness of devotion, which neither all the pomp of architecture, nor the melody of skilful choirs, can awaken in an equal degree; We walk under

the canopy of heaven, hung with the rich carving of the leaves. The Jewish Temple had all its ornaments fashioned after the semblance of nature. The palm-tree—the blossoms and fruit of the clustering almond—the beauty of the flower of the field—were the models followed in that glorious edifice, which yet came not up to the magnificence of shrine still possessed by the Gentile.

It is in the forest, also, that Spring exhibits all the beauty of awakened creation ;—with the wood is associated the new life of animal nature ;—“ the still small voice of speechless adoration, expressed in joyful existence, there sounds in our ears. The luxuriant prodigality of vegetation—its beautiful hues and forms—its rich and varied perfumes,—all unite to charm the senses and the soul ;—and, in despite of the sins and sufferings of weak or guilty man, we there feel our hearts elevated to sublimity, and acknowledge, with the delightful emotions of true religion, that “ God is Love.”

There are numerous beautiful allusions in Scripture to trees. The goodly tree, whose branches spread, and whose leaves do not wither, is frequently used as the image of the virtuous man ; and the mind, while it mourns the fall of what was so flourishing, contrasts it with the destiny of the man it typifies. He too is crushed to the earth by sorrow or misfortune ;—but while the tree falls never again to raise its head, the nobler work of God is struck down to ascend the higher ; he is smitten for his welfare ; he sinks, to rise to glory, honour, and immortality.

I have felt all this, and much more—much that I shall not attempt to portray ;—but my feelings were never so powerfully excited by the ravage of the storms among my own paternal trees, nor by the devastation of any

number, as what I once experienced on seeing a single tree felled, which belonged to no sylvan scene, which was unhonoured and disregarded by its proprietor, and indeed was, I believe, thought of by none but myself. This tree stood, several years ago, in the suburbs of London. My house was situated beyond the turnpike on the Chelsea side, and immediately opposite lay a field, the property of a dairyman, in the centre of which was a magnificent elm—one of those large-spreading elms of rich foliage that, standing single, have space to be seen to peculiar advantage, and appear to give more shade and shelter than several trees afford in less conspicuous situations. It was in all the pride of July. I had been detained thus late in town by indisposition, and my mind was weighed down with affliction. The spring had been passed in attending the fatal illness of my beloved companion,—in the vicissitudes of hope and bitter fear. During the last days of her lingering sickness, ere she was totally debilitated, she had taken pleasure in letting me assist her to the window, where she would sit to receive the cooling breeze—admiring this elm—taking interest in watching the cows gathering around to enjoy its shade—noticing their various attitudes, and fancying they looked up in gratitude to its ample branches for their shelter from the sun. How often did she point out to me its verdant beauty, expressing her satisfaction that, although doomed to die in the town, her eyes were still blessed in looking on the lovely work of Nature. Her pure and gentle spirit ever found subject for gratitude and thanks. To the dying, the spring is generally the most mournful season; all nature renovating with life, while theirs ebbs away, forms so melancholy a contrast, and adds to the depression of encreasing weakness. But *she* saw the genial season approach

as kind support ; and, as the first tender green of the elm budded forth, and the leaves opened to all their luxuriant vegetation, she lamented not that every thing revived except herself, but hailed the season as the emblem of the brighter life to which she was hastening. Still the religion, which made her joy in the prospect of advancing Heaven, did not prevent her sorrowing deeply to part from me. She, the dying one, pitied, soothed, and supported me, the one who was to continue to live.—*She taught me resignation to her death.—But though she did teach me to be resigned, I cannot bear to dwell on these scenes.*

I had recovered my strength tolerably, and was preparing to leave my melancholy solitary house, and return to the country. I did not know that all the ground opposite had been sold in building-lots ; and, as I approached the window after breakfast, by the involuntary motion which takes us to inhale the morning-air and admire the splendour of the summer sun, I was disappointed in seeing men in the field, instead of the fine sleek cattle reposing at their ease, in the graceful groups that give a picturesque appearance to the rich comfort of an English homestead. The men approached the elm with axes and ropes : I stood for several minutes observing their movements, till, painfully convinced they were going to take down the tree, I turned from the window in sadness, and took up a book ; waiting the arrival of a person who was to pass the morning with me on business. In vain I tried to read—tender and mournful recollections crowded on my mind ;—I again walked to the window, and again turned away. At last the person I expected came, and for several hours I was intent on the intricacy of law-papers and parchments. The business completed, and

again left alone, I threw myself on the couch fatigued and dispirited—but the sound of the axe reached me, every repeated stroke rang in my ears, and vexed my heart. I started to the window, and determined to go out and try by exercise to shake off my depression, and avoid witnessing the fall of the noble tree. But I stood fixed, gazing on the men, who were toiling laboriously ; they relieved each other at the axe, striking resounding blows—they fixed a rope around a large branch, and hauled together. They appeared to me like barbarians, uniting their feeble individual strength to destroy worth and beauty, the tree seeming a creature far their superior;—and when at last it fell with a tremendous crash, they raised a shout of savage exultation—huzzaing at the overthrow of what none but themselves could see fall without grief.—I could bear it no longer, but burst into tears, and wept long and uncontrolledly. When I again raised my head, I saw them—I could have called them monsters,—hewing off the branches, and the fine tree lay despoiled ! It may be deemed extravagant, but I exclaimed from my heart, “ Thank God this did not occur six weeks ago ! ”

A STORY OF THE OLD TIME IN ITALY.

[From a MS. found in the Convent of Siderne, in Calabria.]

“ I AM the orphan daughter of noble parents, whom I will not name—for they should rest in their tombs—who, dying together as they had lived, left me in early youth the lady of a large estate, in the most fertile fields of Italy. I had fair and stately halls, and hounds for sport and parade, and trained hawks and vassals for service in court or field, in war or pleasure ; with

maidens for attendance, and every thing needful or unneedful, that human pride can be pampered with, and honour or humour desire or deserve. Mistress of all these enviable blessings, if rightly and liberally used, I need not say that I had many knightly and even princely suitors for my hand, who met with every honourable entertainment their many virtues and pleasant qualities merited, save that one which all sought, but only one could win. But one there was who never came among those flattering suitors, that had won it without seeking it, and was a thriving wooer with my heart, though he had never worshipped at its shrine ; and might have had that woman's toy as a gift which he was either too humble or too high to ask. That unwooing wooer, who had won without his will what princelier lovers might not win with all their will, was the noble gentleman called Guido de Medicis, the lord of a scanty estate, which touched upon the wider skirts of mine. Though of a poor fortune, he was nevertheless of an ancient race, which could boast of poets, painters, sculptors, legislators, and all the high intellect of Italy—that proud land where the hand of genius is of more nobility than the entire body of merely honourable birth. Like his noble line of ancestors, he was of most rare talents, which might have made his name far more immortal than the name of king, or any name which the vain voice of pride once shouted to the far-off ear of posterity, but which failed to reach it, or if it did, died in the hearing, like the sound of something unseen and unknown, or the idle whisper of the vagrant wind. But he whom I speak of is now cold in a grave only vaster than his great capacity, the earth-embracing sea ; and, could these miserable and shameful tears which fall with his very name, and at the recollection of

the wicked wrong which I have done unto him, out-water that sea, they would not half enough mourn him who is the drowned hope and pride of my dear father-land ; therefore I will not weakly weep a sin which tears may never wash away, nor my life or death atone for to Heaven and my country.

I have said that though poor, he had that pride which is more noble than the pride of power,—the pride of independence ; but, though thus apparently proud, he was really humble as the way-side violet ; his humility shrank only from the proffered hands and the open palaces of princes, not because he was unworthy of them, but because he would not accept of the uncertain honours of the present, (which are often ill-bestowed, or when well-given, bring unhappiness to the possessor, from the sneer of envy, and selfish detraction,) when he might enjoy an unconditional honour in the future. I often bade him to my proud palace of vanities and sating pleasures ; but, with a humbleness which was more gratifying to me than the proudest acknowledgments of the most princely of visitors, he would ever refuse, and this with so winning a grace, and in such sweet words, that I was happier to be refused of him than to be accepted of the highest of Italy. His severe studies, and his patriot-endeavours for the welfare of his country, were the first desires of his noble nature ; and these were excuses which I, who saw his present worth, and dreamed of his future glory, could not be adder-deaf unto ; and I was, therefore, more pleased in his absence from the vain parade of pride and the worthless revel of pleasure, than in his presence, if it must have been bought with the price of precious hours which are few and numbered here, that we may use them only as purchasers of an

immortality hereafter. But, though bodily absent from my court, he was ever present to my mind, where, whichever way I looked, in hall or bower, at the banquet, or in the dizzy dance, whatever I saw that was handsome, or noble, or graceful, seemed only like so many feeble resemblances and dim recognitions of him.

But this distant doating could not last long without other pulses stirring in the inward ark of my heart—a jealousy and a doubt of him, and a fluttering fear of what might happen as impediment between me and him. It was needful, therefore, that I should draw him nearer to me, and ensure him mine; but how was this to be worked with no loss of maiden modesty, and of that self-respect which even conscious virtue, in her purest intentions, may not venture without, or risk to the mercy of calumny, or the hap of chance? I could not, from a maiden's shame, confess to him, other than by doubtless actions, that I loved him; and those were few that the strict ties of virtue allowed me. I resolved first, if it might be done, to remove his poverty; and I went about it with that delicacy which only a heart that loves can devise, and a love-returning heart appreciate. He was already eminent through Italy for the fineness of his sculpture; and to engage with him to adorn my halls with the creations of his chisel, would bring him oftener to my eyes, and, enriching him, make his fortunes more equal to my own. I resolved, therefore, to place large sums in his hands to purchase whatever he had already created to be more immortal than man, and all that his genius might for some time yet create. Sending a careful messenger before, announcing that I would visit the wonders of his gallery, I sat out with a small retinue of noble

friends to his little villa, where humbly he met me at the door ; and, with the grace and giftedness of genius, shewed me the heirs of his name and fame, and gave to my wish the proudest works of his hand, with as little ostentation, and as much modest indifference to their value, as if they had been but the toys of an idle taste. But for the gold and jewels which I had forwarded to him, rather as poor presents than a consideration for his priceless productions, he would have none of them ; his fortune, he insisted, was enough for all his wants ; and it was more than enough for him if his poor works were thought worthy of the honour I intended for them. But still I pressed my presents on him, and still he refused ; when, finding that he would not by my hands be made near to the level of myself in riches, I resolved at least to make myself as poor as him ; and departing from his gallery with a fresher admiration of him, I determined on founding a school for the arts in Florence, his native city, with more than the money he had so resolvedly yet modestly refused. Soon after this I made my determination public through the country, inviting all the artists of Italy to the work, not doubting, however, the meanwhile, that this poor munificence would find me favour in his eyes. He gave me all praise for my devotion to the true glory of my country, and made me for a time hopeful of the end. But this pleasant dream was all too soon dissipated like an empty vapour before the sun. I had not yet made him intimate with the secret of my soul, ere I learned from some curious inquiries which I had made into the knowledge of his domestics, that his heart, which I had fondly thought possible to be mine, was irrecoverably given to the fair Giulietta, daughter of Baptista Buonaventi, an old merchant of Florence ; and that he was,

after a few days, to set out for her father's, to claim her at his hands, in fulfilment of a solemn contract made with him two years since, when passing his novitiate in that city. This intelligence fell like a death-stroke upon my heart; and, for many days, I held myself so averse from the gallant company and the old courtesies of my hospitality, that my noble visitors and friends saw my spirit to be sick with some secret ill, and strove to come at the seat of it; but I had already made my mental resolution, rather to die of an unknown grief, and, since my malady was hopeless, that it should be voiceless also. I therefore preserved that strict silence which is alone the security of secrecy. But, nevertheless, I complained my fill, and wept my sorrows in the loneliness of the wild walks of my domain, and in the darkness of the sleepless night; and this I did, till the cold paleness of my cheek was now so constant, instead of its wonted warmth of ruddiness, that it was now no longer noticed, neither by the pitying kindly, nor the prying curious. The flatterer, and the whisperer, and babbling surmiser, left me, therefore, to myself; and my house, which had been the open hall of revel and unlicentious riot, was now serious as the house of death. A moody quiet, and loneliness, and the silent abstractedness of a pining passion informed the silence, with a voice as audible as the song of pleasure, or the laughter-roar of revelry, that joy had winged from those walls. This violent change in the vivacity of my living did not escape the notice of Guido; but still his heart, which was too well occupied with the sole thought of his fair promised one, seemed no way conscious of the ruling reason of all this gloomy change. He enquired, with the kindness natural to him, of those he could not be informed by, yet still he came not to the

heart and core of the secret ; and deeming it therefore to be rather some morbid mood of the mind, bred from the satiety of fortune, or from the pain of too much pleasure, he left the secret of my malady to those who might torture it by their probing, but could not cure it by any touch of theirs.

In some days, therefore, from this time, he set forth on his way to old Baptista's, and for the fair Giulietta ; and as he passed under the lattice of my chamber, with a brave retinue of horsemen, composed chiefly of his friends and kinsmen, with some few followers of his house, I could not, though my eyes were dim with passionate tears at the sight, refrain the witnessing his gallant departure—although I felt too certainly that with his departure went all that was happy to me in love and life. As his proud horse curvetted restively under my window, his frank fine eye looked gaily up to me, when, reining in his impatient steed with a masterly hand, he lifted his light cap from his head, that let loose to the winds his curled redundancy of raven-shining hair, and gracefully and gallantly bending in his saddle, and kissing his golden-worked glove, as to a dear familiar friend, he passed on, followed by the loud blessings of the poor,—to whom he was an ever-open ready purse and charitable minister,—and by the admiration of the rich, who saw in him the young hope and example of his country. My poor passionate eyes watched his retiring as a Persian does the sun's, till they could no longer see any thing in the distance but the circling horizon, when, turning my heart, that had been gazing through my eyes, till they were blind as with blood and not with tears, into the dark solitude of my dismal chamber, I sank on my uneasy couch, and turned the tempest of my passion to patient prayers for

his happiness. Thus, by nourishing a resignedness to the will of Heaven, my soul gradually softened into composure, though sadness would often force her due of tears; and the blessed Mother, who is the friend in Heaven of all pious virgins, when pining with a chaste passion, heard my true prayers, and comforted me. And now rest came back to my bed, and slept with me awhile, but it was not long that she would lie there. My days grew dark as my nights, and these were not so dark as my soul. Religion could no longer render me patient under suffering, nor give me comfort where there was no hope. I summoned the votaries of pleasure back again to my halls,—but their hollow vanities were, I found, more and more hateful to me, and what they pretended to give of happiness made me the more conscious of what I had lost. Weary of all that was once pleasant to me, I resolved me in an evil hour to follow him who had gone away with my happiness, though with no other aim in doing so than that I might see him happy who had made me wretched, which would be all too dear a bliss for me. So summoning one of my maidens to my bed, I bade her command my Barbary palfrey to stand ready in its stall for my mounting with the morrow's sun, for I had sudden business in Florence. And ere the early lark had rustled wakefully in his turfed nest, I was in the saddle; and, followed by a trusty groom, hurried my way to the bright city, where, by his assistance, I soon made out the house of old Baptista, and going up to it, as if in innocence of its holding him who was all to me, I was seen by the gentle Guido, who, coming out to meet me, hospitably bade me in. I feigned that the business of my foundation for the arts had brought me thither, so that my true intent, if indeed I had one, was not the least suspected, and I was happily once

more in sight of all my stolen happiness, though never to hold it in my heart again.

The fair Giulietta was indeed a woman worthy of a sculptor's love, for all those beauties which art has perceived, and, seeing, has imitated in nature, were met and mingled in her. In her form were blended Grecian grace and Roman majesty,—in every motion she was stately as the swan, and swam the air, rather than walked the earth. Although slender-tall as the flower which follows the sun, she bent not like him, but stood erect under Heaven, as though she had never fallen from it in the sin of our first parents. Her motion was an inaudible music,—but her voice was sweeter than the music of the memory. Her mind was a book of all pure and wise thoughts, written by a hand divine. Her countenance was such as the angels, but few of mortal mould, ever wear,—and they were made fair that man may love Heaven, where all is alike beautiful. And in all those fair and fine qualities which make woman worthy of that paragon of earthly creatures—man,—she was divine perfection. That Guido should love such a maid was not wonderful, for I even loved him the more that he did love her, so reverential a power hath beauty in its purity. Her exceeding worth and loveliness made it seem a sin in me, if, by a disclosure, either in act or word, of the unhappiness which preyed on my heart, I should mar the happiness which was in hers; and I then religiously resolved to turn the current of my passion into a sister's love for her. This generous intention gave me a happiness which was new to me, and I kept me true to the fair purpose of my soul.

On the morrow following my arrival, they were to be married,—womanhood to manliness,—beauty to love,—grace to genius; and that morrow having become to-day, I attended the solemn rite, and saw two hearts made

earthly one and indivisible, and heavenly happy ; and though my human heart made me shed some few natural tears, I wrestled with the dying strugglings of my passion with more than a woman's fortitude. Never was Florence, that gay city, happier than on that day ; for never did so many hearts breathe their quiet benedictions at the holy altar for the future welfare of the pride of Italy and the flower of Florence. Guido, in this happy hour, seemed as if rapt in a poet's ecstasy, and trod the ground as lightly as an angel fresh alighted on the earth, but still up-buoyed by his open, though motionless, wings. He seemed indeed too ethereal for an earthly being ; whilst she, shrinking with a maidenly diffidence, more bashful than shame, from the warm admiring glances of the crowd, gave only now and then a look of fondness and of pride at the lord she had won ; and so trod her gentle way from the church, followed by the silent blessings of her friends, and the loud benedictions of old and young,—of Florentine and foreigner. The gay procession,—of which I only was unhappy,—took horse, and, passing out of the city, journeyed on through the country, till it came to Campanelle, on the silvery shore of the Mediterranean, where lay a goodly vessel, which was to waft the wedded lovers, with some few friends, over sea to Syracuse, where the old merchant's wealth in worldliness was situate. There, at a villa, pleasant for a fair prospect, and rich for its productiveness, lying as it did among wide vineyards on a hill, at whose foot ran the clear blue sea,—they were to wile away the coming winter, with the past spring and the arrived summer of their loves.

Going safely on board the goodly ship, we bent sail before an easy breeze from the shore, and stood out for the far strait of Messina, through which they were to pass, ere they could reach the happy bower of their nuptial loves.

It was evening ere we had cleared the pleasant shore of Tuscany, and the sun as he set seemed flushed with a troubled red which threatened a storm ; but as the storms in that sea are seldom fatal, the helmsman was commanded by the old merchant (who was himself half a mariner, from passing so often through that sea to his estate, and back from it with his produce to the wine markets of Florence, and the other famous cities of Italy) to stand still farther out to sea, and so get running-room to scud before the storm, if it came on sooner or severer than was dreaded. The helm was therefore put about, and the gay bark danced over the waves trimly and gallantly. And so for some time she sped ; but on a sudden the wind, from breathing regularly as a sleeping child, held its breath like a heart in terror, as if nature had suffered some sudden pause in its continual activeness ; and the ship, who was cutting her rapid way through the surfy waves, with all her sails full to straining, dropped as it were out of the hands of the wind, and fell heavily, and almost without motion, into the lap of the sea,—and the white sails flapped feebly and emptily in the recoiling air. A faint cry of surprise from the crew told that all was not well. The engrossed lovers heeded it not ; but old Baptista and the master-mariner looked troubledly at each other, and, blessing the vessel from harm, gave their orders secretly to the men. The clouds, which had followed the sun in his descent, looked fiery-red ; whilst others, that seemed fixed with their own weight, poured a darkness blacker than that of night upon our path through the sea. For an hour the breathless ship lay becalmed ; but at the last the wandering wind stirred again, but weakly and fitfully, and howled among the cordage its shrill notes, like a sad preluding strain, which told of the terrors of the arising

tempest ; the sails flapped a moment, and then dropped flabbily down, and babbled idly with the dying breeze. The night was now dark as blindness, and there was no light either of moon or stars. The red clouds, that till then had caught the day's last ray, gradually grew black as the raven's wing ; and the high and wide horizon became dark as the dome of death. But soon the rapid lightning began to cut through the clouds, and made the deep darkness more black, when it had flickered past, from its momentary intolerable excess of light. And now, in the distance, might be heard the surly threatening of the thunder. The wind began to blow gustily ; the lightning flashed wider and more vividly ; and once the ship seemed to tremble through its very frame under a thunder-burst, that sounded, to our startled ears, as if it had exploded against the head of her creaking mast of pine. The lovers, who till this had heeded only each other with happy eyes, stared aghast for a moment, and muttered their prayers to St. Lucy, the virgin martyr of Syracuse, to waft them safely thither. The master looked pale, as if he saw what was to happen, before it had half way approached us ; whilst the mariners crossed themselves frequently, and committed their souls to the care of the holy saints. The lightning now seemed to wash over the deck, as it were a whiter and more silvery water than the earth contains, flowing down in a deluging flood from heaven ; and no eye could look on it more than a moment. The helmsman dropped the helm from his hands, that he might cover his face with them ; the mariners turned their faces round from the flashes, and the lovers hid their's in each other's bosom. The thunder now seemed to shake even the very heavens under which it rolled ; but the riotous sea, as if awed by its superior power, hushed its loud roar, and for a

moment lay still and level as a lake between two wind-outshutting hills. But in the next, it was tossed and rolled with terrible rushes along its way, seemingly without the compelling of the winds. But soon they came—feebly at first, but gathering a savage strength in their advance.

The good vessel, which had lain on the waters like a log, strained under their strong stirring, and creaked as if it were cracking on all sides. High wave followed high wave, as if they were indeed not waves, but mountains sliding off the face of the earth into the aerial sea of space,—when, rolling some way over the common level of the waters, they fell down with a crushing noise into the bed of the sea again. At length all the furies of the tempest seemed to be gathered, and again the liquid lightning rolled over the deck with the washing waves, so that it was not easy to say whether the water was not lightning, or the lightning water, for they were so mingled that they appeared one. The crazy vessel dipped down, and tossed up, and heaved now to this side, and now to the other, like a toy in the hands of the mighty tempest. The master gave command, now that the sea broke with every rush over the ship, that those who feared the peril should go below ; but not one of all the trembling throng stirred from where they held by the ship,—for all saw the worst, and none thought it possible to escape from it. The gentle Giulietta clung in silent horror to her Guido, who spoke only to comfort her, and bid her take heart and hope. The old man covered his grey head with the foldings of his cloak ; and seemed, as he sat motionless and wordless, the very resignation of despair. The crew were alternately on their knees, or starting up fresh-couraged to do the best they could for the groaning ship ; but all availed not.

The hand of man could not guide and govern her through such a sea ; and the helmsman would have quitted the helm, had it not been something to hold by, as the waves now swept fiercely over the deck, carrying away whatever thing, animate or inanimate, was loose or infirm. The rudder having been some time powerless, it was not easy to know whither the vessel had driven. She had drifted before and with the wind ; but the master knew not whether we were off the shore of Sicily or of Calabria : it was certain, however, that we were not far from land ; for, in the pauses of the bellowing wind, we might sometimes hear the sound of a convent-bell, rung by the good religious of that pious place, to warn the darkling and doubtful mariner of his nearness to the rocks of the land. But when the wind got up again, it blew the guiding sound back upon the shore, and left us without hope or help. Whilst, therefore, we were despairing of the worst, it came ; for, on the sudden, the reeling ship struck violently on a reef of rocks, and a loud cry from the crew, followed by a louder shriek from the women, proclaimed with a horrid voice, that all was lost.

The shock of her striking was so strong, that the fearful who were clinging together to help one another, were torn from each other's grasp as by a stronger grasp, and thrown separately to different parts of the deck ; and the storm at that moment gave a hideous howl, as if it triumphed in its strength and our weakness. The gallant Guido, though flung from his seat upon his face, fell with the fainted Giulietta in his strong-holding arms ; and getting instantly on his feet again, shouted out with a resolute voice, that put courage even into the hearts of the despairing mariners, " Fear nothing ! God is the guide of the good ! He

will save us yet!" And the master at that moment shouted too, but fearfully and shrilly, as if he shrieked, "She is off again, unharmed! Fear not, fear not! our heavenly mother Mary, and the good saints are about us!" And all on board crossed themselves on brow and breast, and muttered inwardly a praise of Heaven. It was true that she had endured but little hurt, and, with the recoiling rush of the waves, she was thrown afloat again; but ere the master could leap to the helm, to put her farther out, a strong sea came driving before the wind, which now blew as it would part the poles, and flung her, as if she were no mightier than a sea-shell, again upon the sharp rocks; and she broke at the blow like parted bread, the stern-half of her huge bulk tumbling over into the sea, while the head of the vessel lay reeling on the rock. The shriek of dismay and death went up from mouths that were never more to call on Heaven; for the many of the crew were crowded about the helm, and, when it parted, went down with her, never again to rise with mortal life. The venerable Baptista, the gallant Guido, the fair Giulietta, and my wretched self, still clung to the chains at the bow; but not long held we there, for a strong wave came mounting at our backs, and in a moment we were hurled with the halved vessel down from the reef into the gaping abyssmal depth it had left in the sea. The fragment mounted, however, to the surface-sea again, and we had all held to each other, and to the ropes which were coiled round our bodies, save the feeble Florence, who had sunk out of the grasp of Guido, but, being entangled in the coil of the ropes, she was not swept into the sea. We might hear another wave coming with a rushing roar towards us, as it had determined we should be its prey; when Guido, seeing

in the calmness of his courage, that, if we awaited it, our escape from it was hopeless, cried out, "Father, take thou the care of the Lady Erminia, as I will of my *Giulietta*, and let us at once leap beyond this reef into the sea, and struggle for the land."

And now shrink not as from the serpent-fiend, to hear me tell the story of that crime which has cursed me here, and shall hereafter. After these words, he again cried out, "*Giulietta*, my beloved, where art thou?" The fatal love which had fed upon me like a flame upon a living sacrifice, even in this awful hour burnt sensibly in my hateful heart; and prompted by that miserable passion, and the love of him and of life, some fiend answered surely with my tongue, "Here!"—and he caught at me as a desperate drowner doth at a floating weed, and leaped with me into the sea, crying to the old *Baptista*, "Follow me, father, follow me!" But the old man heard him not; for I saw that he was dead, and had fallen on his swooned child, who, as we leaped into the sea, shrieked out, and told my hard heart audibly that she still lived, though my sinning yet struggling soul would fain have quieted its conscience with the thought that she was dead, and so have palliated to itself, if it failed afterwards to *Guido* and to God, its dark and damnable deceit. *Guido* heard not her cry, or if he did, took it, in the indistinct turbulence of the tempest's roar, for mine. For a long time he buffeted the fierce-warring waves with a giant's strength, and a courage that could not be weakened, though the body that contained it might; and still as he beat the waves aside, or breasted them like a living rock, he cried, "Be of cheer, my *Giulietta*, I shall save thee yet!" And when I heard him call on her name, my heart smote so fearfully within me that, though I was sure

of death if I had disclosed that I was Erminia, I thrice had nearly confessed the dreadful truth ; but the love of life, and more, my cruel and wicked love of him, stifled my voice. Twice I saw, in the glaring flash of the lightning, that he gazed upon me, to see if I had life ; for the fear of disclosure, and the peril of the waters, made me voiceless and strengthless, and I lay like a lifeless load in his clasping arm, as he struck through the waves with the other. But when he looked on me, the waters had washed my loose long hair over my face, so that he knew me not ; and still he clasped me to him tenderly, and beat his burdened way through the sea. Long time thus he contended resolutely with death, when, just as he was spent in strength, and had bidden me commit my soul to Heaven, he descried lights not far before us, and faintly told me still to hope, for we were near land ; but this thought nerved him anew, and he plied his way lustily, till at length we touched a dark and rocky shore, where, summoning a desperate man's might, he clambered up the low craggy cliffs, and touching the firm earth, dropped both his burden and himself to the ground, from utter exhaustion. I knew not what for some time occurred, for safety then seemed more dreadful to me than the dangers I had passed through, and I swooned. When I recovered, I found Guido bringing the life back again, by cherishing me in his bosom. And ever and anon he would call, as strongly as he might, for help to the distant fishermen's cottages, where he had first discerned that guiding light which led him to the shore.

At length we descried a torch coming to the spot where we lay, still on the ground, and could hear the loud halloo of the comers ; and after some time, guided by his continual cry, a fisherman came up with a torch. As it neared us, I shrank from it like a foul and guilty

thing that loves darkness rather than light, but in vain; for Guido's anxious eye looked at last on my face as the light fell on it, when, uttering a fierce shriek of dismay and despair, he dropped me from his arms, and, starting from the ground like one made instantly mad by some sudden stroke upon the brain, or hurt of the heart, he rushed, staggering and strengthless, but wildly, to the cliff. I clung to him heavily, to prevent him from leaping into the sea again; but I did not dare to speak to him, save by feeble, inarticulate cries. He glanced at me a look which shrunk me to the soul, and shaking me like a serpent to the earth, with a terrible cry, flung himself from the cliff into the sea. I could see him beating his way back to the wreck, as the lightning momentarily flashed from the firmament; and, at length, I saw him grasp at some white burden on the back of the waters, and turn for the shore again: but on the sudden his right arm ceased to strike out; and though I kept my breaking eyes fixed through the dense darkness on the same spot, when the next lightning flashed I saw that he had sunk; when, crying to God in my despair, I fell on my face, and was insensible to all about me.

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Within these peaceful and holy walls years have since passed over me. But the thought of that dreadful hour, and of the still more dreadful guilt which it brought upon my soul, lives ever present in my mind. The images of Guido and his murdered bride rise between me and all rest,—between me even and devotion. My wealth has been given to the pious uses of our convent, and my penance and my prayers are proportioned to my great guiltiness. But the calming and restoring influence even of religion cannot wholly lull the troubled agony of a memory like mine. Still, in the trust of

God and the holy saints, I look with joyful hope to the term of all human suffering.—Oh! if the intensity of any earthly suffering can extenuate and atone for earthly guilt—then even I may dare to look with confidence towards Heaven.

SUNDAY; OR MY OPPOSITE NEIGHBOURS.

The seventh day this; the jubilee of man.
 London! right well thou know'st the day of prayer.
 Then thy spruce citizen—wash'd artizan,
 And smug apprentice, gulp their weekly air.
 Thy coach of Hackney, whiskey, one-horse chair,
 And humblest gig, through sundry suburbs whirl,
 To Hampstead, Brentford, Harrow, make repair,
 Till the tired jade the wheel forgets to hurl,
 Provoking envious gibe from each pedestrian churl.

CHILDE HAROLD, Canto I.

WHAT a variety of sensations does this one day create! How many eyes are turned towards the east, with an anxious enquiry as to the prognostics which it may exhibit,—how many hearts flutter as to the events the day may produce,—and how many would willingly prolong its hours through the remainder of the week, insensible that it derives more than half the pleasures for which they love it, from the very circumstance of its recurring but *once* in the seven days.

There is scarcely a person, excepting in the monotony of *haut-ton*, where every day is passionless and pleasureless, because it is the same,—upon whose mind this day has not some species of influence. The merchant,—who finds his repose in calculating the profits of the week's speculation;—the tradesman,—who quits for twenty-four hours the little parlour, commanding the rich pros-

pect of his till, for the drawing-room ten feet square, whose shutters are never open but when those of the shop are closed, and whose chilling comforts are, through the thriftiness of his spouse, only on that day permitted to be warmed;—the clerk,—who shovels about sovereigns which are not his own for six days in the week, with no “star of hope,” but the pleasure of spending the one which is his own, on the seventh, and whose dry pursuits are only relieved by dreams of tilburies, and hackneys, and Rotten-row; or floating ideas of sailing-boats, and Chelsea-reach;—the lover,—whose only chance of catching a glimpse of “the blue eye he loves to look upon,” or of gazing upon the black eye which may one day be his own,—is at the parish-church, where he contrives to utter the “We beseech thee to hear us,” so loud as to penetrate to the heart of his mistress, who, with a little egotistical variation of the text,—not at all uncommon in the fair part of the creation,—contrives to appropriate the sentence to herself;—the debtor,—who looks upon it as a day of freedom from the duns of creditors and the dread of bailiffs;—all have their separate hopes and expectations, as they awake from the sleep which has relieved them from their Saturday night’s fatigues or fears, and are greeted by the unattended-to bell for morning prayers, that ushers in the day of their anticipated pleasures. Nor has Sunday a less extended influence upon that sex who are the “blight or bloom of every man’s happiness”—from the fat Mistress Kidneykin, in the “taty line,” who goes to church with the religious hope of seeing envy sparkle in the saucer-eyes of the crockery-dealing Mistress Grundy;—to the tender Miss-in-her-teens, who, just beginning to feel herself a woman, finds that she has a heart, only when she is on the point of losing it; and who ventures to cast one glance at her enamorado over the side

of the pew, as she utters the words, "That it may please thee to give us a heart to love," while her mamma is buried in a profound nap, under the shade of her black beaver in the winter, or beneath the lighter covering of her Leghorn cabriolet in the summer. Ah, those poke bonnets!—so delightful, when they prevent the surveillance of mammas,—so detestable when they impede the operation of "love's artillery" on the daughters. For my own part, I have often wished that the young ladies would adopt the modern improvement in cabriolets, and have windows in the sides of these enormous pokes, with which they preserve their complexions, though they lose their hearts, as I am convinced such an alteration would tend greatly to the convenience both of themselves and others;—a greater improvement would be, the abolition of them altogether from those faces which are worth looking at. For many a sly glance might be given and received unbetrayed, were it not for the enormous evolution which the slightest movement of the head within produces upon the external circumference of these prodigious projectile roofs,—an evolution which can never be performed without attracting the attention of mamma, whose poke immediately turns in the same direction, and whose rubicund visage becoming inflamed with anger, as she intercepts the ardent glance that was intended for her daughter, appears to the affrighted beau, from the depth of her black beaver, tied close under the chin, like a red-hot ball, glowing at the bottom of a four-and-twenty pounder. I beg pardon for this digression upon poke bonnets,—my readers must be content, as I have often been compelled to be, to put up with them, though they may be in the way.

Let us return, however, to the contemplation of that day in which the religious man settles his account with Heaven,—and the worldly man balances his accounts in

his ledger,—in which the clergyman prides himself upon his new sermon, and his wife upon her new pelisse,—which in other countries is characterized by masses, homilies, operas, quadrilles, and fandangoes, and in this by prayer and pleasure—religion and rioting—going out without fear of molestation, and being “at home to single knocks,” without the dread of their being the precursor of a dun, or of a bailiff, and in which every person out of the pale of polite life,—for it is truly unpolite to make any difference on a Sunday,—finds some variation from the monotony of existence, and makes up for the fag of the last six days by laying up recollections to amuse the tedium of the six ensuing. To this contemplation I have been particularly led by the observations which, as an idle man, I have been tempted to make upon my opposite neighbours. But before I proceed to a description of their movements upon this important day, I would not wish it to be thought that I am insensible how many there are upon whom it exerts its proper influence. For there are numerous individuals, and numerous families, who rise with a full sense of its importance upon those points for which we are taught that it was set apart,—and who, in the calm pursuit of religious enjoyment,—in the quiet preparation for their morning worship,—and in the unaffected solemnity of that evening devotion, in which the infant kneels with the mother, and the servant mingles his aspirations to Heaven with those of the master,—find a truer pleasure, as they quietly repose their head upon their pillow, at the close of a day spent in this holy communion of spirit and of sentiment, than those who have sought their enjoyment in an idle excursion—their mirth amidst the riot and confusion of a tavern,—or their consequence in a well-appointed equipage.

It is truly said, that, in a metropolis, a man may exist

for years, and know neither the person nor the pursuits of those who live next door to him. But the truth of this observation does not extend to your opposite neighbours—they must always be more or less (as the lawyers say,) under the surveillance of an idler like myself, who have actually mounted my opera-glass telescopically, for the purpose of more correct observations upon their movements.

When I describe the three houses which come nearest my observation to be those of a banker, an elderly woman of quality, and one of the most fashionable depôts for millinery and ladies' wares in town—it will easily be guessed in which direction my miniature telescope is mostly pointed ; particularly when it is known that these ladies' wares are distributed to the customers by eight or ten pair of pretty white hands, and recommended by half as many female tongues, instead of being served by a parcel of lazy fellows, a disgrace to the one sex, and the destruction of the other, who

Six feet in height, with sinews of an ox,
Shoulders to carry coals, and fists to box,

exert all their strength in reaching down a band-box, and never carry the energies of their mind beyond a yard of bobbin or of tape.

It is to this house that my principal observations are directed ;—all the week it serves me for a thermometer as to the fulness or emptiness of the town. I can generally tell as accurately as the Morning Post, when my Lady Such-a-One, or Mrs. So-and-So, arrives or quits for the season,—since scarcely a day passes that their carriages do not rattle up to the door of this emporium of flowers, flounces, and furbelows, silks, satins, and sarsnets, rouge, ribands and reticules, and all those other articles of ladies' bargains, which a modern epigrammatist says, are

“ Bought because they may be wanted,
Wanted because they may be bought.”

It is necessary to observe, that this is much too modish an assortment of female finery to admit the introduction of any thing likely to be useful ;—needles and thread are therefore excluded, not only as unmeriting the attention of young women of fashion, but because, by engendering a Penelopean species of industry in that portion of the fair sex, they might injure the profit of those who grow rich by their idleness.

Many are the lingering looks I observe the ladies cast back at the handsome shawls which dangle in such gracefully tempting drapery in the windows, as the carriage drives away. Many a matrimonial fracas have I imagined to be boxed up in the neat paste-board cases which I have seen placed so carefully in the backs of coaches and vis-à-vis ; and many a papa's long face have I pictured to myself in the midst of the profusion of feathers and furs with which Miss has loaded her footman, with the intention of striking Fop's-Alley with astonishment, from her box at the opera. But, what is the trifling circumstance of a father's heart-ach, compared with the hope of a new conquest, or the gratification of female vanity ?

When I see a whole heap of white displayed to the bright eyes of half a dozen young ladies, and exhibited to the dimmer ones of their more experienced chaperon ; imagination immediately pictures declarations of love, wedding-cake, settlements, and unsettlements, and all the other paraphernalia of matrimony ; while I can almost see the panting bosom of the betrothed, who *may* be thinking more of her intended husband than of the finery before her. Nor are the curious eyes of her young companions, as they turn over the mountains of China crapes, Brussels lace, white satins and swansdown, lost upon me, any more than

the glance which speaks the "Auld Lang Syne" recollections of the matron, who mentally exclaims, "So I thought and felt once," but dares not say what she thinks and feels now.

Again, when I observe a carriage drive to the door with the blinds up and no footman; and perceive the message which the sleek, fat, periwigged coachman, delivers with an assumed solemnity of look to the damsel, whose "listening face grows grave" as she understands its import, to be quickly succeeded by placing a number of mourning articles, and band-boxes with elegant black borders in the carriage, while the demurest of the young women neatly clad in sympathizing sables for the occasion, takes her seat by their side in the darkened vehicle, and is driven to the house of death,—imagination accompanies her and her charge to the apartment of the new-made widow. The windows which vanity had so often left open, that the envious multitude without might gaze upon the wax-lights and wassailers within, when my lady chose to be "at home" to her five hundred friends,—are now closed, and proclaim the visit of that "one impartial" to whom none can be denied, and whom so few are willing to welcome, even when he brings them rest. The knocker, so lately the thundering herald of the votaries of fashion, and the only unindicted nuisance of the well-ordered neighbourhood, is now so muffled in white kid gloves, that its most elaborate application to the door is scarcely heard by the tall porter slumbering in his easy-chair. The stair-case, lately resounding with the cries of "Sir Mushroom and Lady Commerce coming up," "Lord and Lady Entail and family coming down," is now trod so softly and so silently by the footman, as he precedes the milliner and the band-boxes, that you would swear either that his lady had given him orders to be

careful lest he should awaken her dead lord, or that the domestic himself imagined that the stairs were built of piecrust instead of Portland-stone.

My opposite neighbour is at length ushered into the boudoir of the mourner, who lies gracefully reclined on a Grecian couch, with a snowy cambric handkerchief in a hand almost rivalling it in whiteness,

“ ——— Which ever and anon

She gives her eye, and takes't away again;”

and then mechanically casts her glances towards a large mirror, which *happens* to be placed so exactly opposite as to reflect the elegant attitude in which she mourns her lord at full length.

Two or three near and dear friends are seated at a little distance; her own woman leans upon the back of the sofa, with a fresh supply of Eaux de Cologne and de Mille Fleurs; and the physician stands with his back to the fire; the band-boxes are silently ranged on the scagliola table, and their guardian quietly takes her station by their side, to wait patiently till my lady's grief and the physician's absence will permit their inspection. At length the grave disciple of Esculapius, like the Doctor in Macbeth, perceives that my lady

“ ——— is troubled with thick-coming fancies,”

for the millinery, and that the contents of the band-boxes are more likely to “minister to a mind diseased,” than either his physical prescriptions or metaphysical consolation; while the ruffs and stuffs, which the milliner is so anxious to display, seem to promise that they can

“ ——— with some sweet oblivious antidote,

Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff

Which weighs upon the heart.”

He therefore politely retires, perhaps the most sorry of the party, because my lord died suddenly without any of his assistance.

The scagliola table is then wheeled upon its noiseless castors over the Wilton carpet to the sofa,—a look from my lady to the window induces her woman to open the shutters, just to give light enough to form a judgment upon the quality and colour of the black,—then comes the display of bombasins, and crapes,—of mourning close-eared caps, and broad-hemmed weepers, worn when the eyes are no longer so; or invented perhaps to remind those bright emissaries of a woman's heart of that so often-forgotten duty when a husband dies,—the trial of any jet ornament, by the application of the cambric to the eyes, appears to create a *jet-d'eau* from the fountain of her aromatic grief. Slight glances in the mirror produce the “*sotto voce*” approbation of the widow, while the planissimo accordance of the friends and attendants confirms her choice of the “customary suit of solemn black.”

As the important business proceeds, nature and animation increases ; my lady seems pleased with the effect of the deep black, and milk-white borders, on her complexion ; her mirror reminds her that the contrast of the title of dowager with her youthful appearance, will be rather favourable in her approach to middle life than otherwise ; she recollects that mourning had always been said to become her prodigiously,—and every body knows that the inventor of bombasins exerted all his genius and philanthropy in contriving that graceful fall of its drapery, which has so often tended to “cheer the widowed heart.”

Remember, I am here describing a widow whose jointure is fully equal to the support of her rank, whom no impatient heir jostles out of the family mansion,—who in her income, feels the possibility of her becoming “the dashing dowager”—in her youth, the certainty of being

called "the *young* dowager," and, in her features, the hope of being designated by the title of "the *beautiful* dowager." When a husband is sufficiently unpolite to remain with his wife till her youth and beauty are faded, and then leaves her with a jointure so moderate as almost to exact a retirement from gay society, and at that time of life when the title of dowager is but too accordant with her years, I do verily believe that widows are sometimes apt to weep, but too sincerely, the loss of that husband from whom they derive their consequence, and whose name can never again precede the L. s. d. of their tradesmen's ledgers.

These are my every day speculations,—but it is the Sunday morning which affords me the greatest delight. It is then that I rise with the lark, and immediately direct my Lilliputian telescope to the top range of windows, which I imagine to light the dormitories of the priestesses of this pandemonium of ladies' follies and fripperies. From the commencement of the morning all seems bustle and confusion—I can just discern the whisk of 'kerchiefs and ribands, as they pass to and fro before the window, in all the hurry of the toilet, and I now and then perceive them lending assistance to each other in the pinning on of bows—the adjustment of curls—the tying of sashes, and the buttoning of tuckers ;—and once clearly distinguished the operation of their lacing each other's stays in a circle, by which means, according to the rule of three, the whole are finished in the same period of time necessary for the completion of one. On this morning, so propitious to my observations, this operation appeared to be suddenly suspended, and, by the subsequent confusion, I could only imagine that one lace having given way rather suddenly, the upright position of some of the fair operators had been slightly disturbed by the necessary conse-

quences of missing stays. During the process of the toilet, many a fair face, while waiting for its turn at the looking-glass, pops out of the window with an anxious glance towards the sky, while each, like the smooth surface of the silver lake, reflects the clouds or brightness of the heavens, in the disappointment which appears on their brows, or the exultation which dwells in their smiles, as hope or fear predominates as to rain or sunshine. How often on these occasions have I wished some gently-stirring zephyr would for a moment waft aside the clear starch kerchief, yet unconfined by the envious guardian-like shoulder straps of the upper garment. But, alas! through all my observations I have never yet been blest with so favourable a wind as this.

At length the operation of the toilet is finished, and all rush to the windows. These windows are long, horizontal, and narrow, and as I have observed their long poke bonnets bobbing up and down, for the purpose of catching the very first glimpse of the expected swain who was to be the *cicisbeo* of their day's pleasure; I have often been tempted to compare them to a number of ducks, cooped up for fattening, whose bills and necks protrude through the bars of their confined domicile in search of that food which is the more profusely given, that they may the sooner be fit to furnish food for others.

At last a tilbury turns the corner. A general agitation proclaims that it comes for *one*,—and a particular blush,—or flush,—or whatever that delightful suffusion may be called, which animates the female face in love, and in hate,—in anger and in delight,—designates which that *one* is. She does not know the tilbury, for it is a different one every Sunday,—she does not recognise the steed, for many and various are those with which

the livery stable-keeper kindly permits her beau to risk her neck as well as his own, for the trifling remuneration of fifteen shillings for the day. But she does recognise the bright blue coat and Anglesea-coloured Wellington trowsers, which met her full approbation when they were first put on some six months since,—she does recognise the redundancy of frill which lies plaited between the stripes of his waistcoat,—the shirt-collar which intrudes upon the well-trimmed whiskers,—and the broad wristband, carefully drawn over the gloves,—a fashion which once induced a noble punster to observe to a celebrated dandy linen-draper, who was “doing the fine” above his business, that he was sorry to see that he had so much “linen on hand ;”—she recognises also the bushy hair, poodled under the hat,—and the cloak lined with scarlet, whose shag collar, of the same bright hue, hangs gracefully pendant over the back of the tilbury, to astonish the country natives into a temporary notion that its proprietor has some pretensions to the rank of a military man. He arrives opposite the house ; but, unacquainted with that dexterous turn of the wrist, and knowing off-side touch of the whip which brings steed and tilbury close up to the kirb—for once a week is not sufficient practice for good tilbury-driving—he places his horse in the same relative position to the door of his lady’s domicile that an inexperienced dancer has to his partner, when he has either pastoral’d it too much, or pirouetted it too little, in a quadrille.

There is now a general shaking of hands above stairs, and a little female kissing between bosom friends,—a run to the glass gives the assurance that the curls are in order—and a run down stairs brings her to her lover, who, too careful or too fearful of his horse to look up to the window, as he drove down the street, now for the

first time gives his dulcinea's lilac spencer and pink plumes a look of approbation. Too sensible to quit his seat, and leave his horse at liberty, through any kind of mistaken politeness, he yet ventures for once to transfer the reins into the whip-hand, as too many are apt to do when a favourite female is in the way, while he stretches out the other by way of assistance to his fair companion. She places her kid-covered palm in his, and her foot on the step ;—one jerk seats her in the valley formed between the driving seat and the side of the gig,—a little adjustment arranges her garment modestly over the pretty silk-clad ancles, which had been a little exposed to the accurate observation of my opera-glass, as she mounted the carriage,—a corner of the aforesaid cloak renders them secure from any accidental jolt or zephyr—the parasol is waved at the window by way of a last adieu,—a few admonitory touches of the whip, accompanied by a ya-up, induces the nag to put himself out of a stand still,—and off they go, the charioteer prudently deferring his how-d'ye-do's and other greetings, till he shall get off the stones, and be in a good wide road, where he is in no danger of coming in contact with any rival Sunday jehu. They are watched to the top of the street by the lady's companions, whose attention is, however, soon arrested by the appearance of a glass-coach, or rather a hackney coach without its number, which slowly draws up to the door. Out spring three young men, in readiness to hand their respective demoiselles into the vehicle, the hire of which has been clubbed at seven shillings each, so that they have none of the cares of driving on their hands to impede their impatience or politeness. One of the new-comers has, like our tilbury friend, a dash of military ambition, and is accordingly habited in a blue frock-coat, the edges and seams covered with black lace,

while something resembling a duck's tail, but without its power of wagging, dangles at the bottom of his back. His black cravat is neatly fastened by two turquoise pins, chained together as strongly as man and wife, while his heels display a pair of spurs, which give their master the character of keeping a horse, without its attendant expense—for spurs eat nothing. The second is of another order of beings,—called a swell. He is clad in top-boots, white corderoys, a waistcoat scored like a leg of pork, and a rough drab toggray, buttoned across the chest with mother-of-pearl buttons, of the size of crown pieces,—while a horse and jockey appears to be galloping over the ponderous folds of his shawl neckcloth, by way of broach. The third is a complete contrast to the second, for having, by some accident, heard that stockings are dress, he appears ready dressed for dinner at eight in the morning, with blue coat thrown open, white waistcoat, black trowsers, and ribbed silk stockings. Adieux to the remaining friends, and to the looking-glass, having been completed up stairs—the door flies open—and the belles are greeted by their beaux with hearty shakes of both hands. They are bundled into the coach,—the gentlemen follow—the vehicle wriggles with their settlement into their seats—the front glass is let down—the swell cries out “all right, Jarvey,”—the coachman wakes from his momentary doze, and the patient horses walk off in a trot. A prim smirking looking gentleman, seated exactly in the centre of a hackney chariot, most carefully avoiding any contact between the dirty lining of the vehicle, and his well-brushed coat, carries off a fifth ;—while a short thick-set middle-aged man, with a blue coat of dimensions sufficiently ample for any two modern habits, with his pockets looking like panniers,—his corporation covered with an acre of black serge, which a little line

of Irish linen, divides from a pair of nankeen trowsers, that reach to the middle of his white cotton stockings, by his diagonal crossing, appears to direct his steps to the same mansion. The moment of his appearance is marked by an expression of disappointment on the pretty plump features of a girl about sixteen, who, in a rose-coloured spencer and white beaver hat, had been mingling her head with those of her companions at the windows. It was now, however, suddenly withdrawn, with an apparent exclamation of, "Dear me, here's Papa, instead of,"—the name dies on her lips. The elderly gentleman is the only one who is compelled to knock at the door, or who has been kept for a moment waiting. The white beaver and rose colour at length appears, her hand is suddenly twitched under the arm, and is tightly confined between the elbow and the rib, while a distant prospect of Kensington Gardens and the park are the young lady's only consolation for being fetched by papa instead of ———. In this case I could not help thinking, that the mamma, having been in the same line in her younger days, from her recollection of what happened to herself, makes her good man go after their daughter, to preserve her from the same perils. She is, of course, too prudent to mention reasons, which are perhaps but too well guessed by her husband, "Experientia docet."

But one now remains—one who had never shared in the morning's hilarity of her companions—whose cheek remained unvisited at their departure—who was scarcely included in their adieux—and who had appeared to watch the happy scene more from a mechanical impulse than from any amusement that it afforded her. Sometimes, as those with whom she was a fellow-labourer in the week days, although no participator in their Sunday pleasures, drove off in the fulness of mirth, I thought I

saw a smile of contempt at their vulgar pleasures play upon her full red lip ; though, at the same moment, a tear seemed to dim the lustre of her dark eye, called there, perhaps, by the regret that her soul was above participating in the hilarity of which she was a witness. Her black hair playing over her pale forehead, yet unconfined by any fillet, and uncovered by any bonnet, proclaimed that she had no expectation of being sought so early. As she lost sight of the last of her companions, she slowly withdrew her head—pressed her hand slightly upon her temples—a gentle movement of her bosom spoke the escape of a sigh—and she disappeared.

Imagination now began to speculate upon the reason why she, who, by the evidence of my opera-glass, was by far the most beautiful, should be the only one left behind on this day of general flight from labour. Is she incapable of love ? The glance of soul, and the truant sigh which escaped her breast, deny the supposition. Has she no lover ? Her beauty makes it improbable. Does she love in vain ? The same reason renders it impossible. Is she forsaken ? I will telegraphize the question, and propose to supply the place of the faithless swain. Shall I be accepted, if I do ? I think it is very problematical, whether I should or no. But silence speculation ! She has descended to the first floor, which serves as a show-room during the week, and a drawing-room on the Sunday. She paces the apartment negligently—even listlessly—and often seems to fix her eyes upon the walls, where, with all the aid of my opera-glass, I can discern neither looking-glass nor picture to attract her attention. The approach of wheels appears to create no sensation, so that at any rate she can be in no immediate expectation. When she does approach the window, her glance is, however, directed towards the heavens, with a look indicating that the state of the

weather is not indifferent to her. I conclude, therefore, that she will be sought presently.

There are certain associations of dissimilar objects and of improbable events in a man's mind, for which it is impossible that he can assign a cause. I shall not therefore try to account for my associating the idea of the object of my present speculations, with those engendered by my having, for several evenings past, observed a cabriolet waiting at the corner of the street. These feelings constitute that which we designate Presentiment. Hark! the bell tolls for church—she starts. Then it is for church-time she has been waiting—'tis there she is to meet him—and my cabriolet speculation falls to the ground. No, it doesn't—she hesitates. There is an evident momentary resolution to obey the signal by the movement she makes towards her hat and scarf. But it is counteracted by some internal feeling: she again presses her hand to her temple—she sinks into her chair—a gentle shake of the head seems to give a mental utterance to “No, no—I can't go to church:” A tear, not sufficiently embodied to require a handkerchief, is hastily repressed by the back of the hand—her eye for a moment seeks heaven, but is as suddenly turned towards earth—and she throws herself upon the sofa, apparently with a hope, that change of position may relieve her from what is passing in her mind.

My imagination again goes to work. Why does she seem afraid to go to church? Why was her eye so quickly turned downward, when it seemed almost involuntarily to apostrophize heaven? Why—But she moves again—she reaches a book from the mantelpiece, and seats herself at the window, with the intention of relieving her own thoughts by reading those of others. She is at first restless, but soon becomes interested—

there is an apparent sympathy between the pages she peruses, and her own feelings. The back of her hand again passes across her eyes, to dash aside the tear that trembles on the long silken fringe which conceals them ; but there is a smile of triumph playing about her beautiful lip, which seems to proclaim, that they are but rainbow tears—the shower that predicts sunshine.

What can she be reading? The marble half-bound cover makes me surmise it to be the book of some circulating library—a novel, no doubt—and the poor girl fancies the denouement of her own history in the imaginary one of some fictitious heroine. By the broad square label on the cover, and the neat smaller one on the back, the book is evidently from the vicinity of Bond-street. It is not usual for persons in her situation to subscribe to such superior emporiums of romantic lore. It is most likely lent to her by some one in a higher station than herself—and the cabriolet again crosses my mind.

But the book is finished—her eye still lingers on the last page—she turns over the blank fly leaf, in search of only one more moment of forgetfulness. St. James's clock strikes the four quarters—she counts them anxiously—and waits the sonorous completion of the sentence of the of the tongue of time. It tolls one—she seems to wait breathlessly, in the hope of one more chime—but it comes not—excepting from other clocks, which all confirm the truth of its being but one. *Two*, then, is the hour which she anticipates. The book has done its duty, and is thrown aside—her hat and scarf are laid where they are most readily to be seized when they shall be wanted. Her movements up and down the room become quicker, and her glances out of the window are no longer directed only to the sky—at the rattle of every carriage, there is an involuntary approach to the balcony—and as

it passes, and its sound dies away in the distance, so does the flush of hope fade from her countenance. "No, no—He will not come before his time," is indicated by that expressive shake of the head. The quarters are struck as slowly as usual—at length, one—two, is counted by the evident movement of her lips—and her hands are for one moment clasped in silent thankfulness.

Impatience now characterizes every motion—in her visits to the window, one foot is stretched out into the balcony, and the eye strained to catch a glimpse of the most distant carriage, or, with a desperate kind of movement, she now passes up and down the room, with the determination to take so many turns before she ventures another look—then she resolves to count so many, in the hope, that before the completion of her self-imposed task, her wishes may be accomplished. She hurries on the numbers—she rushes to the window—a fine glow of animation suffuses her face—hope accomplished sparkles in her eye—she retreats suddenly to the centre of the room—she drops upon her knees, and rises again as suddenly—then she buries her face in her hands, as though she were ashamed of the excess of her pleasure. My eyes now turn in the direction from which hers had been so speedily withdrawn. My presentiment is right;—an elegant cabriolet is driving slowly down the street,—its calash is up to its utmost extent of concealment,—nothing is discernible from within, but a pair of dove-coloured kid gloves, gently and dexterously managing a fine high-spirited animal, whose veins, starting through his silky skin, proclaims the excellence of his blood, while his bone renders it rather questionable whether, like some of our noble families, he has not had it strengthened with a stream from some source not quite so pure as that of his ancestry. He is of one bright bay colour,—his appoint-

ments black,—not a spot sullies the sleekness of his skin—every thing shews that his master is not better valetized than he has been groomed. The cabriolet is of a deep olive-green, relieved by the polished black of the knee-board, and the dead-black of the calash.

No mark of impatience or of expectation is evinced by the driver as he approaches the house,—a slight pressure of the right hand upon the white-web reins, and an elegant turn of the wrist, which conveys the lash of his whip to the flanks of his horse, puts him a little more upon his mettle as he passes the door ; but there is no other sign of recognition, save a knowing glance of the impudent fresh-coloured boy who hangs on behind, and who, by a look of impertinence thrown up at the windows, shews that he is but too well aware of his master's secrets.

It is this look which has induced her to shrink behind the drapery of the window, and almost into herself ;—yet she cannot resist taking one glance at the well-appointed equipage,—and I can almost read in her eye, the comparison which her mind has drawn between that and the dislocated tilbury of her humbler friend.

She now seizes her scarf, and throws it carelessly over her shoulder,—she ties her bonnet in a knot, loose, perhaps, as that which is likely to attach her to her lover,—she makes no appeal to the glass, whether from the full consciousness of beauty, or from that total abstraction from self, which some of that generous sex experience in their attachments, I cannot tell ;—she rushes to the door, but suddenly stops as the clock strikes the half hour after the appointed time. Female pride seems to struggle a moment for mastery in her mind, while she mentally exclaims, “ I will not betray my impatience.” A few minutes, however, sees her in the street

another brings her to the carriage, drawn close up to the kirb, with the step carefully thrown over the pavement; the ponderous knee-board opens, not unlike the jaw of a shark into which shoals of poor maids, soles, and other flat fish are carried by the stream,—she mounts,—the knee-board is closed. The groom takes his station behind,—the steed, obedient to the rein, starts in a majestic trot, and they are out of sight in an instant.

As I linger out of my window at night, I have heard the cutting and slashing of the whip, impelling the jaded horse of the tilbury to perform his last trot for the day, as it reaches the door. Not all the energy of the driver can get it out of a walk from thence to the stable,—and in the absence of his mistress, he is not so solicitous about his coachmanship. I have heard the hearty farewells of the glass and hackney-coach travellers, and have marked papa watch the safe entry of the white beaver hat and rose-coloured spencer.

Lights in the long windows proclaim that all are seeking their pillows, and the short time that they remain appears to indicate that candles are portioned out as they are in some sales at Garraway's, by the inch.

The cabriolet drives up on the opposite side,—I looked to see the lover spring lightly out of the carriage to assist his mistress,—but, no,—she is driven home by the servant!

I can imagine her silently seeking her bed, in the midst of her more joyous companions,—and she has sought it in the dark, for no light appears in the dormitory, though I can distinguish her white figure, as she seems to seek a last look of the carriage from the window.

The gaiety of her companions is painful to her,—for she has nothing she dares communicate in return for the accounts which are pressed upon her of their adventures. At length they talk and laugh themselves to forgetfulness,—while she sighs or weeps herself into a dream, which may never be realized.

Apprentices now redouble their haste to get home within the appointed time—I see lovers and friends bidding hasty adieux, as they arrive at that point where the paths to their different destinations separate,—a drunken song here and there bursts upon the night, but is quickly silenced by the guardians of the peace,—every footstep becomes more palpable to the ear,—St. James's clock strikes twelve on one side, and is re-echoed by St. Martin's on the other,—I close my window and my speculations together.

AN ACCOUNT OF A CELEBRATED EXECUTION.

IN the month of March 1817, I was suffering under a nervous disorder, with which I had been afflicted for some weeks. It used to cause me extreme irritation of the spirits, and, in particular, affected my rest. For many nights I got scarcely any sleep at all—and would lay in that state of tossing restlessness which is, perhaps, more wearing than any other kind or degree of suffering. There is hardly any thing which affects the mind so much as this. I am naturally of a buoyant and elastic temper, and yet there was no species of horrors which I did not then conjure up to myself. I used to lie and think, and think, till thought quite became a pain ; and I need not say how impossible it is at such

times to shake the mind free, and bring it to that state of vacuum, into which at other moments it falls without any seeming cause, and from which it is then difficult to rouse it. I tried all the means usually resorted to, to procure sleep.—I took opium, but that only excited, instead of lulling me ;—I went through those tedious and mechanical processes of the mind, which are commonly practised on such occasions,—calculation, namely, verbal repetition, or forced exclusiveness to one point of thought,—I read dull books, and had them read to me—but even Mr. ——'s poetry failed in its usual effect.

I passed several nights in this way, with scarcely any sleep ;—I should say with none—if the lapse of time had not occasionally proved to me that I must have slept,—though at the time I did not *feel* it to be sleep. One night, that I had been even more than usually restless,—when my nerves were excited to a painful degree,—and I was lying without motion, to try if perfect stillness of body would produce sleep—I heard (I lived at that time in the neighbourhood of Portman-square,) the bugle at the King-street barracks sound the reveillé. It was raw, very cold weather, and the wind was high and gusty. It swept in long and melancholy howlings past my window, and on one of these heavy swellings of the night-wind the sound of the bugle was borne to me. I thought I never heard so melancholy a sound. The reveillé is, I conclude, meant to be inspiring,—but I must say, if I am to judge from its tone that night, it would convey any thing but an enlivening or stirring feeling to *my* heart. It had no briskness, or, if I may so say, crispness of sound,—but the tantarantara notes seemed long drawn, and breathed, as it were, in slow succession, one rising just as that which went before was becoming extinct. I struck my watch—it was two o'clock. I could

not conceive what should make the Life-Guards turn out at such an hour,—and I lay revolving in my mind the probable causes, till, in about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, the bugle sounded again. It then at once flashed across me that Cashman was to be executed that morning, and that the Life-Guards were going to attend his execution. London was at that time in a very disturbed state, and Cashman's fate had excited much popular interest. He was to be executed in Skinner-street, opposite Mr. Beckwith's shop,—and it was apprehended that there would be much disorder on the occasion,—and even that a rescue might be attempted. There had therefore been a considerable military force, both of cavalry and foot, ordered to attend the execution. As I heard the bugle the second time, I remembered all this at once—and my thoughts reverted to the unfortunate man who was so soon to suffer death. I thought of what the night previous to execution must be—of the effect of the clock striking hour after hour, till at last *none* intervenes before that of death;—I thought of the sensations with which the unfortunate being must behold the dawning of the last day whose light he is ever to see. There is no doubt that all the circumstances of horror which precede the infliction of death, as awarded by our law, add, in an extreme degree, to the bitterness of that dreadful hour. The cell, differing from all human dwellings,—with its bare massive walls,—its small heavily-barred window, admitting just light enough to shew the terrors and wretchedness of the place—its lack of all furniture, beyond that barely sufficient for the miserable *one* who inhabits it—telling of the absence of all intercourse and sympathy of our fellows—the harsh grating of the bolts—the heavy clang of the keys—and the look of hardened indifference which

habit has given to those who wait and guard in prisons,—all these things, nothings as they are when compared to the sudden, violent, and ignominious deprivation of life which they precede and betoken,—all these things do, I am fully persuaded, add accumulated terror to that season of utter terror, anguish, and despair. And yet, it is said, that criminals often sleep on that night.—How strange and wonderful is this!—They sleep—not from the mere exhaustion of suffering—but a healthy and unaltered sleep. But, oh! what a waking must their's be! When consciousness breaks by degrees upon their minds again, what must they feel then! I am told, too, that food is brought to them on *that* morning,—that *breakfast* is offered to them as it would be at the beginning of any common day of their existence. There is something very revolting in this. It appears a bitter mockery, to employ the ordinary means of preserving life, when we know that, long before they can work their effect, that life will be cut off for ever. Yet sometimes they do eat of this food. Bellingham, for instance, is said to have eaten in his usual manner on the morning of his execution. There is something to me almost horrible in any thing being done according to its *usual* manner, at a time so utterly in discordance,—in such direct and terrible contradiction, to all that Nature has intended and ruled for our existence.

These reflections rose in my mind on the night of which I have been speaking, and with that encreased force which the individualizing of any train of thought occasions. That which is terrible as a general picture, becomes so tenfold when it is applied to one object—still more when, as in this case, its horrors are impending and instant. I thought of the unhappy man as he was at that moment,—as he would be in a few hours more.

Every thing contributed to render the scene which I drew in my mind, of the deepest gloom. My state of nervous affection—the silence and deep darkness of my room—the moaning of the wind—the extreme cold,—all united in making me feel for this poor creature with an anxiety and intensity which were to be wondered at, unknowing as I was of all concerning him, and uninterested as I had hitherto been in his fate. The circumstances which I have enumerated are all physical,—but what physical beings we are, even in the feelings of our mind! It may appear strange—even absurd—but the morning being so cold and so gloomy, made me feel the more for the wretch who had to “rise to be hanged.” I have always considered the character to which that phrase refers—Barnardine—short and sketchy as it is, one of the most striking proofs which exists of Shakspeare’s wonderful and intuitive knowledge of human nature. There is no allusion, indeed, there made to the cold of the morning, but it is one succeeding a night of debauchery, and it is the dying *that* day, which adds so much to the reluctance of dying.

I lay some time chewing the cud of these “bitter fancies,”—having now lost the wish, as well as the hope, of obtaining sleep. The bugle was repeated about every quarter of an hour till half-past three, when its note was changed, and it sounded what, by my near neighbourhood to the barracks I had learned was, as it is called in military language, “Boot and Saddle.” In about half an hour more I heard the troops pass under my window. The measured tramp of the horses’ feet, accompanied by the slighter sounds which attend a moving body of men,—the occasional clang of a sabre-sheath, or champ on a bit,—enabled me to judge by its duration of their numbers;—they were very considerable, nearly,

I thought, the whole regiment,—and my heart shuddered as I reflected that all this preparation was to take away the life of one miserable human being.

As their last sounds died in the distance, I determined to shake the thoughts which they had excited from my mind,—and to sleep if I could. It was all in vain ;—figures of all conceivable horrors kept rising before me—for in darkness and night, even though you do not sleep, the constant dwelling on one subject raises shadowy thoughts, more like dreams than the images of a waking mind. I lay in a state of extreme restlessness for a long time—till at last—quite on a sudden—the idea flashed across me, that I would go to the execution. I can scarcely account for this ;—I had never seen an execution, nor am I at all addicted to sights of a cruel nature ; my health, too, ought to have forbidden my going out at such an hour, and in such weather,—but I was so excited at the time, by the high-wrought state of my nerves, and by the manner in which this subject had haunted me for upwards of three eternal hours of darkness, that the moment the thought crossed me, I sprang out of bed, and began to put it into effect. It was bitterly cold, and nearly dark—but I scarcely heeded the one, and did not care for either. I went to the window, and drew aside the curtains. Day was just beginning to dawn ;—the cold wretched-looking light of a March morning in London was breaking over the tops of the opposite houses,—and began to shew their dingy lumpish outlines in indistinct relief. By the time I was dressed and in the street, it was nearly six o'clock. It was now broad day,—that is, it was perfectly light, though that light was heavy and discoloured. There is something very peculiar in the appearance of the streets of London at that hour,—after the darkness of night

has passed away, but while its stillness yet remains. The shops shut,—the broad pavement unoccupied,—it looks like a vast city of the dead. As I passed along Oxford-street, so peculiarly wide, where every house is a shop, and where, in the day, there is so much life and motion,—this occurred to me with force. Even the exceptions to the general stillness served to make it more striking and remarkable. The slow trailing step of the watchman, and his dull drowsy tone of calling the hour and the weather, were in complete consonance with the appearance of silence and of sleep which reigned so strongly around. The occasional and unfrequent passenger, too,—a half-dressed, half-awake mechanic, going to his work, or a slip-shod boy, opening the shutters of a house of early call—were not calculated to add much to the life-like appearance of the scene,—and the heavy lumbering of a late market-cart passing along, shewed by its loud unshared noise, how soundless was all else.

When I got into Holborn, I saw several groups, evidently going to the place of execution also. Whenever there is one great subject which occupies all minds, and to witness which all are hastening, there is a sort of look of common consciousness—a kind of freemasonry aspect—with which people meet and pass each other on such occasions. There is an air of *intent*—of having an object, and a strong one—which is quite different from the usual demeanour. I could have sworn to there being something extraordinary on foot, by the appearance (without reference to the numbers) of the persons I met, even if I had been previously totally ignorant of all that was about to happen.

When I approached the spot, I found the crowd so immense, that all prospect of getting near the scaffold

was quite hopeless. I am in general tolerably able to get through a crowd, from the advantage of being tall, which leaves my respiration unimpeded, and from considerable strength and *weight*, which, of course, are of great help in such a situation. But through this crowd, a troop of horse would have found difficulty in making its way. It seemed as if it so completely filled the area of the street, that no passage could be made through it, from there being no space to receive those who would in consequence be displaced. Like Sterne, I detest going back, if it be only the length of a street; and, in this case, to return would have been a most severe disappointment. I recollected that I had a tradesman who lived in Skinner-street, who, I was sure, would willingly give me a place at his windows—but to get thither was as impossible as to approach the scaffold itself. At last, it occurred to me that the houses of all the lower part of Skinner-street have doors also in Snow-hill, which runs parallel, till within the last few yards, when it curves round, and ends in Skinner-street itself. Just below this corner, the man whom I knew lived. I, therefore, strove to get to Snow-hill, but it was impossible to proceed beyond St. Andrew's church, opposite to which a sight can be first obtained of the spot where the scaffold stood. In consequence, I extricated myself from the crowd entirely, went back some little way up Holborn, and then made a circuit to the left, (or rather, as I was now retrograding, to the right,) among the streets and alleys towards Smithfield. This brought me directly into the upper part of Snow-hill, which, from its commanding no view of the scaffold, I found tolerably clear. I arrived at the door of my tradesman—and knocked. It was some time before any one answered, and, at last, he himself looked out of the window, and asked who

was there. He was sufficiently surprised when he found it was me ;—but I explained my wishes to him in as few words as possible, and he came down and let me in. He led me through his house to the front drawing-room, where there were three or four persons assembled, for the same purpose that led me thither.

Room was made for me at one of the windows, which was very near to the scaffold, and commanded, at the same time, a full view of the whole of the immense crowd assembled. The spot where the scaffold was erected, being on a short, steepish hill, from the foot of which a similar one immediately rises opposite, is eminently calculated for any conspicuous spectacle. The whole of both these hills—the windows of the houses, and the tops of some of them, were now literally clothed with people. There is something to me always striking and extraordinary in a vast body of people thus promiscuously assembled—all drawn by one object—all actuated by one impulse—and yet, probably, no ten men in the whole mass individually known to each other. When one is actually in a crowd, one sees nothing beyond the four surrounding persons, who “hem you in on every side”—one suffers from the heat, the bad air, and all the other inconveniences which arise from such dense pressure—but placed, as I was, a certain degree above the heads of the people, the individual points which are coarse and revolting all vanish, and the view becomes generalized into one which excites deep sensations of feeling and of thought. At least it was so with me, as I looked down on the mass of dark figures, which swayed to and fro, as the pressure arose from different quarters, like the deep heaving of a lurid-looking sea. In so vast a congregated body, each man loses, as it were, his individuality, and becomes merely an unit in a stupendous

sum—one drop in the waters of a mighty ocean. He cannot himself move the way he wills, or give to the whole the direction he may desire; he literally must “go with the stream”—and, on occasion, of what terrible and destroying power that stream can be!—There were some tokens which made me fear that I should witness some of the sort on this occasion. Great popular interest had been excited for Cashman—the crime for which he was to suffer, the people regarded as done in their service—they looked on him as a martyr in their cause*. His personal demeanour, too, at his trial, was of a kind very much to conciliate the good-will of John Bull. He was a complete epitome of the proverbial character of an English sailor—frank, off-hand, and careless, to a degree which, in his situation, had something almost awful as well as extraordinary. There seemed to be many anecdotes afloat concerning his behaviour, within the last few days. The man who stood next me was telling his neighbour that neither the ordinary, nor the Catholic clergyman who attended Cashman as being of that religion, could make any impression on him;—that all that seemed to rest upon his mind was, that “he was to be hanged like a dog, when he had fought bravely for his king and country.”

As the hour approached, the people began to be restlessly impatient. Up Skinner-street, especially, from which side Cashman would come to the place of execution, the agitation of the crowd became violent,—and if it had not been for the strong wooden barriers which very providently had been erected on each side the way, I do not think that the officers and the military, nume-

* It may be as well to say, for those to whom the name is no longer familiar, that Cashman was executed for participation in the Spa-Fields riot.

rous as they were, would have been able to keep the passage clear and unobstructed. At length, at about five minutes before eight, a sort of confused noise, which arose at the extremity of the crowd, shewed that the fatal procession was coming at last. I could perceive the cart in front, followed by the two sheriffs' carriages. As they drew near, I distinguished Cashman, seated between two men, whom I concluded to be the executioners. I recognised him by his sailor's dress ;— he had on a blue jacket and white trowsers. He was a fine open-faced fellow, and appeared to be between twenty-five and thirty. As he proceeded, deep groans and cries of disapprobation issued from the crowd. Several cried “ Shame !—shame !” in that striking manner which is so peculiar to the lower English, and has so much effect upon them, when they witness any thing which they conceive to be unjust. Others said, “ Where are Brock and Pelham ?—where are the blood-conspirators ?—why don't you hang *them* * ?” At last, as the procession advanced, and the excitation of the people grew higher and higher, there arose a cry, “ not loud but deep,” of *Murder* !—There was something very horrible in all this. The real ground or the real groundlessness which the people might have for these feelings had no sort of weight with me at the time. It was sufficient that they existed—that they were expressed—to render them very shocking. To see a human being deprived of life, while so many voices were shouting into his ears their conviction of the injustice of his fate, seemed to

* This was just after the discovery of that horrid conspiracy among some of the police officers, to inveigle people into crime, for the purpose of obtaining the 40*l.* reward for a conviction for felony—technically and characteristically called *blood-money*.

me something terrible. So far from considering it consolatory to the sufferer thus to see such sympathy and regard on the part of so many fellow-creatures, and fellow-countrymen,—it must, I thought, serve to distract his mind from those reflections which, at such a moment, ought to occupy it undividedly. But the English are a very peculiar people—they are often misguided, often wrong—but they always, as a body, act up to what they believe to be justice, whether in favour or condemnation of the criminal. When Governor Wall was hanged for having flogged a man to death, at the moment that he was about to be turned off, the crowd gave two cheers—but before they could utter the third, he *was* turned off—and then, from those inexplicable causes which operate on thousands at once, as in the breast of one man, there was sudden and complete silence.

Poor Cashman did not need any extraneous causes to draw him from the contemplation of the awful state in which he stood—he seemed to bestow no thought on it at all—at least none of that nature which would be supposed to occupy the mind at such a moment. He nodded and smiled to the crowd as he passed—joined in their shouts,—and uttered from time to time such exclamations as these: “Hurra, my boys! I’ll die like a man!”—“You shall not see me flinch!” and others to the same effect. When he came close to the scaffold, I distinctly heard him say the following words—they were said more firmly, and with less horrid lightness of manner, than he had previously shewn—and appeared to me at the time, especially those I have marked, to possess a kind of poetical grandeur both of idea and expression—“This is not for cowardice—I am not brought to this for any robbery—I am going to die, but I shall not shrink. *If I was at my quarters, I would not be killed in*

the smoke, I'd be in the fire. I have done nothing against my king and country, but fought for them." But as soon as he mounted the scaffold, this momentary steadiness vanished;—when he appeared on the platform, the groans redoubled,—they became loud and general, and he himself joined in them with a shout which made my flesh grow cold and creep.

At this moment, I witnessed a most extraordinary effect of light—from a cause, too, which I should have had no idea would have produced any such result. The morning had been heavy and gloomy,—but just as the procession arrived, the clouds had cleared away, and the sun shone out. When Cashman ascended the scaffold, there was a cry of "Hats off!"—I know not whether from a feeling of respect at the solemnity—for such it in truth was—or merely that those behind might see more easily over the heads before them. The crowd instantly obeyed—and, numerous as it was, every hat was removed with the suddenness and simultaneous precision of a military movement. On the moment, the whole atmosphere seemed changed. The light striking down on so vast a mass of blackness as the crowd had previously presented, made the space around seem dark and shadowy—but flashing, as it now did, on substances so much brighter—the bare brows and upturned faces of so vast a body of people,—there was a sudden and striking addition of brilliancy to the whole scene;—it reminded me, at the time, of the effect produced by the sudden raising of the foot-lamps in a half-lighted theatre.

But my attention was soon turned to the criminal himself. The whole behaviour of this man, during the scene of his execution, was of a most extraordinary and unaccountable nature. I was near enough to him to

hear all he said, and even to see the working of his countenance. His manner was not that of the recklessness of despair, still less of the callousness of hardened depravity. It was a sort of light, unconscious, boisterous, carelessness, which I have no means of accounting for, and which I cannot at all describe. I only know that it was most truly horrible at such a moment, in such a situation. The very homeliness of phrase which his education and habits made natural, added to the effect of his words. What he said would not have affected me half so much, if it had been in measured language. When the clergymen (there were both the Ordinary of Newgate, and the Catholic clergyman who usually attends the prisoners) attempted to draw the unhappy man to a sense of his situation—which they did in a manner of great impressiveness and feeling—he answered, “Don’t bother me—it’s no use—I want no mercy but from God!” This had tenfold effect on me, from the contrast between the familiar coarseness of the first part of the sentence, and the solemn simplicity of its conclusion—“I want no mercy but from God!”

After the clergymen had persisted for some time—and I am sure what they said must have made impression on all who heard them, except the unfortunate man whom they meant to impress,—they saw the hopelessness of their endeavours, and retired to the corner of the scaffold. The executioner then advanced, and began to fix the rope round Cashman’s neck. This again drew forth exclamations of disapprobation from the crowd;—but Cashman assisted the man in his duty, and when he came to fix the knot, said to him, in the sea phrase, “Haul it *taut* *!” The cap was now pulled over his face,

* Pull it tight.

but to this he objected strenuously ; and said; in that firmer and more collected tone which I have before noticed, “ I want no cap—For God’s sake, let me see to the last !” This was permitted, and the cap was turned up. The clergymen then once more attempted to remonstrate with him,—but he waved them back impatiently with his hand, and they desisted.

The moment now was at hand, and I almost began to repent of having come: I had never witnessed the instant of death, and to behold it for the first time in this horrible way shook me, I own, considerably. I felt that affection of the respiration—that pain across the breast—and that indescribable sensation in the muscles above the knee—which are produced, in me at least, by extreme intensity of anxious feeling. I almost wished, and at one instant I made a motion, to go away—yet I remained, and stood gazing with rivetted attention on the dreadful scene before me. At this moment Cashman turned full towards Mr. Beckwith’s house,—stretched his hand out towards it, and said in an angry tone—“ I will be with you—there.” This instance of strange superstition struck me remarkably—and it had a strong effect upon the crowd. Each man seemed to turn to his neighbour with an awed expression of countenance—and this extraordinary declaration of one so near death appeared to affect with solemnity even those who, it was evident, held the belief in which it originated in scorn.

At last all was ready, and the executioner quitted the platform. Cashman then turned to the people nearest him, and with a voice and in a phrase which thrilled to my blood, called out—“ Now, you, give me three cheers when I trip,—Hurra, you—— !” He then cried out to the executioner—“ Come, Jack, let go the

jib-boom !”—He was obeyed—just as he set up a shout, the plank fell from beneath his feet, and he swung into the air. The cap was in a moment drawn over his face ;—he struggled for about a second, and was dead. There was a deep silence instantly.

It may be supposed that, in the evening, I looked with some anxiety into the papers for the account of the execution. It was given in great detail, and tallied in all the main particulars perfectly with my own impressions. There were also some accounts of Cashman's behaviour during the last few days in prison,—and there was one circumstance in this which, if I had known it at the time, would have given me additionally strong interest in his fate. His general manner had been of the same fearful and shocking levity, which he had evinced at the last—the clergymen before, as then, failed in drawing him to a due sense of the state in which he stood ;—but beneath all this—in despite of this appalling carelessness, and the slighting of all religious reflection,—he possessed in an unusual and remarkable degree good feeling and *heart*. He was entitled to about 200*l.* of prize-money—and about the disposition of this he was extraordinarily anxious. An Irish gentleman—Cashman was also an Irishman—who visited him in prison, drew up for him a will ;—by this he, in the first place, enjoined the payment of his debts, on which point he seemed, it was said, particularly solicitous—he then left a considerable portion of the sum to his mother—and bequeathed the remainder for the purpose of purchasing a boat for his brother, who had been a fisherman on the coast of Ireland, and had met with losses. There is something to me peculiarly touching in all this ;—the anxiety about his debts being

strictly discharged is a fine trait of manly honesty and honour—and his wishing that a boat should be bought for his poor brother is, to my feelings, equally beautiful and affecting. There is even great sentiment and delicacy in thus bequeathing a *thing*—the most useful that could be devised—instead of the mere money. To my view this exhibits the spectacle of a poor fellow, with all the ignorance of his degree, and the added roughness of his profession—on the certain eve of a painful and ignominious death—and with his mind apparently unstrung by the complicated horrors of his situation—yet retaining all the honourable and tender feelings of our common nature, and betokening them in a manner which would have done honour to the goodness of any heart, or the polish of any station. There did, indeed, seem to be a strong idea of honour about this poor uneducated sailor—for, on the very morning of his execution, when he was led out into the press-yard to have his irons struck off, he was again expressing anxiety on the subject of his little property, when one of the sheriffs humanely assured him, *upon his word*, that his wishes in this respect should be scrupulously attended to. He was instantly perfectly satisfied; he said with grateful earnestness, “Thank you, Sir,”—and did not revert to the subject afterwards.

Not long ago, I met with a very curious circumstance, which again brought with renewed freshness to my mind the occurrences of this memorable morning,—which, it may be supposed, made on me a very lasting impression. I was in the country, at a friend's house, and the conversation turned upon this subject. I related pretty nearly what I have here put upon paper, when my friend said that a gentleman lived near him, who had the extraordinary propensity of collecting the

ropes by which celebrated criminals had been hanged. I thought at first that this must be a jest, but my friend assured me, with perfect seriousness, that it was a fact, and said that, if I pleased, he would take me the next day to see this gentleman, who was always very willing to shew his strange collection, and who might very possibly possess the cord by which my poor friend Cashman suffered. There was a sort of grotesque horror in this—a kind of shocking mixture of farce and tragedy,—which, though they revolted me in some degree, yet excited my curiosity very strongly. We went accordingly. This most extraordinary collector had nothing peculiar in his appearance and manner,—he talked on other subjects like any body else, and on this as a naturalist would of his collection of fossils or dried butterflies. He took us into his study, which was like any other study,—only, that along one side of it stretched a long, narrow, and rather high, mahogany press, on the top of which was written the well-known quibble—*Respice finem, respice funem*.* He opened this, and on a row of pegs hung several halters, all carefully arranged in order, and ticketed. On one was the name of Despard—on others, those of Hollowell and Haggerty—of Nicholson—of Hussey—of Brandreth,—and many others which were, but too well known as famous, or rather infamous, for crime. That of Cashman was not there;—the gentleman said he had tried to procure it in vain,—he having been some distance from town at the time; and when he applied to the executioner, he found that it had remained on the body when it had been given up to his friends, who, according to Irish custom, had had it *waked*. This Mr. ———

* Think on your end, think on a rope's end.

did not enter into any explanation of the causes which had led him to form this extraordinary propensity,—and, of course, I could not well ask him concerning it. He talked of it very freely, however, as it did exist.—He said he got the first cords cheaply enough—but that lately his taste had become known among the executioners, and they had accordingly raised their price upon him very considerably. For some of his later purchases he had given five guineas a-piece.

In all this there was not—at least there did not appear to be—any feeling of levity;—extraordinary, and even revolting as it was, he did not make it additionally so by any misplaced or disgusting jest;—he seemed to talk of it as a matter of course—very much, as I have said, as an antiquarian would do of his cabinet of curiosities. Alas, into what extraordinary whims does the mind run itself! Here is a man—apparently in other things sensible and respectable,—who devotes a large portion of his time—spends considerable sums of money—and renders himself ridiculous, if not odious, to all his friends, —for the sake of making a collection which has every conceivable reason to be revolting to every physical and moral feeling of human nature.

SCRAPS,

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

“ Inest sua gratia parvis.”

AN EVERY-DAY OCCURRENCE.

From my Memoirs.

I HAD last seen Mr. Disbrook when I was quite a child,—a child about six years of age ; when I sat upon his knee, and listened most attentively to the wonderful and very entertaining stories which he used to tell me. I then was very wild and happy ; and he was one of those fine, free-hearted fellows who are not too aware of their own importance, to notice children. I had raced with him,—ay, and beaten him too, down the long walk at Fromewood. I had galloped over Shrawford-common on my black poney beside him, even when he was mounted on his superb hunter, “ Duke Humphrey.” By-the-bye, that Duke Humphrey was out of Sir Charles Bunbury’s famous Jezebel.

I was, when I had last seen Mr. Disbrook, a thoughtless child, yet not so thoughtless as to forget him ;—for years he held a most distinguished place in my memory and affections.

We left Wiltshire ; I was sent off to school, and my father sold Fromewood to Lord M——s. Eleven years passed away before I beheld again our old residence. I went down with my father to visit Lord M——s. Fromewood was ever a most interesting place to me ;—

I was born there, and of course I was never tired of exploring all my old haunts about the house and grounds; I loved them with all the clinging fancies, and fond associations of boyish memory;—some corners in my heart remained as young and child-like as ever, and into those corners a thousand feelings had crowded and kept close, which I begun to feel half ashamed of permitting to come abroad, as I grew into a tall, and—I must confess it—rather an awkward lad, neither a man nor a boy.

The second day after my arrival at Fromewood, I heard that Mr. Disbrook was in the house. I was in my bed-room just then, for I went up rather early to dress for dinner, because—now don't smile—because I was anxious to try the powers of the first razor I had ever possessed. I had stirred up a famous lather, and was standing on tiptoe before the glass,—the soap-suds half stopped up my nostrils,—I had drawn the razor from the hot water, and was already brandishing the reeking blade, when my father opened the door, and said, "Charles, I hear that Mr. Disbrook is in the library." Down went the razor,—the foaming bubbles of the lather shrunk away in the shaving-box,—I wiped the soap from "my unrazored lip" and chin,—flung on my coat and waistcoat, and was down stairs in a minute. The image of Mr. Disbrook had so long hovered about my memory, that I had shaped his character, and even his person, to my own favourite ideas of my old kind-hearted companion. For the moment I quite forgot that I was no longer a boy;—I rushed into the room, and seized his hand. I knew that I could not be mistaken, for he was in the library alone with Lady M——s. I scarcely looked up, my whole heart was dancing with joy; a thousand words were at my tongue's end, when I did look him full in the face, and really stared at him,

for I saw a look of calm, cool surprise, and felt only the coldest return to my hearty shake of the hand. "Don't you remember me?" I exclaimed, eagerly. "I cannot say I do, Sir," replied a very tranquil voice, while a provokingly-quiet smile just curled his lip. "I am Charles S——r. Don't you remember a wild mischievous boy, who was much noticed by you a long while ago;—I'm sure you must remember.".... I paused, for my eye met his. "I have some slight recollection, but it must, indeed, be a long time ago," said the voice, in a still cooler tone, while the smile lost all its dim lustre. It was not what he said—it was his look, and that I can't describe,—though I don't forget it. I could not help sinking into a deep reverie for some minutes,—then my thoughts woke up, and I became seventeen again,—all my cool common-place feelings returned at once. Mr. Disbrook had turned away—I looked round, and attentively surveyed him from head to foot, to observe if it were really the Mr. Disbrook, the gay friend of my boyhood, who stood before me. There was enough of his former self remaining to tell me I was not mistaken as to the person; but the Mr. Disbrook I now beheld was a staid, thin, gentlemanly man, much shorter than myself. I listened, half unconsciously, to his voice,—he was talking in a dry languid tone to Lady M——s, about the state of the roads. The window was open—I stepped out into the verandah, and began to think. I gravely walked down the steps, still in deep thought;—onward I walked, till I stopped at the gate of the Mill-Meadow,—or rather, the gate stopped me. There I stood leaning both my elbows on the gate, and my head on both my hands, whistling very loudly,—but not for want of thought. Was there ever any thing more annoying?—Up rushed a galloping,

scampering, herd of pigs, which had been grubbing about in the field. They heard my whistle, and came grunting, and poking their snouts through the lower bars of the gate. I was completely disconcerted, and burst out into an absolute roar of laughter. It was too late to try my new razor that day. Mr. Disbrook stayed to dinner ;—*I rather like him.*

CANZONET.

Love and Joy, one April day,
 Stole a fragile bark, they say ;
 But,—when they got once afloat,—
 Quarrell'd which should steer the boat.
 Love grew angry,—seized his quiver,
 And struck poor Joy into the river !
 And tho' his pinions buoy'd him on the wave !
 And tho' he wept and pray'd ; Love would not save,
 But frowning turn'd away—He found a wat'ry grave.
 Still the bark is sailing on,
 But Love steers her all alone ;
 Mournful sits the cruel boy,
 Weeping for the death of Joy,
 Whose phantom sometimes flits around the mast,
 Recalling all the brightness of the past ;
 But if repentant Love woos the light form to stay,
 He spreads his rainbow-wing, and instant flies away.

IMPROMPTU,

ON SEEING A BEAUTIFUL FRENCH GIRL, WHOSE MOTHER WAS
 ENGLISH.

No wonder that her cheeks disclose
 A blush so crimson, and a skin so fair ;
 England has lent her loveliest rose,
 To blend with France's lilies there.

In turning over, the other day, the pages of "Grimm's Correspondence," a book to which every lover of literature must always recur with delight, we chanced upon the following notice of one of Madame de Staël's earliest productions, if not her very earliest,—and which is not included in her published works. It is always curious to observe the first buddings and indications of a mighty genius, and equally so to turn to the expression of contemporary opinions and prognostics, when we have all the subsequent facts in our possession. It is, as we have said elsewhere, one of the peculiar gifts of M. de Grimm, to forstall, in nearly every instance, the judgment of posterity. In other critical writers we often find entertainment from the discrepancy between the prophecy and the result; but this very rarely happens with him. With reference to Madame de Staël, he has from the first spoken of her in the highest terms, even in the notice of the very early attempt which we subjoin. It is, as will be seen, of a comedy. It is strange that Madame de Staël has written so little that is comic, for her powers in that way were really great,—a fact which would not exactly be imagined from her graver works. In several brilliant instances, of late years, humour, seriousness, and pathos have been alternate in the same work; but Madame de Staël has never varied the two latter with the flashes of her wit. Very few tokens of it, indeed, exist, except in the little comedies, composed solely for family representation, which are published among her posthumous works. But these are excellent. Some passages in "*Le Capitaine Kernadec*," remind us of Molière.

The notice, of which we have been speaking, is as follows. It is dated in 1778.

"Pendant que M. Necker fait des arrêts qui le cou-

vrent de gloire, et qui rendront son administration éternellement chère à la France ; pendant que Madame Necker renonce à toutes les douceurs de la société pour consacrer ses soins à l'établissement d'un nouvel hospice de charité ; leur fille, un enfant de douze ans *, mais qui annonce déjà des talens au dessus de son âge, s'amuse à composer de petites comédies dans le goût des demi-drames de M. de Saint-Marc. Elle vient d'en faire une en deux actes, intitulée *Les Inconvéniens de la Vie de Paris*, qui n'est pas seulement fort étonnante à son âge, mais qui a paru même fort supérieure à tous ses modèles. C'est une mère qui a deux filles, l'une élevée dans la simplicité de la vie champêtre, l'autre dans tous les grands airs de la capitale. Cette dernière est sa favorite, grâce à son esprit et à sa gentillesse ; mais le malheur où cette mère se trouve réduite par la perte d'un procès considérable lui fait voir bientôt laquelle des deux méritait le mieux son estime et sa tendresse. Les scènes de ce petit drame sont bien liées, les caractères soutenus, et le développement de l'intrigue plein de naturel et d'intérêt. M. Marmontel qui l'a vu représentée dans le salon de Saint Ouen † par l'auteur et sa petite société, en a été touché jusqu'aux larmes."

We take from the same copious stores, the following *mot*, which we consider very happy :—" Un homme fort accoutumé à mentir racontait une nouvelle.—" Je parie contre," dit M. Martin. " Vous auriez tort," dit à son oreille son voisin, " rien n'est plus vrai." " Eh bien, si c'est vrai, pourquoi le dit-il ? "

* She was not more than ten years old.

† Maison de campagne de M. Necker.

THE REVIEW.



THE REVIEW.

"We belong to the unpopular family of Tell-truths, and would not flatter Apollo for his Lyre."—ROS ROY.

Sacred Literature, comprising a Review of the Principles of Composition laid down by the late Robert Lowth, D.D., Lord Bishop of London, in his Praelections and Isaiah, and an Application of the Principles so reviewed to the Illustration of the New Testament, in a Series of Critical Observations on the Style and Structure of that Sacred Volume, by the Reverend JOHN JEBB, (now Lord Bishop of Limerick). London, Cadell and Davies.

It would be neither instructive nor amusing to detail the various conceptions of the writers on the structure of Hebrew poetry, from the days of Josephus to the age of Origen, and thence to Scaliger, Boecler, and the impostor Meibomius, since confusion and obscurity in each succeeding age seem to have more closely enveloped the subject, so that the waning light of tradition was unable to lend a ray by which the clue to the mystery could be discovered.

Three individuals, at periods not very distant from each other, gave the key which opened to the learned world the treasures which were thought to be irrecoverably lost. The first of these was the younger Buxtorf; the next Schoettgen; and the last the revered Bishop Lowth. The former of these in the *Mantissa Dissertationum* annexed to his edition of the book *Cosri*, is considered by Dr. Jebb, as having stated that which may be deemed the "technical basis" of Dr. Lowth's system; Schoettgen is said to have distinctly

and accurately specified the same doctrine on Hebrew Parallelism, which Bishop Lowth improved.

It is extraordinary but highly probable that Schœttgen was not aware of what Buxtorf had published, and, as the learned prelate does not in his works refer to either of them, it may be concluded that their labours were unknown to him, and thus the meed of fame for so great a discovery may be given to our countryman.

It required, not only learning and talent, but also perseverance, boldness, and caution, to traverse a region where the faint traces which could be discerned so intersected each other, that they were to be carefully avoided, lest they should lead to an inextricable labyrinth. To avoid every avenue to error, to draw a perfect map of this unknown country, was more than could be expected from one individual: all that one human mind could effect was performed by the prelate, whose honoured name will descend to distant ages. When once the great land-marks were pointed out, and the track opened, a kindred spirit was alone wanted to follow up the investigation with equal ardour, who would unfold a wider extent, describe new beauties, and present us with an increase of treasure. This has been accomplished by our author, and has therefore allied his name to that of Lowth.

The labours of that prelate were nearly confined to the Old Testament. Dr. Jebb has successfully demonstrated that many portions of the New Testament contain perfect specimens of Hebrew poetry in all its varieties. We must in justice say, that some indistinct surmises have been made known by Fabricius, Campbell, and Michaelis, that a poetical manner was perceptible in many passages of the New Testament. Schleusner spoke of the Parallelism in the hymns of St. Luke, and

Farrer in his Bampton lectures refers to the Beatitudes as being written in verse. But, it was left for Dr. Jebb to realise, by his learning, acuteness, and industry, the hopes these surmises excited.

It would be mere trifling to advance reasons, which, from a first view, seem to militate against the precision of the learned author ; since the examples advanced by him prove him to be correct.

We shall produce in succession specimens of the chief varieties of Hebrew poetry selected from the Old and New Testaments ; and, without entering into elaborate critical detail, presume to hazard a few cursory observations as we advance.

Before we proceed it will be as well to remark, that the original of some of the books of the New Testament were certainly written in Syro-Chaldaic as St. Matthew ; and, if the other Gospels were first composed in Greek it is with the structure of the Hebrew tongue, which accounts for the existence of the parallels. Some of the Epistles must have been composed in Syro-Chaldaic, as that to the Hebrews, &c.

Bishop Lowth considered the first of the varieties which we shall quote, under the name of Parallels Synonymous ; Dr. Jebb with great acumen and moderation has decided, that the examples adduced by his great leader do not support the appellation, and gives them the name of Cognate. It is evident on a first examination, that the term Synonymous is incorrect. We do not think that of Cognate sufficiently definite, and prefer the term Progressive, because the peculiar feature of this Parallelism is, a *gradually increasing power in each successive clause*. Ex. Isaiah, lv. 6, 7.

*Seek ye Jehovah while he may be found,
Call ye upon him, while he is near,*

Let the *wicked man* forsake his way,
 And the *unrighteous man* his thoughts,
 And let him *return* to Jehovah, and he will *compassionate* him,
 And unto *our God*, for he *aboundeth* in *forgiveness*.

Dr. Jebb has illustrated the above at length, but we consider it so evident, that we shall not insert his erudite remarks. He has given from the New Testament one clear and magnificent example of this variety. 2 Thess. xi. 8.

Whom the Lord Jesus will *waste away* with the breath of his mouth,
 And will *utterly destroy*, with the bright appearance of his coming.

The words “*οὐ Κυρίως Ἰησοῦς*” are applicable to both lines: the combination of the two words leads us to remark, that *Κυρίως* is the usual interpretation of Jehovah, and which *synonymous name* the Apostles give to Christ.

The Amæbæan verses of the Latins bear an affinity to this parallelism, the Seventh Eclogue of Virgil is of that nature.

The *Antithetic Parallelism* is distinguished “by an opposition of terms and sentiments; when the second is contrasted with the first, sometimes in expressions, sometimes in sense only. Accordingly the degrees of antithesis are various; from an exact contra-position of word to word, singulars to singulars, plurals to plurals, &c., through the whole sentence, down to general disparity, with something of contrariety in the two positions.” Thus; Prov. xxvii. 8.

Faithful are the wounds of a friend,
 But deceitful are the kisses of an enemy.

My house shall be called the house of prayer for all nations,
 But ye have made it a den of thieves.

The *Introverted Parallelism* though often occurring, escaped the observation of Bishop Lowth, and all sub-

sequent writers on the subject. The honour of the discovery is due to Dr. Jebb, who proves by numerous examples, that "There are stanzas so constructed that whatever be the number of lines, the *first* line shall be parallel with the *last*, the *second* with the *penultimate*, and so throughout." Bishop Horsley's translation of Hosea, xiii. 14, affords an example of great force.

From the hand of Hades I will redeem them,
From death I will reclaim them,
Death! I will be thy pestilence
Hades! I will be thy burning plague.

Since in the original the word *Scheol* is used, we changed the word *Hell* (which in our translation is put for words not synonymous) to Hades its true signification, this alteration not only accords with the sense, but is elucidated by Revelation, where Christ declares that he has the keys of "*Hades* and of Death." The ensuing specimen selected from a different part of our author's work, not only illustrates with precision the principles he has laid down as appertaining to this parallelism, but is equally happy as an example of the stanza of six lines which we shall speak of hereafter.

1. Come unto me, all ye who labour, and are burthened
3. And I will give you rest ;
5. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me ;
6. For I am meek and lowly of heart ;
4. And ye shall find rest unto your souls ;
2. For my yoke is easy, and my burthen light.

It would be unjust to abridge the able analysis of this passage given by Dr. Jebb, the reader will be amply indemnified for the time passed in studying it. When the lines are read in the order denoted by the figures their connexion will be apparent, and the climax found to be perfect.

Constructive Parallelism. Parallel lines constructive

do not require "that word should answer to word, and sentence to sentence," but that in the construction of a sentence there should be a relation and equality between different propositions, and also of the parts and figures of speech. The varieties of this form are numerous, and are more or less exact in their relations, some of them hardly apparent. The following quotation from the sixth Psalm, is particularly happy.

The law of Jehovah is perfect, converting the soul ;
 The testimony of Jehovah is sure, making wise the simple ;
 The precepts of Jehovah are right, rejoicing the heart ;
 The commandment of Jehovah is clear, enlightening the eyes ;
 The judgments of Jehovah are truth, they are altogether righteous,
 More desirable than gold, and than much fine gold ;
 And sweeter than honey, and the dropping of honey-combs.

" Sometimes the lines are bi-membral; that is, they consist each of double members, or two propositions," thus,—

Bow thy heavens, O Jehovah ! and descend ;
 Touch the mountains, and they shall smoke :
 Dart forth thy lightning, and scatter them ;
 Shoot out thine arrows, and destroy them.

Each species of parallelism admits of many subordinate varieties; each species, even in combinations of verses, appears to be used according to the degree of propriety with which it conveys the intended meaning, "which must at once enliven and beautify the composition, and frequently give peculiar distinctness and precision to the train of thought." The Sermon on the Mount is composed of diversified parallels, and is placed at the end of the volume, as a guide to the student; also the 18—19th chapters of Revelation, which form a magnificent triumphal ode on the destruction of the mystical Babylon. We regret that our limits will not allow us to dwell longer on this intricate yet beautiful branch of the subject.

The greatest peculiarity in the whole compass of Hebrew poetry, is that which is composed of miscellaneous quotations and imitations, in which the "continuity of the parallelism is maintained unbroken;" the more minutely it is examined, the more fully its exquisite organization is disclosed. The following cento, made by St. Paul in 2 Cor. xii. 9, 10, is composed from Psalm cxii. 9; Isaiah lv. 10; Deut. xxviii. 11; Hosea x. 12.

He hath dispersed, He hath given to the poor;
His righteousness abideth for ever:
Now He who abundantly supplieth seed to the sower,
And bread for food,—
Will multiply your seed sown,
And will increase the produce of your righteousness.

Dr. Jebb affords several examples of these "*mosaic*" parallel lines. Many passages occur in which original matter is blended with quotations from different sources, and the combination rendered perfect. Matthew xxi. 42—44, is of the latter character, having the first four lines adopted from the Septuagint version of Psalm cxviii. 22, 23. The last four are original.

We shall now offer some brief examples of "couplets, triplets, quatrains, &c. &c." The couplet is well exemplified from Gal. vi. 8.

He who soweth to his flesh, of the flesh shall reap corruption,
And he who soweth to the spirit, of the spirit shall reap life eternal.

The whole of the transcendent hymn of praise, entitled the "*Magnificat*," is not only composed in couplets, but combines the *progressive parallelism*. The opening stanza will suffice.

My soul doth magnify the Lord,
And my spirit hath exulted in God my Saviour."

The *triplet*. As an example, we select one from St. John iii. 36, of which "the descending series is magnificently awful:"

He who believeth in the Son, hath life eternal ;
 But he who disobeyeth (*απειθεῖν*) shall not see life ;
 But the wrath of God abideth on him.

In the following triplets, the first and succeeding lines of each will be found " respectively parallel to the first, second, and third lines of the others :"

1—Ask and it shall be given you,
 2—Seek and ye shall find,
 3—Knock and it shall be opened unto you.

1—For every one who asketh, receiveth ;
 2—And every one who seeketh, findeth ;
 3—And to every one who knocketh, it shall be opened.

" The existing order is incomparably preferable, as presenting our Lord's three injunctions in a compact body."

The *Quatrain* is magnificently exemplified by St. Mark, iv. 39.

And having arisen, he rebuked the wind,
 And said unto the sea, Peace, be still !
 And the wind ceased ;
 And there was a great calm.

This is universally acknowledged to be sublime. Dr. Jebb vindicates it against a transposition of words proposed by Dr. Campbell : to our author's remarks we may add, that the exciting cause is first addressed, which (following the parallel) ceased, the cause removed, then the mandate is given to the sea to be still, and it obeyed : It upholds also the axiom, that " Providence never wastes its means."

Instances of the simple sublime might be produced from our own language, nearly as perfect in construction, (allowing for the different genius of the language,) and only as inferior in beauty, as the words of man must be when compared to the awful mandate of Divinity. We must preface the instance we wish to produce, by a

brief narrative. On the coast of South America, a dreadful sub-marine convulsion raised a tremendous wave, which rushed to the shore, and burst over a populous town, and swept it and the inhabitants buried in sleep, into the ocean. A sentinel stationed above the town witnessed the horrid scene; the crash and roar awoke his commander, who hurrying to him, eagerly asked the cause; the trembling sentinel replied,

*I saw the sea rush in ;
I heard the cry of miserere ;
It again rolled back ;
And I heard no more.*

In this, the introversion is the same as that in the Scriptural example: Its beauty, we presume, requires no comment.

There are also stanzas of *Five Lines*; the odd line sometimes "commences the stanza, frequently, in that case, laying down a truth to be illustrated in the remaining four lines;" "sometimes it makes the full close, at other times forms a middle term or connective link between two couplets." Our limits will permit us to quote only one instance in which the odd line makes the full close :

*For nation shall rise against nation,
And kingdom against kingdom ;
And there shall be famines and pestilences,
And earthquakes in sundry places :
But all these are the beginning of sorrows.*

The stanza of six lines has been illustrated under the "Introverted Parallelism from Matthew xi. 28."—"It frequently happens that more than six parallel lines are so connected, by unity of subject, or by mutual relationship, as to form a distinct stanza." The parable of the prudent man who built his house on the rock, &c., is composed in this stanza.

It was the opinion of the acute and vigorous-minded Bishop Horsley, that the Psalms were by far the greater part "in dialogue:"—the modern Jews in their worship use responses, and about the fourth century they appear to have been introduced into our own formularies. Dr. Jebb has given us the hymn of Zachariah in the following form, and dull indeed must be the understanding that is not interested in examining it. Some specimens are to be found in the Old Testament,—the knowledge of which fact may startle the scholar who has been long enamoured of the Grecian Muse*.

CHORUS—

BLESSED BE THE LORD GOD OF ISRAEL!

FIRST SEMI-CHORUS.

For he hath visited (his people ;)

SECOND SEMI-CHORUS.

And he hath effected redemption for his people:

FIRST SEMI-CHORUS.

And he hath raised up an horn of salvation for us,
In the house of David his servant ;

SECOND SEMI-CHORUS.

As he promised by the mouth of the saints,
His prophets, from the beginning :

FIRST SEMI-CHORUS.

Salvation from our enemies ;
Even from the hand of all who hate us :

SECOND SEMI-CHORUS.

To perform mercy toward our fathers ;
And to remember his holy covenant ;
The oath which he swore unto Abraham our father,—
Of giving us, without fear, delivered from the hands of our enemies,
To serve him, in holiness and righteousness,
Before him, all the days of our life.

FIRST SEMI-CHORUS.

And thou, babe, shalt be called a prophet of the Most High ;
For thou shalt go before the face of the Lord,
To prepare his ways :

* The " acrostical, or regularly alphabetical commencement of lines, or stanzas, occurs in twelve poems of the Old Testament."

SECOND SEMI-CHORUS.

Of giving knowledge of salvation to his people,
By remission of their sins ;

FIRST SEMI-CHORUS.

Through the tender mercies of our God ;
Whereby the dawning from High hath visited us,
To shine on those who sit down in darkness and the shadow of death.

SECOND SEMI-CHORUS.

Of guiding our feet in the way of peace.

When the parts of each chorus are read successively, their connexion is seen, their beauty felt, and import comprehended : and this distribution removes the obscurity in which a portion of this hymn was supposed to be.

The *Epanodos* is thus explained by Dr. Jebb :—

Two pair of terms or propositions, containing two important, but not equally important, notions, are to be so distributed, as to bring out the sense in the strongest and most impressive manner: now, this result will be best attained, by *commencing* and *concluding* with the notion to which prominence is to be given ; and by placing in the centre the less important notion, or that which, from the scope of the argument, is to be kept subordinate.

It may be truly said, that little is understood of this artifice of composition among the moderns. The classical metres nearly excluded the use of it. These effects are satisfactorily shewn by Dr. Jebb. In Hebrew poetry the epanodos is always true—not a single instance can be produced in the sacred volume, in which it is not perfect !—excepting where those destructive vermin, conjectural critics, have with effrontery foisted their crude and falsely-cleped emendations into the sacred text. The examples will remove the apparent complexity of his Lordship's explanation.

Behold, I send you forth as sheep,
In the midst of wolves ;
Be ye, therefore, prudent as serpents,
And harmless as doves.

The passage is an alternate quatrain, thus,—

I send you forth as sheep ;
Be ye, therefore, harmless as doves : &c.

To fully comprehend the refinement of the structure of the verse, the reader may advantageously consult Bishop Middleton, Doctr. of Gr. Art. in loco.

Though instances of epanodos are not frequent in the classic authors, some instances might be given; Dr. Jebb has one from Juvenal.

*Terra malos homines nunc educat atque pusillos
Ergo Deus quicumque aspicit, ridet et odit.*

The fetters of classical metres have kept in bondage this powerful ally to sense, and this rivet of climax: it may be said, that they gave away sense and power for "*vox et præterea nihil.*" Our language affords more frequent specimens of it—we will offer one from Milton, in which it is touching and beautiful, while the internal structure evinces the deep sense which Milton entertained of its use, without, perhaps, possessing a clear and definite knowledge of its full value.

THIS IS OLD AGE; but then thou must outlive
Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty; which will change
To wither'd, weak, and gray; thy senses then,
Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forego,
To what thou hast; and, for the air of youth,
Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reign
A melancholy damp of cold and dry,
To weigh thy spirits down, AND LAST CONSUME
THE BALM OF LIFE. Par. Lost, B. XII. l. 541.

Here, that which commences is replied to at the conclusion; every word which can call forth ideas of pleasure is placed in the centre; the inversion of "wither'd, weak, and gray," has the effect of closing the first clause with an epanodos, which is repeated at the conclusion of the paragraph, and adds greatly to the profound pathos of this exquisite passage.

The examples produced in support of Bishop Jebb's positions, prove them to be founded on an indestructible basis. One obvious reason maintaining them must pre-

sent itself to the most careless reader ; it is, that from no Greek author, no Greek father, from not one of the spurious Greek gospels enumerated in the Codex Fabricii, can any sentences be produced, which can, by any ingenuity, be made to reply to parallelisms similar to those which constitute the structure of Hebrew poetry.

Hebrew poetry possesses advantages over that of any other language. In the first place, the words are always so collocated as to produce the sense in the most powerful manner ; secondly, the climax is always perfect, the epanodos always true ; thirdly, it is to be transposed, almost without altering the collocation, into every tongue*. The examples in the Greek prove this last superiority and also the apocryphal books which are written in Greek contain the parallelisms. We must not suppose, that although the prophets and evangelists were so inspired as to be incapable of committing important errors, that compositions so perfect in style, so refined in structure, and so conclusive in reasoning, could have been composed without great attention. Indeed, the careful reader of the Scriptures will discover that the songs and prophecies are spoken of as being composed and transcribed. The objection to the poetical passages being often inserted amid prose narrations, will not weigh, when it is remembered that the greater portion of Hebrew compositions begin with a proemium in prose, and also very often a conclusion in it. Some allowance must be made for our arbitrary divisions of chapters ; and some for the want of chronological precision in the arrangement of many sections of the Old Testament.

* Benjoin has added to his version of Jonah, a translation according to the Hebrew arrangement, which, in some instances, bears this character.

It is now our pleasing duty to say what many of the advantages are, which will accrue from the successful essay of Bishop Jebb. It affords another mean for interpreting obscure passages, by ascertaining if they are constructed according to any known variety of Hebrew poetry: it will effectually prevent interpolation in all the poetical parts, and enable the critic to readily detect any spurious word inserted in a parallel: consequently, it will do much toward establishing an immaculate text, and maintaining purity in doctrine. It must add delight to the pleasure before enjoyed while reading the sacred volume, and will enable the philosophical enquirer to trace the magnificent associations with which the book abounds. Dr. Jebb has given us one example of this, in his analysis of St. James iii. 1—12, which alone is a study for the scholar, the metaphysician, the philosopher, and the poet.

Before we conclude our remarks, we must say, that we have purposely avoided adorning our pages with Hebrew characters, because the scholar will always refer to the original, and the general reader does not require them. We have not inserted any of the profoundly learned disquisitions with which the work is filled, because, to have mutilated them would have been unjust, and our limits would not allow us to insert them at length. We trust that we shall not be charged with presumption if we say, that we think the noble enthusiasm of his Lordship has led him sometimes into subtleties which we could not follow, and at other times, his intense admiration for the sacred text has led him into refinements, which do not quite harmonise with their moral simplicity. No words could convey our estimation of this pious, learned, interesting work. Suffice, it is a production of which Ireland may be justly proud, and at which the Christian world may exult.

An Authentic Narrative of the Extraordinary Cure performed by Prince Alexander Hohenlohe, on Miss Barbara O'Connor, a Nun, in the Convent of New-Hall, near Chelmsford: with a full Refutation of the numerous false Reports and Misrepresentations. By JOHN BADELEY, M.D., Protestant Physician to the Convent. London. Whittakers, 1823.

CARABOE and the Fortunate Youth were nothing to this. It was *possible* that a tawny lady might drop into Somersetshire from Japan, or the Philippines, or the Moluccas—or the Moon; and it was *possible* that an old man in a stage-coach should take a fancy to a young one, and leave him an immense property—even though some of it came under the ominous denomination of *Chateaux en Espagne*, in which our readers may recollect the youth aforesaid declared—and, for once, truly—great part of his wealth to consist. These two stories, equally credible and equally credited, were esteemed to have pretty well established the fame of John Bull for a capacious swallow,—but he had not then, by any means, shewn the extent of his powers in this way. We recollect once seeing a pantomime, in which Harlequin jumped down the throat of a huge figure representing a Doctor in Medicine;—here the characters are but transposed, for the Doctor is the Harlequin, who strives to leap down the throat of the believing public, taking with him Columbine and Pantaloon, personated by Miss Barbara O'Connor and Prince Alexander Hohenlohe. We do not know whether this would be, as the Baron of Bradwardine says, “*gula causâ*, for the oblectation of the gullet”!

But we have been talking as if our readers already knew what we are talking about ; perhaps, however, we are authorized to do this from " the general interest which the public in England, France, and Ireland, have taken in the extraordinary recovery of Miss O'Connor," which sentence forms the opening of the Doctor's authentic narrative. For our own part, with shame we confess, that before this pamphlet was put into our hands by a friend, " as a curiosity," we were equally ignorant of the existence of the nun and the Doctor—that is, the Chelmsford dealer in drugs, not the Bamberg ejaculator of prayers, for some notices of this last have, together with M.M. Grimm's nursery stories, been lately imported into this country from Germany. It may be as well to mention, *par parenthèse*, for the behoof of those of our readers to whom the fame of the Prince may not have reached, that he is a person who is said to have the power of healing the sick by his prayers,—and, as this case would shew, without seeing the patients, and being at any distance from them.

But we will be serious, if we can, and set before our readers this very extraordinary case ;—we say extraordinary, from the belief which it seems to have excited among some people not confined either in a monastery or a mad-house—not from its own intrinsic circumstances,—for folly, fanaticism, and imposture have existed in all ages of the world. The most curious agent in the whole business is Dr. Badeley himself. As we said before, we know nothing of the Doctor, except from his pamphlet, but in this he has chosen to place himself in a light equalled only by that of the worthy Dogberry himself ;—he has been so particularly solicitous " to write himself down—" &c.

We fully acquit him of any share in the imposture—

he evidently has a full and real belief in the whole business,—but even this is less extraordinary than the unaccountable delusion that he has witnessed and proved the facts, when, from his own shewing, he cannot by any possibility know, of his own knowledge, any thing at all about the matter.

We will lay his statement in his own words before our readers, and then make a remark or two on what he says.

On the 7th of December, 1820, Miss Barbara O'Connor, a nun, in the convent at New Hall, near Chelmsford, aged thirty, was suddenly attacked, without any evident cause, with a pain in the ball of the right thumb; which rapidly increased, and was succeeded by a swelling of the whole hand and arm, as far as the elbow. It soon became red, and painful to the touch. Mr. Barlow, the skilful surgeon to the convent, was sent for, and applied leeches, lotions, blisters, fomentations, poultices, long immersions in warm water, and every thing that was judged proper, a long time, without much benefit. One cold application diminished the swelling, but occasioned acute pain in the axilli and mamma. Leeches were applied to the axilla, and the same cold lotion; by which means the pain was removed from the axilla, and the hand and arm became as bad as before.

On the 5th of January, an incision was made in the ball of the thumb; only blood followed, no pus. Mr. Carpue, an eminent surgeon from Dean-street, was sent for on the 7th, and enlarged the incision, expecting pus, but none appeared.

On the 15th, another incision was made on the back of the fore-finger; still, only blood followed, and with very little relief. As her constitution seemed much affected, I prescribed a course of medicines; and amongst others, mercurials: they were attended with much benefit, but did not affect the salivary glands. The surgeons recommended mercurial friction on the arm, which was continued till salivation was excited. The arm by this was much reduced, and remained so several days. It flattered us with some hope of recovery, but it was transient. The symptoms soon returned as bad as ever, notwithstanding the general health was perfectly re-established, and notwithstanding every thing was done which the London and country surgeons, in consultation, could suggest during *a whole year and a half*.

Mrs. Gerard, the superior of the convent, having heard of many extraordinary cures, performed by Prince Hohenlohe, of Bamberg, in Germany, employed a friend to request his assistance, which he readily

granted, and sent the following instructions, dated Bamberg, March 16, 1822.

" Pour la Religieuse Novice en Angleterre.

" Le trois du Mois de Mai, à huit heures, je dirai, conformément à votre demande, pour votre guérison mes prières. Joignez-y à la même heure, après avoir confessé et communiqué, les vôtres, avec cette ferveur évangélique, et cette confiance plénrière que nous devons à notre Rédempteur Jésus Christ. Excitez au fond de votre cœur les vertus divines d'un vrai repentir, d'un amour Chrétien, d'une croyance sans bornes d'être exaucé, et d'une résolution inébranlable de mener une vie exemplaire, a fin de vous maintenir en état de grace. Agréés l'assurance de ma considération.

" PRINCE ALEXANDRE HOHENLOHE.

" Bamberg, Mars 16, 1822."

Miss O'Connor's general health being re-established, and the surgical treatment of the hand being out of my province, I did not see her for some weeks ; but having occasion to visit some of the ladies on the 2d of May, I was requested to look at Miss O'Connor's hand and arm, which I found *as much swollen and bad as I had ever seen them*. The fingers looked ready to burst, and the wrist was fifteen inches in circumference. I did not then know the reason of my being desired to see the hand and arm on that day, not having heard of the application to the Prince.

On the next day, the 3d of May (a day of particular notice by the Catholics,) she went through the religious process prescribed by the Prince. Mass being nearly ended, Miss O'Connor, not finding the immediate relief she expected, exclaimed, "Thy will be done, oh, Lord ! thou hast not thought me worthy of this cure." Almost immediately after she felt an extraordinary sensation through the whole arm, to the end of her fingers. The pain instantly left her, and the swelling gradually subsided ; but it was some weeks before the hand resumed its natural size and shape. *Now*, I can perceive no difference from the other. The general reports that the arm was paralytic, and that both hand and arm were again as bad as ever, have not the least foundation.—pp. 9-16.

After a digression, refuting the idea of imposture in the existence of the disorder, the Doctor thus continues :—

But let us return to Miss O'Connor, whom we left in the chapel free from pain. This was on the 3d of May. I did not see her again till the 11th. Then it was that I first heard of the application to the Prince. Upon her being informed that I was in the convent, she came into the room, to my great astonishment, putting her hand behind her, and moving her fingers without pain, and with considerable activity.

considering the degree of swelling; the hand and arm having hitherto been immoveable, and constantly supported in a sling. I immediately exclaimed, "What have you been doing?"—"Nothing, I declare," she said, "except following the instructions of Prince Hohenlohe."

As she could already use her fingers a little, although only eight days had elapsed, and they were still much swollen, I asked for a sheet of paper, and folding it up in the form of a letter, inquired if her London surgeon had been informed of the cure. On her replying [in the negative, "Then be so obliging, Madam," said I, "to address this to him, and I will write the letter as soon as I reach home." She immediately complied, and wrote very legibly.—pp. 19-20.

Now, that Miss Barbara O'Connor had a pain in her right thumb, we fully believe and admit. We believe also that "the London and country surgeons, in consultation, could suggest, during a whole year and a half," nothing to remove the said pain in the said thumb,—but it is not a necessary *sequitur* from these premises, that we should give to Prince Dowsterswivel of Hohenlohe, the credit of effecting a cure, which "the London and country surgeons" had so long tried in vain. Does not Dr. Badeley see—if he does not, every one who reads his pamphlet does—that he *knows* nothing, except that between the 2d and the 11th of May, considerable amendment had taken place. All the rest—the mass nearly passing without any relief—the ejaculation of pious resignation—the "extraordinary sensation"—the ceasing of the pain—the subsiding of the swelling—in short, all of what foreign diplomatists would call "the events of the 3d of May," rest solely on the assertion of Miss Barbara O'Connor herself. All that the Doctor can speak to, of his own knowledge, is, that this disorder in the arm—of the cause and nature of which he confesses that he and his brethren were ignorant—from causes equally unknown, was healed in the space of "*some weeks*,"—the commencement of which recovery took place at some period between the 2d and the

11th of May. Now, really, we can see nothing surprising in this, except Dr. Badeley believing that he has established the fact of relief being experienced at the moment of Prince Hohenlohe's prayers being offered up at Bamberg! Says the Doctor in italics, "*I personally attested* that the recovery of Miss O'Connor immediately succeeded the instructions of Prince Hohenlohe"—which, being interpreted, signifies, that he attested that "sweet little Barbara's" thumb had got much better during the nine days which intervened between his two visits,—and that he was *told* that that amendment had commenced from a certain hour, and in consequence of following certain directions.

What follows then?—that the Doctor believes in the *miracle*?—The Lord and Martin Luther forbid! No, "Let the Catholics enjoy their opinion that it was by miracle in consequence of prayer;—and Protestants that it was by prayer without miracle, or by the power of the mind exerted on the body." The Doctor disserts learnedly on these two positions. He is rather involved, we think, in his exposition of miracle without prayer. What is a miracle but an act of super-human power, performed by a person especially gifted with that power by Heaven?—It matters not whether it be performed by touch or by prayer—and, that the Doctor believed this gift to be exclusive, or nearly so, to Prince Hohenlohe, we have his avowal in these words: "We have no right to doubt that the prayers of the Prince have been more successful than the prayers of others;" else indeed, if it were the mere efficacy of prayer,—that is, of prayer made with faith,—why does not Sister Barbara and Mother Gerard (the superior of the convent,) and the worthy Doctor himself, whose *faith* cannot be doubted, begin praying for all the sick

throughout the land?—The Doctor may certainly be restrained by the consideration that his friends the druggists would suffer considerably by such a mode of practice—but there can be no such reason to operate upon “the lovely, pale, O'Connor's child,” or the Lady Abbess. But, says the Doctor, faith is equally needed in the person for whom the prayers are offered, as in the offerer. This is the first time we ever heard such doctrine broached. When a prayer is made to turn a sinner from the error of his ways, and still more for the conversion of an unbeliever, there cannot possibly be any belief in the party prayed for;—therefore either such prayers are to be regarded as wholly inefficacious, or else there is no more need for the University of Edinburgh, and the College of Physicians;—a man's credulity will be his sufficient diploma.

In support of his other alternative, that Barbara's mind operated upon her body, or rather upon her thumb,—the Doctor tells several stories of the power of the imagination. There is one of the wife of “a great military officer,” who, on her husband's going to a government abroad without her, “almost immediately became yellow!”—and died in a few weeks:—growing yellow is a curious effect of *not* going to India. There is also an old Joe Miller of a captain in the navy jumping up from a fit of the gout on the approach of a French frigate. But the principal one, is a story of one of Louthembourg's cures, which the Doctor evidently considers his crushing argument, from its being authenticated by names—at least by initials—whereas the others are only of “a friend of mine”—“a brave naval officer”—“a certain great military officer,” &c.—but here we have the testimony of Lady D. and Mr. R.—

A single C. great Cæsar to express,
And Scipio shrunk into a Roman S.

This delectable and veracious history, thus indisputably authenticated, asserts that a man who had lost the use of his limbs from a weakness in the loins, was suddenly cured by Louthembourg *looking at him*—and; that he walked back to London from Hammersmith, where Mr. L. lived, without any inconvenience!

We do not mean to deny that the mind has great influence on the physical frame—but a full belief of that fact is perfectly consonant with laughing at such trash as this.

It may, perhaps, seem mere waste of time to have noticed such a production at all;—but when a statement is made public, in the shape of a medical *case*, with the name of the physician at full length, it acquires from that fact alone some little importance. It is strange that medical men, who have so much experience among the saddest realities of life, should have so often been duped in this manner. It was a physician, if we recollect, who first introduced Miss Caraboo to the world;—more than one physician believed the practical bull of a blind woman seeing, in the case of Miss M'Evoy—and more than one also attested that Anne Moore (the *Fasting Woman of Tutbury*) lived without food.

We hope we shall not be mistaken as wishing to say any thing harsh, or even sarcastic, with reference to the *Catholic* part of this business, as such. We are the very last persons in the world to hurt the feelings of any one on the score of his religious belief—but the Catholic religion does not involve in its creed that a mad German prince can cure a sick English nun—any more than the church of England enjoins that Johanna Southcott will yet give birth to Shiloh, or that Huntington received his leather-breeches ready made from Heaven*.

* The case of Johanna Southcott furnishes another extraordinary instance of medical credulity.

The Connexion of Christianity with Human Happiness; being the substance of the Boyle Lectures for 1821. By the Rev. WILLIAM HARNESS, A.M., Christ Church College, Cambridge. 2 vols. London, Murray. 1823.

IT is very generally known that, by the will of the Honourable Robert Boyle, there is provision made for the annual production of eight sermons, to the confutation of infidelity and the proving of Christianity against all new objections which have not already received good answers. No subject in the world has been so extensively discussed as the Christian religion. Its greatest enemies, its most bitter contemners, must acknowledge the magnificence and importance of the theme. Religion is the strongest instinct of man after that of sustaining his life;—it is, indeed, sometimes far stronger. It occupies him in his lowest condition, and it absorbs his faculties in their proudest state of cultivation and knowledge. But the Christian religion, far more than all others, has been a subject of consideration, learning, and dispute. No other religion has received such strong and lasting opposition—none other has been so eloquently maintained, or produced so many examples of inspiring constancy and virtue—none has gained such distinguished success over the evil passions of men. It presents a theme as curious to the cold philosopher, to the lover of abstract reasoning, as to the breast glowing with humble piety. A religion which runs counter to all the natural impulses of animal man, which tells him he is to disregard this life, and every thing his senses make him acquainted with, when put in competition with things that to conceive almost transcends his power,—such a religion,

offering happiness in an eternity beyond all our present conceptions, must attract the deep attention of all reflecting men. Those who are penetrated with its belief unite in the desire of exhibiting to the world the truth they have found, and each according to his particular views brings forward a scheme of proof.

We do not mean to enter into any discussion of the various methods taken by the numerous divines who have been chosen to fulfil the injunctions of the pious Boyle. The lectures published are various, and present all modes of argument. Mr. Harness has, we think, wisely chosen the most popular plan. He has not attempted the metaphysical and reasoning demonstration of the truth of Religion and Christianity, which, after the profound work of Dr. Samuel Clarke would be unnecessary, and which in this day of indolence, and neglect of laborious investigation, would be disregarded if offered to the public ;—but, he has made it his aim to prove against our present infidels, that Christianity is the source of happiness, even in this world,—that Christian principles are essential to all human happiness,—that they could not have been established by the powers of unaided reason,—and that, in their deficiency, reason could not have supplied any substitutes. This he has aimed to do in a form that shall not deter the young or indolent reader from following his course of thought ; and, by adding a popular interest to objects of everlasting importance, he has still farther brought inducements to the careless lovers of amusement to enter on a subject, that if given but a fair hearing, before the heart loses its young feelings in the endless pleasures that the present age rushes into so prematurely, will be received with the affection which man feels for truth, even when he is too corrupted to follow its

precepts. We think Mr. Harness has been judicious in this method of handling his subject. Few who are not designed for the church, are now at the trouble of investigating the evidences of the truth of Christianity, and, ungrounded in steady principles or knowledge of the faith by which they denominate themselves, they are exposed to all the doubts and false lights that general or worldly pursuits will throw across their path. But as man, to use the words of Mr. Harness—"cultivates his intellectual faculties, he learns to mistrust his instincts. The original impressions of his mind appear to him as prepossessions to be eradicated, rather than as intimations to be religiously respected."—Vol. ii. p: 245.

While he will not submit to the investigation of that long chain of evidence which it requires much attention and study to follow correctly in all its links, in order to demonstrate its irresistible force, he is struck by objections to which, if taken singly, it is not easy, if possible, to give perfect refutation. "He distrusts the inspirations of nature, he endeavours to investigate their secret and mysterious movements by the light of a philosophy before which they shrink and perish. He imitates the crime, and he is visited with the punishment of Psyche."—Vol. ii. p. 246.

It is wise, then, to hold out to observation the worldly happiness for which men are indebted to Christianity; to shew that all the freedom and advantages which the most liberal can desire, are offered and secured by the Gospel; that all which we *do* enjoy is owing to its partial adoption, and would encrease in exact proportion with its more true and general reception,—while the best theories of infidelity must end in the destruction of social life, and throw men back into a worse condi-

tion than that of savage nature. Mr. Harness's first proposition is to demonstrate that Christian principles are essential to the happiness of society, from their influence on the public mind. The inequality of man, which is inherent in society, and which, from his nature, it is evident must always remain, forms a natural occasion of hostile dispositions,—“greatness delighting to shew itself by effects of power, and baseness to help itself by shifts of malice.” Since it is an irreversible decree of Providence that man must either exercise authority, or submit to it; and, that authority is what all desire, submission what all try to avoid,—it is plain that although men must live in society, they carry within them the seeds of its destruction; and without some principle to mediate between the contending inequalities, which may restrain authority, calm the restlessness of subjection, and promote mutual forbearance among the many provocations to mutual malignity, society would only be the cause of increased turmoil, misery, and disunion. The bond of society must be religion. Society could not exist without a base, and what other foundation can be found? Mr. Harness has treated this portion of his subject with much ability, and demonstrated very forcibly the dependance of society and civilization upon the knowledge of religion. He has quoted and combated Hume with success, and shewn from the admissions and reasonings of that author, that without religion there can exist nothing but tyranny, hatred, and universal anarchy. The ancient heathen atheistical philosophers, and the modern infidel writers are all marshalled, and such a painful and tremendous picture is given of the state to which their tenets must conduce, and which the strictest investigation cannot deny, as makes us shudder. But,

if in the darkness of reason, we are presented with a system that alone can produce assuaging effects to the violence and evil of our nature,—that alone can gratify our desire for happiness,—we must encline to conclude that it is true; if it confers a happiness which we had no means of creating for ourselves, we must acknowledge it bears the strongest internal proof of its super-human origin ;—and such is Christianity.

This Mr. Harness, we think, very successfully details. He gives a picture of the domestic life, and the political condition, of the most polished governments of antiquity, such as causes us to wonder that the human race was not extinguished by its own wickedness and misery. The horrid state of manners, the cruelties, atrocities, and enormities of the most civilized of the ancient states are not generally known, or thought of as they should be. Ancient history is not studied by the generality beyond the imperfect sketches that are put into the hands of early youth, and in them an air of greatness is thrown over evil actions; which, indeed, would in themselves excite admiration from the energy they exhibit. Energy and courage are the admiration of all ages, but to youth they are magical; they dwell in our memory, and we forget the crimes by which they were accompanied. Few have ever seen the details of unmixed vice and misery which society presented in the boasted systems of the ancient world. What must have been the condition of a nation, where a man such as Plato considered slaves (the majority of the population,) so totally outcasts from humanity as to pronounce that “the slave who *defends* himself and kills a free man, deserves to be punished as a parricide”?

We earnestly recommend this portion of Mr. Harness's volumes to the attention of all who love to dwell on

what they conceive to be the liberty and virtues of ancient Greece, and her famed republics,—the theme of poetry and declamation,—and of that classical learning which is considered to have conferred on us such benefits, and which is so exclusively the study of our early years.

We have not space to enter on the view which follows, of the improvement that accompanied the introduction of Christianity, but it is neatly and conclusively exhibited, especially the argument that would attribute the comparative mildness of modern governments to the consequence of encreased civilization, as distinct from Christianity. Mr. Harness ably demonstrates that civilization is the consequence of our purer religion,—that even those who deny its truth, or neglect its duties, are still influenced by it, “by the persuasions of that religious faith, which, like the sunshine and the showers of the God from whom it emanated,” sheds its salutary influence on the evil and on the good.” (Vol. i. p. 9.) It is very plain that the improved morals of mankind are owing to the superior knowledge that Christianity bestows; and even the consideration of its principles teaches those who most disdain them, “something of the temperance of truth.”

Mr. Harness next treats of the effects of Christian principles with regard to their influence on the rich and the poor, in their mutual relation to each other; and takes occasion to reason at length on the operation of the poor-laws. This, although we consider the poor-laws hurtful to those they are intended to relieve, and generally agree in his observations, we think a misplaced digression from his subject, quite irrelevant to the one he proposes, and in some degree unjust to the class which we are confident he desires to befriend. For un-

less much modification takes place in the present arrangements of the conflicting interests of servant and employer,—unless new rates of wages are settled, and more universal employment can be habitually found—the poor laws are *necessary to the existence* of a great body of people ; and we consider it neither well-judged nor kind to speak of the evils of what the poor believe to be their right, when we have not occasion to mention the better regulations, and the improvements which would allow of its removal to their advantage.

The second volume contains the sections devoted to prove that Christian opinions are essential to the happiness of domestic and private life,—that they could not have been established by the unaided powers of the reason,—and that, in their absence reason could not have suggested any substitutes that might supply their loss. These propositions are all skilfully maintained, and are, perhaps, the most generally interesting. The sanctity which Christian morals alone confer in an eminent degree, on marriage, is very eloquently described ; and the too prevailing opinion which lead to the comparative, if not entire, difference with which the violation of its vow by the husband is generally considered, are most powerfully condemned. We introduce a short extract, exhibiting the tone sustained, and as the occasion of a few observations on the style:—

And this pretended inferiority of guilt, in what does it consist ? Why is the transgression of the adulterer to be considered as a light transgression ? With respect to the confusion of progeny, on which such an important stress is laid by every unchristian moralist, it is one of those lesser accidents which hardly deserves consideration from any man who contemplates the offence in its severer character ; who does not prize the temporalities of the earth before the blessings of eternity ; or estimate the misappropriation of an inheritance, before loyalty in love, and elasticity of mind, and purity of heart, and the reverence of a solemn oath, and the favour of Almighty God.—Vol. ii. p. 88.

The whole structure of this sentence,—the manner of connecting and grouping the expressions, their opposition heightening each,—reminds us of the splendid writing of Jeremy Taylor, whom Mr. Harness manifestly appears to have frequently proposed to himself as a model, and a better one he could scarcely find. But although we are reminded of that writer, we are so much by what we miss, as by what resembles him. Mr. H. always writes elegantly and correctly, and sometimes with force; but it appears the effect of diligence and study. There is not the gushing flow of words,—the profuse and varied imagery,—the poetical and tender diction,—which come directly from the heart, and give so peculiar a character of warmth and beauty to the pre-eminently pious writings of Taylor. We have seen a former publication of Mr. Harness, “The Wrath of Cain,” also a Boyle Lecture, the style of which struck us as more flowing; and we are tempted to believe that, as is frequently the case with others, if Mr. Harness wrote with less care, he would produce greater effect. Where he treats of the consolations which Christianity brings to the calamities of life, he is peculiarly successful, and we give the following passage as containing a most just view of the point under discussion, and as a confirmation of the foregoing remarks:—

There are others—and of such, perhaps, is the large majority of mankind—whose natural sensibilities are suppressed beneath the weight of various occupations, and are only awakened to a transient consciousness of being, in some moment of violent or extraordinary excitement; and these, to-day, follow weeping behind the corse of the departed, and then look down into the grave, and then dash away the tear, and then every melancholy reflection on their loss is dissipated by the more urgent and immediate interests of the morrow:—and neither do these feel the necessity of any support from the suggestions of religion.—But there is yet another class, whose souls are more exquisitely wrought, and vibrate to the touch of sorrow with a thrill of longer and of deeper feeling. There are real mourners, who cannot thus readily eradicate the trace

of affection, who cannot erect the monumental marble to spread abroad the memory of virtues which they themselves have committed to oblivion. Vol. ii. p. 170.

Those who have lost an object of beloved affection—who have seen their friend or their child expire—they can tell the efficacy of Christian consolation. In prosperity, Religion gilds every golden object, throws a perfume on the violet, and adds a charm to existence that does not of itself belong to life. Mr. Harness has collected the feelings and admissions on this subject of the most celebrated infidels of all ages, and strikingly exhibits the burthen which life must prove, uncheered by religious hope. But it is in affliction, in poverty, and depression, that the divine consolation of our faith is most apparent. It elevates the poor and ignorant to a level with the learned and the prosperous—it even exalts above them. Those alone, who have contemplated the death-bed of the lowly, can tell of the dignity which it confers—of the pangs which it assuages—of the joys to which it gives rise.

If Christianity be necessary for the poor, how far more is it so to the rich, who, removed from the obligation to labour, find the restless mind ever craving for something which reason can neither explain or procure. The indulgence of feeling, the pleasures of imagination, the glow of enthusiasm, when devoid of the active principle of faith, all tend to what has been conventionally termed, *ennui*. This word may be considered of light application, and the feeling it conveys may be treated as a trifling evil, but its withering powers, and the *crimes* even, to which it will lead as surely as the malignant passions, render it of supreme dread to the reflecting, and the terror of the heedless. But the Christian is freed from all this lassitude of exis-

tence,—he alone truly lives,—he draws the sting both from life and death :—

But whether the dissatisfaction that the soul experiences, amid the most affluent accumulation of temporalities, be derived particularly from any one of the causes I have recounted, or from an union of the whole, it is evident that the Christian is exempted from their operation, by the motives of his conduct, the object of his desires, and the aim of his exertions. If others, at the brightest and most luxuriant crisis of their fortunes, lament over the unexpected solitudes of a state which they had anticipated as the conclusion of their anxiety and their toil, the disciple of the Redeemer has no such miscalculations to detect. All the difficulties of his task are honestly exposed to his inspection. They are connected with his first rude and inexperienced efforts, and they disappear as he gradually acquires the dominion of his passions, and attains the habit and facility of virtue. If others open to themselves a new source of infelicity in the very fruition of their earthly prospects, and, after attaining the accomplishment of their desires, become distressed from vacuity of occupation; the object of the Christian's emulation, alluring from beyond the grave, interests the prospective activity of the mind, by a pursuit as enduring as his existence, and which constantly encourages his perseverance by livelier presentiments of joy. If others are oppressed and agitated by the restless consciousness of faculties inadequately employed, and of energies unworthily consumed, the faithful disciple of Christ is delivered from these occasions of disquietude; for his affections, his hopes, and his exertions, are strenuously directed to the achievement of one end, as infinite as his capacities, as eternal as his nature, as blest as the destiny of angels, and as glorious as the throne of God.

But with these advantages immediately resulting from the nature of his pursuit, and which he possesses as an additional and exclusive interest in his existence, the Christian derives a real increase of happiness from these accessions of temporal prosperity, which to others only communicate a toil of insipid entertainment, and a burthen of unprofitable splendour. Those acquisitions of fame or wealth, of place or honour, which to the children of the world are only golden in expectation, and prove worse than tinsel on possession, to the Christian really do contribute something of substantial gratification and valuable enjoyment.

"All things work together for the good of those*" whose lives are religiously devoted to the service of the Almighty; and, among the innumerable privileges which the Deity has appointed as the indefeasible inheritance of those that love him, he has ordained, that the righteous should achieve by virtue the ends which are ineffectually pursued by vice; that, while they renounce themselves, and only seek to glorify their God, by promoting the benefit of others, they should fall undesignedly

* Romans viii. 28.

upon that happiness which escapes the solicitous exertions of the selfish ; that they should exhaust the sweets which are attached to the delights and the glories of the world, and shorten all the dregs and the bitterness of the cup to be drained by the sensualist, the ambitious, and the voluptuary ;—whatever is really valuable in the acquisitions of pleasure or of success, may be enumerated among the uncovenanted and supervenient recompenses of that godliness, which, says the Apo the Gen- tiles, is “profitable unto all things.”—1 Tim. iv. 8. Vol. ii. pp. 213-217.

But our limits warn us to conclude. We must briefly pass over the rest of the work. The uncertainty of reason in all that is chiefly essential for man to know is easily demonstrated. Deists reason on lights they have received from the Gospel, yet how miserably inconclusive are their arguments, how vague is all they can say in favour of the existence of God, of the immortality of the soul, of a rule of moral action,—and, for the mass of mankind, how completely inefficient ! Plato acknowledged the *necessity* of a revelation ; Cicero confesses his uncertainty of a future existence, and that it was easier to say that God was not, than that such a being exists. Hume admits that the boundaries of virtue and vice cannot be defined ; and the more we examine, the more we perceive that philosophers can give nothing but reasons for the destruction of ethics, and agree only in their opposition to all religion. Those who are not perverted by the deepest pride, or the worst vices, can never entirely throw off the strong impression of the Deity, and cease to acknowledge him in their hearts. Let such pause, and observe that if they reject Christianity, they have no just principle on which they may retain theism, as it is liable to the same difficulties as those on which they found that rejection ;—let them consider whether society can exist without religion—(*Infidels* have acknowledged that it could not)—let them remember that a religion is offered to them, terrible only to the persevering sinner, or to him who rejects it